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# THE GANGES AND THE SEINE.



THE  
GANGES AND THE SEINE:

SCENES ON THE BANKS OF BOTH.

‘There is a river in Monmouth and there is a river in Macedon.’  
*Captain Fluellen.*

BY  
SIDNEY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

L O N D O N :  
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## XVI.

### FRENCH REVOLUTIONS IN 1851.

IN Paris it has not been a matter of very rare occurrence to see certain stray bubbles of discontent suddenly unite ; and, rising, descend with the fury of a cataract, overwhelming all before it. In history the event is a great fact for future ages : in Paris, a few short weeks pass by, and the harmless resident who does not particularly trouble himself with politics, might almost believe the past to be a fiction. Apprehension has apparently been removed with the barricades, and confidence replaced with the paving stones. As for changes of ministry, stormy debates, and stray *émeutes*, such accidents will happen after the best regulated revolution, and are of no earthly consequence to thousands. The new rule is in the main quietly taken for granted ; and Paris dines, dresses, lounges, and amuses itself just as usual. At the Opera not a cadence is wanting in correctness ; not a cravat is seen to deviate from its propriety. At the balls there are no dancers out of time ; at the *cafés* there are no drinkers out of temper. The case of the client who did not know how ill-used he had been until he heard his cause pleaded by his

counsel, has its analogy in that of many a good-humoured *bourgeois*, who is now and then surprised to learn from the newspapers what a very glorious fellow he ought to consider himself.

To a foreigner, who has even less chance than the good-natured *bourgeois* of feeling the effects of the various benefits achieved by revolutionised France, it is amusing enough to note, in the year of grace 1851, the numberless minor changes, all little revolutions in themselves, that France (that is to say, Paris) has seen since '48: changes significant and insignificant; changes in persons and things: changes in thoughts, habits, and formalities; changes that one runs against at street-corners, and encounters wherever the miscellaneous mass of the population meet on common ground. As for the *salons* of what is called "society," their observances are always essentially conservative, and are useless as studies.

To begin with the streets. Who can walk about Paris for a couple of hours, unless he be a man of business, a lover, or an idiot, or all three together, which sometimes happens, without observing a thousand little revolutions, of a social and perhaps unimportant character, but which seem to concern him more than all the great political changes by which they have been caused? The very "dead walls" are alive with great facts. Once upon a time the philosopher who preferred wasting his time to wetting his boots, might, while standing under some sheltering archway, be greeted with no higher subject for reflection than was contained in the announcement that he was requested not to stick bills on the wall opposite. The chances would be that his tendencies did not lead him to stick bills, and that he suffered no more inconvenience by the restriction.

than the occupants of very small apartments in which it is impossible to swing cats.

For the bill-sticker, however, the walls of Paris are by no means a desert; some he is allowed to vivify with his wondrous announcements. Enormous offers of luxurious journeys ("*voyages de luxe*") to and from the London Exhibition for an inconsiderable number of francs, are repeated wherever a few feet of surface can be safely pasted over. Speculators even endeavour to lure adventurous Parisians by means of flaming invitations, red upon yellow, with gratis chances in lotteries, whose prizes are "*Voyages de Luxe à Londres*," &c. Advertisers, like air, abhor a vacuum. Unoccupied surfaces not protected by law, whether they be the roofs of omnibusses, or those of railway carriages, the floors of public halls, or the bodies of unemployed workmen, are converted into agencies for informing the world at large respecting every possible article that can be bought for money. In Paris, the declining drama seeks resuscitation not only by proclaiming itself upon every post and on every wall; but, in turn, seeks to profit by letting out the most conspicuous surfaces at command, for the purposes of publicity. This is a decided revolution in the drama. The act-drops of more than one of the minor Parisian theatres yield a handsome revenue by being converted into expansive advertising media. The well-worn Grecian temple and bank opposite, separated by a river and flanked by a wood, no longer descends to beguile audiences between the acts. The "drop" now tells them where to go to have their teeth drawn, their boots made, their corns cut, their coats fitted, or their collars sent home at so much per dozen, prices fixed. Neither is the picturesque wholly sacri-

ficed for this sort of useful information, The scene is a wharf; time, the busiest part of the day. A flashy barge, gaudy as Cleopatra's argosy, and clumsy as a lighter, is lashed alongside, laden with barrels flamingly heralding the virtues of Mr. Nègre's inimitable blacking. There is a crowd in the foreground; a lady carries an elegant parasol, marked in big letters with the name and address of the maker; while a huge umbrella is held up by a neighbouring figure, to vaunt the achievements of a rival manufacturer. That Nature should not be wholly outraged by appearing to send sun and shower at the same moment, a rainbow intersects the upper part of the curtain, to inspire the female part of the audience with a knowledge of the number and street of an extensive ribbon-shop. Two of the *canvas dramatis personæ* are in the act of shipping a huge iron safe, in order that Mr. Serrieur (not having the fear of Mr. Hobbs from the United States before his eyes) might offer a reward of ten thousand francs to any gentlemen who shall succeed in picking his patent lock. A triumphal car is being navigated through the crowd by a man in a Greek costume. His cap is covered with an entreaty that you will "buy your Casques at Mr. Tuillieur's, in the Rue Montmartre." The car is laden, you are told by the inscriptions on the panels, with innumerable bottles of the Elixir of the Grande Chartreuse; which is an infallible cure for everything. Bales full of Vichy lozenges, directed to every quarter of the globe, so choke up the way that a truck of Mr. Dentois' tooth-powder is obliged to stop in order that the spectators may have time to "copy the address." Fully to describe the pictorial department of this expansive puff would require a volume; and I can only add, that its

border consists of medallions let out to various manufacturers and shopkeepers, to make themselves and their wares notorious, at so much per month.

Some professional gentlemen, dentists, and others, stencil their huge advertisements against the sides of public thoroughfares. This system of advertising is more permanent than paper, paste, and print. Speaking of permanency, I discovered lately, that the universal inscriptions of *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, are, nowhere, I believe, in all Paris, to be found sculptured in the stone they are usually displayed upon; that they are merely *painted* up, as they paint up inscriptions in a pantomime, to be changed by the harlequin: nor can there be any doubt that the whitewash of legitimacy might remove them altogether to-morrow.

Now-a-days, the philosopher has always a text for any amount of reflection in the external "*Liberté, Égalité, and Fraternité*," that, go where he will, it is impossible to avoid. Of the so-called dead walls of the theatres, of the churches, of the newspaper offices, of every possible public building, do these mighty watch-words form a part. There is only one public building in Paris on which these words are not to be found; and that building is an important one, the Elysée. But if their absence from the Elysée has some significance, their presence "in another place" has still more. Imagine a father going to seek his missing child in that gloomy dwelling of the dead, where he most fears to find her; imagine him entering the Morgue with these words staring him in the face, "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité!*" We read the inscription elsewhere as a piece of political pedantry; it is here alone that it becomes a solemn and mysterious truth.

The word "Royal," again, in republican Paris, is

continually turning up uninvited and in unexpected places. At the corners of streets, on public buildings, or wherever it happens to have been employed as part of a name or inscription, it is in vain that the sturdy word "National" has been painted over it, the colours are all traitorously transparent, and the "Royal" still shines through, as if conservatism and tradition were really rooted in the land. Tell a cabman to drive you to the Palais Royal or the Pont Royal, and in nine cases out of ten he will drive you to the proper place without remark. Now and then, a fellow will good-naturedly correct you, especially if you be a foreigner; and I have heard such a thing as a growl under similar circumstances; but I doubt the probability of *Cocher* refusing his fare, if you proclaimed yourself anything short of the devil or Henri Cinq.

Politicians would doubtless draw some very wise deductions from these signs; but, alas, for the wisdom that pretends to prophecy anything concerning a nation like the French! Who shall say that the tattered tri-colours which float from every public building in memory of '48 will endure until the next revolution? Who shall say that the young trees on the Boulevards will ever grow middle-aged before stern necessity again devotes them to barricades?

Yet if we ask—

"Who fears to speak of *Forty-eight*?  
Who blushes at the name?"

we may be answered on all sides by persecuted journalists and public speakers, that thousands *do* fear to speak, not exactly of '48, but certainly of the spirit, the great principle, which directed and consummated its great event. Ask the representatives of the "*Corsaire*,"

of the "Charivari," of the "Patrie," of the "Presse," and even of the moderates, such as the "Constitutionnel," and the "Debats," how many francs, in fines, they have paid, and how many months of imprisonment they have endured since '48; and for the expression of opinions that in monarchical England are held blameless and unimpeachable. Truly, these facts are French Revolutions of some significance.

I have already alluded to the use of titles in France. Legally, of course, these luxuries went out with Royalty, Louis Philippe, and a few other little things; but they have gradually been springing up again, as wild weeds will in a soil to which they have been accustomed; and they may now be seen blossoming upon the tree of liberty in all directions—like the mistletoe upon the oak—but it is to be hoped, not with the same fatal fraternity.

In society, Monsieur le Comte and Monsieur le Marquis are everywhere recognised by their titles, which are blazoned on their cards, and bawled out by their servants in a most imposing style; but officially, they sink into plain citizens, and even the distinctive "De," as a prefix to the name, is not considered purely republican.

During a country walk, the other day, I asked a peasant, who was talking of a neighbouring nobleman belonging to what we should call in England, one of the "county families," why he continued to speak of the great man by his title? The reply I received contains the philosophy of the whole matter—"It is a habit," said the peasant, with a shrug of the shoulders. Truly Conservatism, as a name, may rest on a less secure foundation than this. "Une habitude" is certainly a most difficult thing to repeal. It is this habitude that



still preserves the *word* Royal long after the *thing* Royal has ceased to exist. It will be a long time before we cease to hear of the Palais Royal; before the Rue 24 Février shall have completely supplanted the Rue Valois; and before the Place Louis Quinze shall have entirely succumbed to the Place de la Concorde.

Among the minor changes, which may be ranked as little revolutions arising out of the great one, a certain change in the manners of the people is not unworthy of notice. I do not speak of the "I'm-as-good-as-you" air that may be observed among the fiercer class of democrats of all countries and conditions. The general manner of persons of the lower condition in Paris is certainly not insulting—seldom, in fact, demonstrative of anything, except indifference; but it is apt to be cold and slighting, short and sharp, to those whom they believe to be above them—to foreigners in particular. If you ask a question of an *ouvrier*, in the street, you receive, in all probability, a civil answer; but you will miss a certain deference that those of a better rank are accustomed to receive in most countries—even in England; where the shopkeepers, at any rate, attend to their customers with a degree of respect and alacrity that seems to be almost unknown in Paris. This sort of independence—which is not without its justification, and even its advantages—has been fostered and encouraged to a great extent by the numerous Trades Associations with which Paris at present abounds. These associations are combinations of workmen to manufacture and trade at their own risk, without the assistance of the capitalist or middle-man. Into the merits or demerits of the system it is unnecessary here to enter; but it is only just to point out one fact in connection with these associations, which people do not or will not understand,

even in Paris. Their object is simply a social and economical one, and has no more relation to politics than a Joint Stock Company, or a Club, in England. Yet there are very many wise people in both countries who shrug their shoulders when the principle of association is mentioned, and feel bound to fly off at once into a tirade against Fourier, St. Simon—human perfectability—and dangerous and destructive tenets generally.

A great source of annoyance to the populace in Paris appears to be the small degree of respect paid to their characteristic and universal garment—the blouse—at any rate, whenever the government has anything to do with it. Into the public picture galleries, and national exhibitions generally, every kind of costume is admitted—except the unfortunate blouse. A man may make his appearance in as greasy and threadbare and disreputable a condition as he pleases—so that he does not wear a blouse—clean and convenient though it be. It is almost impossible to enter a public exhibition without seeing somebody turned back for attempting to infringe this regulation. An operative the other day gave the public a little “bit of his mind,” through the medium of “Emily Girardin’s” vigorous newspaper, the “Presse.” He had been violently expelled, at the point of the bayonet, from the gardens of the Tuileries, for appearing there without a cravat! In his complaint to the “Presse,” he declared it to be “very droll” that from a garden which had been taken by the people in ’48, one of the people should be now expelled for appearing in the popular costume! This objection to the blouse,—which is certainly inconsistent with a system of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—is simply a police regulation, and not an effect of public opinion. Blouses, for instance, are to be met with in *cafés* of considerable

pretensions, and I have never seen them treated with any disrespect. Indeed the most ragged-looking citizens may be seen sitting at their ease on the Boulevards, on any sunshiny afternoon, taking their *absinthe*, unabashed by the neighbourhood of the most stupendous dandies that Paris can turn out.

*Apropos* of costume, the directors of one of the numerous Vauxhalls and Cremornes in the neighbourhood of Paris, has established a somewhat whimsical regulation. He expects—so he declares in the bills—everybody to appear in decent and appropriate attire: “but an exception to this arrangement is made in the case of fathers of families.”

What a happy privilege for age and paternity, to be allowed to wear a costume at once inappropriate, and the reverse of decent!

There is another important revolution. A great deal has been said and written of late concerning the immorality and impolicy of retaining the hangman as a minister of justice. In France, though the guillotine still enjoys its reign, some of its worst evils are avoided under the present system. As far as the culprit is concerned, he is effectually provided for as of yore. He is put to the worst use to which, as Wilkes said, it was possible to put a man; but the infamy to society—the brutalising effect of the spectacle on the rabble—is to some extent avoided. The executions are conducted in as private a manner as is permitted by law: that is to say, the day appointed for the proceeding is kept strictly secret, and is very difficult to be ascertained. One morning it is announced in the papers that all is over; and so the matter ends. As a general rule, the spectators are but few, consisting principally of chance loiterers and loungers. Large crowds of persons who have gained

intelligence of the event may nearly always be seen hastening towards the spot; but, so silent have been the whole arrangements, and so early the hour for carrying them into effect, that these amiable enthusiasts generally arrive too late.

It was only a month or two after the above remarks were put to paper that I woke one morning and found myself a prophet. It was the 2nd of December, and all the little revolutions I had noted were thrown in the shade by the great *Coup d'Etat*. There was a demonstration, in the form of a massacre, made on the Boulevards which, as I was present on the occasion, might have prevented me from making this concluding note; but Providence willed that I should be spared to see the Empire, and accept it as a fact.

## XVII.

### MUNCHAUSEN MODERNIZED.

ONE Master Stephen Perlin, a French physician, wrote "A Description of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland," published at Paris in 1558. He is evidently a faithful describer of what he sees; and, as to his comments, is not more hard upon our country than many of his compatriots living in the present day, with the difference that in those times there was every excuse for stern indignation.

One of his chief reproaches against England had, at that time, terrible truth on its side. "In Englan," he says, "there is so cruel a justice that for nothing they have a man killed; for where in France they would condemn a man to be whipped, here, without fail, they would condemn him to die." Elsewhere he remarks, "In this country you will not meet with any great nobles whose relations have not had their heads cut off. Certes, I should like better (with the reader's leave) to be a swineherd, and preserve my head. . . . . In France justice is well administered, and not tyranny, as in England, which is the pest and ruin of a country; for a kingdom ought to be governed, not in shedding human blood in such abundance that the blood flows in streams, by which means the good are troubled."

During the earlier period of his residence in London, Perlin saw the execution of the Duke of Northumberland, the father of Lady Jane Grey. The English in which he records the dying prayer of that nobleman, reminds us of similar exhibitions on the part of distinguished French men of letters in the present day. The duke is reported to have said, "*Lorde God mi fatre prie forte ous poores siners nond vande in the hoore of our theath,*" of which mystic sentence Perlin has fortunately given us a French translation, "*Seigneur Dieu, mon père, prie pour nous hommes et pauvres pécheurs, et principalement à l'heure de nostre mort.*"

Perlin did not fall in love with the character of the people. Even at that early date, Albion, it seems, was *perfidie*. The character of the natives he sums up by saying that "neither in war are they brave, nor in peace are they faithful." He alludes particularly to the antipathy of the English of that day to foreigners. "The people of this nation mortally hate the French as their old enemies, and call us *France Chenesve, France Dogue, &c.* *Chenesve*, be it understood, was the French orthography of *knave*.

But our country had charms for him in some aspects. He liked our hospitality. "The people of this place," he says, "make great cheer, and like much to banquet, and you will see many rich taverns and tavern-keepers who have customarily large purses, in which are three or four small purses full of money; consequently we may consider that this country is very full of money, and that the tradespeople gain more in a week than those of Germany and Spain in a month. For you will see hatters, and joiners, and artisans generally, playing their crowns at tennis, which is not ordinarily seen in any other place, and particularly on a working day.

And in a tavern they make good cheer oftener than once a day, with rabbits and hares, and every sort of food."

Perlin gives us a glimpse of "Merrie" England: "The English one with another are joyous, and are very fond of music; for there is not ever so small a church where music is not sung. And they are great drinkers; for if an Englishman wishes to treat you, he will say to you in his language, *vis drinq a quarta rim oim gasquim oim oim hespaignol, oim malvoysi*, which means, *veux tu venir boire une quarte de vin du Gascoigne, un autre d'Espagne, et une autre de Malvoise*. In drinking and in eating they will say to you more than a hundred times *drind iou*; and you will reply to them in their language *iplaigiu*. If you thank them, you will say to them in their language, *God tanque artelay*. Being drunk, they will swear to you by blood and death, that you shall drink all that you hold in your cup, and will say to you thus, *bigod sol drind iou agoud vin*. Now remember (if you please) that in this country they generally use vessels of silver when they drink wine; and they will say to you usually at table, *goud chere*. . . . . The country is well covered and shady, for the lands are all enclosed with hedges, oaks, and several other sorts of trees, so that in travelling you think you are in a perpetual wood, but you will discover many flights of steps, which are called in English *amphores* [stiles,] and by which persons on foot go along little paths and enter the grounds. . . . . The people are all armed, and the labourers, when they till the ground, leave their swords and their bows in a corner of the field."

Compare this not altogether unfair or very prejudiced view of the English, with the letters written by some of the most conspicuous of the Paris journalists, during the

fraternization of "All Nations," in 1851.\* Since the dark days of Master Perlin, we have enjoyed years of peace and friendly intercourse, but it is clear that this class of the French do not yet understand us, and what is worse, show no signs of wishing to do so.

Of the letters alluded to, those of M. Edmond Texier, a not undistinguished writer in the *Siècle*, are among the most remarkable for wildness of invention and misapprehension of everything he sees and hears. Angels' visits are frequent, and in rapid succession, compared with his deviations into fact. Though the most random of writers, he is scarcely ever, even accidentally, in the right. And so illogical is he, withal—so self-contradictory are his very mistakes—that it is difficult to assign to him any other claim to literary distinction, than a happy and unfailing felicity in hitting the wrong nail in the very centre of the head.

The first English phenomenon which did not find favour in M. Texier's eyes was, of course, the climate. Of the sun he saw very little; and when he did see it—in the height of summer—it was like "a red wafer fixed upon a sheet of grey paper." It is unnecessary to follow him through the fog, rain, and foul weather of every description, which he describes, but could not have seen during his visit to London. The heavy atmosphere has its influence upon the people. Looking on the crowds passing in the streets, he is "struck with the sadness imprinted on their countenances. The continental Englishman, the Englishman one sees in Paris, is not the same person as the Englishman in England, and especially in London. Englishmen have a mask

\* As far as ill nature is concerned, they have been eclipsed by those of 1862; but the descriptions in the latter are scarcely so ingenious.



which they leave at Dover when they embark, and which they put on again when they return home. Look at them in France, they are careless, joyous, and sometimes amiable; they talk, they laugh, they sing even, at table, without much solicitation; and I have seen them bold enough to conquer a *contre-danse*, or figure in a quadrille. In London they are grave as lawyers, and sadder than mutes. Not only do they stop their dancing and singing, but they are most careful not to laugh, for fear of losing their consideration or credit. At the theatre, or at a *soirée*, if a woman allows herself to laugh, it is because a woman is a woman everywhere, and must occasionally show the pearls of her mouth. As to the men, the *ennui* which consumes them is so profound, that it has imprinted its stigma upon their countenances. Their expression is always drooping, and morning or night we meet them with the same air of depression which explains the strange malady of the spleen. . . . . Nothing is more lugubrious than the physiognomy of London, on a day of fog, of rain, or of cold. It is then that the spleen seizes you. On such days the immense city has a fearful aspect. One believes oneself walking in a necropolis, one breathes sepulchral air. Those long files of uniform houses, with little windows like guillotines, of a sober colour, enclosed by black railings, seem two ranges of tombs, between which phantoms are walking."

The sadness of the people is, perhaps, partly induced by the habit of wearing black coats, which M. Texier says is universal in England. "The gentlemen and trading classes both wear black coats; the coat, when it is shabby, becomes, for the consideration of a few shillings, the property of the working-man, who wears it on Sundays; when this second-hand (*seconde main*)

fragment is completely worn out, the possessor sells it again to a beggar. The last, having worn the garment to rags, sells it in his turn to a broker, who sends it immediately to Ireland, where it is sold for a few pence to the poor. It is not until after this last process that the black coat, made in a Piccadilly or Strand establishment, absolutely ceases to exist."

But the Englishmen whom M. Texier sees in London are not only melancholy wretches and wearers of black coats: they are even worse. "The dandies yawn on their thoroughbreds, the ladies yawn in their carriages. Not one among these representatives of the richest aristocracy of the globe, seems to suspect that a famished population is crawling at their feet. Absorbed each in his own *ennui*, they have no time to occupy themselves with the misery of others. On these ill-omened days—and they are numerous—the Englishman, under the influence of his climate, is brutal to all who approach him. He insults and is insulted without giving or receiving excuses. A poor man falls down from inanition in the middle of the street; the passer-by strides over him, and proceeds on his business; his task finished, he enters his club, where he dines copiously, where he intoxicates himself, and where he forgets, in the sleep of drunkenness, the overbearing *ennui* of the day. In London, happiness consists not in the sensation of living, but in the forgetfulness of existence. Hence these pitchers of beer, these bottles of alc, this gin, this porter, and these monstrous grogs (*ces grogs monstrueux!*) absorbed by a single man in one evening."

However, the indulgence in "these monstrous grogs," and also, it may be presumed, in such things as astounding ales, alarming gins, and unnatural porters, is caused and excused, M. Texier tells us, by his old enemy the

climate; and he hopes that, in speaking thus, he will not be accused of entertaining any national prejudice or resentment: "I am not, thank God, one of those who cannot speak of Shakspeare without thinking of the battle of Waterloo; I relate what I have seen and see everyday, and do not at all ask that France should take her revenge for Trafalgar."

The next infamous institution in England, after the appalling climate and the monstrous grogs, is the Church Establishment. "The Anglican religion seems to have been invented expressly for the English aristocracy. Among its professors the fate of the Jew, the Irishman, and the beggar, inspires no pity. The Romans were not more insensible to the tortures of the gladiators in the circus. The priest will pronounce from his pulpit an emphatic discourse on charity; but for the thousands of unfortunates who die everyday in the horrors of misery and abandonment, he has not one tear, not an emotion of the heart. The Anglican minister is essentially the priest of the rich and the lettered. He is a rhetorician of sufficient attainments, who occupies himself in polishing his phrases, and rounding his periods, and cares for little beyond. His duty is to deliver in the temple a discourse, prepared with a certain amount of talent, on a fixed day and hour. After that he returns home, dines in the midst of his family, and discovers that everything happens for the best in a country where the taxes upon the poor amount to more than a hundred million.

In contrast with the luxury and extravagance of the church, M. Texier gives full license to his fancy in describing the condition of those miserable people who earn enough money to pay a hundred millions a year to the state. But I am tired of foreigners' descriptions.

of what may *not* be seen in Field Lane and Seven Dials; where the starving population, it seems, are driven by tyranny to get their living—not only as beggars and robbers, but assassins. One amiable unfortunate told M. Texier that he was a native of “poor and catholic Ireland;” upon which we are treated to the important fact, that if M. Texier were to live for a thousand years (a consummation which would evidently be of great advantage to French literature), he would never forget the impression produced by those words.

As to the upper classes in general—a bloated and rapacious aristocracy—“not less *blasé* than the Roman society under the Cæsars,” they think of nothing but enjoying themselves. “It is necessary for the English in order to feel a certain emotion, to behold persons in peril. Tigers, hyænas, and lions, at one time were the rage, but when it was perceived that Carter and Van Amburgh did not run any danger, they were forsaken. The young girl who was devoured three years ago, in the presence of the public at Astley’s, by a tiger, had an immense success. For fifteen days nothing else was talked about in society and the clubs. Everybody envied those who had been so favoured as to assist at this extraordinary representation. To hear the bones of a poor girl crunched between the teeth of a wild beast—what a fine opportunity to be envied! I am certain that the time is not very distant when the spectacle of a combat between men and animals will be necessary for this enervated aristocracy. I hear even now, of a society of capitalists being formed for the purpose of building a vast circus at which men will contend against bears.”

Let us follow M. Texier through a more favourable phase of aristocratic life. He goes to the opera, and

states, with some magnanimity, that the interiors, neither of the Italiens or the Grand Opéra at Paris, can give an idea of that of Her Majesty's Theatre. "The English aristocracy is represented on six ranges of boxes. Diamonds and all the precious stones of the Indies sparkle on the necks, in the hair, and on the fingers of these noble ladies. These beautiful swans of Great Britain display, with a complaisance altogether peculiar to London, their superb forms; and the lace, of a brownish tone, serves to heighten still more the splendour of their white shoulders, which proceed vapourously from a cloud of *points d'Angleterre*. O daughters of Albion! the most illustrious of your modern poets—Lord Byron—has calumniated you! The English ladies, in ball dress (and they are nearly always in ball dress), are the women whose beauty we can most surely appreciate at the first view. In spite of the rules laid down by cant, they are so incompletely clad, that if they were to disembarass themselves of their bracelets of gold and their necklaces of pearls and diamonds, nothing would remain to hide them from the public gaze, but the veil of their long ash-coloured hair."

In matters of fact the most easily ascertainable, this gentleman arrives at similar wonderful results. He informs his readers that, during the exhibition, in London, "the smallest of single apartments could not be obtained for less than ten shillings a day; and for two rooms a sovereign!"

M. Texier is very happy to be able to assure his countrymen that "the devil does not lose his rights in English society, and that what they call British reserve can be carried to a certain point of hypocrisy." He adds, "In London, the people never see the day, and are so occupied, that they have no time to be aware that

they exist. After dinner, the tradesmen, the gentlemen, and those who belong to the nobility, go to the theatre. The representation terminated, they rush off to their clubs, where they drink and smoke. After this there is the *Finish*, an ignoble public-house, or sumptuous tavern, so called, because it is to these that they go to finish the night.

"The *Finishes* hold the same relation to English habits as the *estaminet* to those of the Germans, or the *café* to those of the French. . . . It is not until nearly one o'clock\* in the morning that the *habitués* began to arrive. Several of these gin-palaces (the author favours us with the English name) are the daily rendezvous of the *élite* of the aristocracy. These young lords, who at an earlier hour are always stiff and solemn, replying by a yes or no to the questions addressed to them; these honourables of the parliament, who would not have dared a few minutes before to venture an opinion on the last novel other than is contained in one of the two words—*shocking* or *beautiful*; all these disciples of *cant* (a favourite English phrase of the author); all these slaves of conventionality—the vapours of champagne, of alcohol, and of Madeira elevating their brains—take off their coats, loosen their cravats, disembarrass themselves of their waistcoats; and, in short, establish their boudoirs in public. The amusements of the *Finishes* are sufficiently varied; but there is one, continually repeated, that has always an immense success. It consists in making a young female intoxicated, until she falls down dead drunk; then they pour down her throat vinegar, in which mustard and pepper have been mixed. This horrible beverage gives her nearly always horrible convulsions. This is very gay. A diversion also very much appreciated in these fashionable *reunions*,

is to throw on the drunken persons glasses of punch or any other kind of liquor. . . . When a stranger assists at such a spectacle, he perceives that in this puissant and proud British empire, there is one man better understood than Shakespeare: it is Falstaff. It is generally towards seven or eight o'clock in the morning that the company retires from the *Finish*. The domestics then call the cabs; the gentlemen who can still stand on their feet then search for their coats in a pell-mell of over and under-coats of all kinds. As to the others, the waiters dress them as they can, with the first garments that come to hand—carrying the wearers into the vehicles, and indicating to the drivers the addresses of the packets which they confide to them. If, by chance, the waiters are ignorant of the residences of these gentlemen, they deposit the latter in a room downstairs, where they remain until they have recovered sufficient reason to be able to give their directions."

Here is a terrible revelation of the daily habits of the young nobility of this country—a revelation which we should find it difficult to accept, but for M. Texier's established veracity and accuracy of observation. He tells us, too, *apropos* of English hypocrisy, that "These same men who have been drunk together, meeting again at the club, will ask one another the news, but make no allusion to the orgies of the night before." It is a matter of mutual arrangement by which they hold one another in check; and, adds our author, "If this be not the solidarity of hypocrisy, it is something very near it."

Illustrating the height of hypocrisy in this country, M. Texier says very gravely, "Here all the feet of the sofas and chairs have pantaloons on. It is the same, also, with the pianos. I asked of my hostess why all

these articles of furniture wore more clothing than the ladies I saw three times a week at Her Majesty's Theatre or Covent Garden? 'Would you not be shocked, Monsieur,' she replied, 'if you were to perceive the legs of the furniture.'"

Some years ago something similar to this was thought a very good joke against the Americans. That it should be now turned seriously against ourselves, is truly a comic piece of retribution.

But M. Texier's grandest discovery is, perhaps, the light which he throws upon the political character of the English people. The tractability and obedience of the lower classes (whom we are accustomed to consider rather alarmingly addicted to such bad habits as individual opinion, aspiring to legislation, and to be not the most manageable of mankind,) meets with the author's great admiration. "The English people," he informs us, "is an infant, to whom you give formulas in the guise of sugar-plums. If they suffer too much, and are tempted to throw off the yoke, you stop them in one word, 'Have you not the right of petition?' and they say to themselves: 'It is true!' Then they return to work, or to the tavern. It is two years and a half ago since the chartists assembled in the City (!), and wished to make an irruption into the West End. Behold ~~how~~ fifteen constables, placed at the head of Waterloo Bridge, stopped two hundred thousand of these malcontents:—'How many are you?' asked the chief of the constables. 'We are two hundred thousand.'—'What do you wish?'—'We wish to pass.'—'The Queen forbids it. Go, walk about in the suburb, if you please, but you shall not pass over Waterloo Bridge.'—'We have not then the right of circulation?'—'You have: but you are too numerous to-day for your presence not to cause



alarm. If you have anything to complain of—Petition.' And after these words the constable raised his *bâton* and struck a few chartists, in the name of the Queen. Ten minutes after, the assembly was dispersed."

Those who remember the events of the memorable tenth of April, will appreciate the accuracy of this description, not to mention the admirable knowledge of the locality exhibited by the historian.

M. Texier is a pleasant person to accompany—upon paper—to a ball. "The proper Englishman," he tells us, "dances gravely, his eyes fixed, and his arms stuck to his sides; but if he is excited by sherry or port, he abandons himself to epileptic contortions; and nothing is more sad than the aspect of this lugubrious gaiety." This he observes at a public ball—"a temple of taciturn folly"—where a group of foreigners made an irruption, "and several, joining in the quadrilles, proceeded to embroider some continental arabesques; unfortunately the commissaires, incapable of comprehending this *lyrisme chorégraphique*, enjoined the dancers to relapse into the monotonous limitation of the British Terpsichore. But the impetus was given, and towards the end of the evening, the islander himself, put in a good humour, abandoned himself to disorderly improvisations. \*Here, a word between ourselves: I very much fear that the *can-can* will not cross the channel this year. I have, however, observed some vestiges of this highly fanciful dance at another establishment—the Vauxhall. At Vauxhall they hold masked balls. The entrance costs three shillings, but the real profit of the management is in the sale of false noses. The bills do not tell the public that they will not be admitted unless masked; and it follows, that when a foreigner, ignorant of the tricks of English trade, presents himself, he is

allowed to buy his ticket, after which it is explained to him that it is impossible to enter this establishment with the face uncovered, and he is offered a false nose, at a cost of three shillings. For the rest—when once the false nose is paid for, he is perfectly at liberty to put it in his pocket. If an attendant asks why you are not masked, you draw your nose from the depths of your coat pocket, and are allowed to pass quietly : you are *en règle*. The false nose is the passport to the Vauxhall.”.

It is impossible, it appears, to obtain admittance into “any theatre,” without submitting to “the tyrannical etiquette of the white cravat” and the eternal black coat, upon which M. Texier elsewhere remarks. Without, in fact, appearing in the most authentic evening costume, a man who has the misfortune to fail in these requirements finds himself—in the midst of the most populous portions of London—in a desert ; and without even the Parisian consolation of a *café* to enable him to kill his valuable time.

If the English are absurd at home, abroad they are a little worse. M. Texier has heard of “an honourable baronet,” who had, contrary to the habits of his class, never quitted his country seat, except for the orthodox three or four months in London once a year. His mania was ornithology ; and he especially prided himself upon stuffing every possible specimen that could be procured. His addiction to this fascinating pursuit was fast depriving him of his social position, when he was reminded by a kind friend, that “property had its duties as well as its rights.” Aroused to a sense of his situation, he saw, at the age of thirty, that no time was to be lost. “He ordered an immense travelling carriage, in which was placed a bed, a table, his instruments of dissection,

his scientific books, and his dead birds. At the back of his carriage he established his cook and his *cuisinier*; and, having ordered his valet to conduct him into the most picturesque countries of Europe, he gave himself up very quietly to his favourite occupation. At the end of a year the baronet, having accomplished his duties as a perfect gentleman, returned home, bringing with him some hundreds of stuffed birds. He had slept, drunk, eaten, and stuffed in his carriage, from which he had not dreamed of alighting; but, his honour was safe, he had crossed the Channel, and his vehicle had visited Europe."

Returning again to the English ladies—which M. Texier seems very fond of doing—we are told that the "rosy and smiling Misses" whom one meets at balls, are educated to within an inch of their lives. "They know history and geography like an old professor; they have studied botany, physic, and chemistry. These ladies, whose blooming shoulders can scarcely be distinguished from the satin of their robes, will speak to you in the language of Cicero, and show you that you have lost your time at College; I have seen one very young lady, of great beauty, who knew Greek. In contemplating this bland apparition, which seemed to issue from a cloud of lace and flowers, there was not one among us who was not tempted to exclaim, with the person in the *Femmes Savantes*—

*"Ah! pour l'amour de Grec, souffrez qu'on vous embrasse."*

The author allows the English one redeeming point, in matters of taste. If they do not produce articles of art, like the French, at any rate they purchase them. The Duke of Northumberland, for instance, "possesses one of the richest collections of pictures in Europe, and

he estimates these great works in proportion to the price which he has paid for them. He does not profess to have the most beautiful paintings, but the most costly ones. However, as the price of works of art, whatever their merit, is limited, the intelligent millionaire, in desperation at not being able to find in the universe a picture worth one or two millions, has taken the heroic course of placing in his saloon—magnificently framed, and in the place of honour in the midst of the works of the masters—a bank-note for a hundred thousand pounds. Oh, Molière!”

Oh, Munchausen!

The author goes to Epsom on the Derby Day—“the great festival of the year in England.” On his way he sees miniature houses and gardens, and young ladies in white dresses—notwithstanding the severity of the English May—and carrying parasols, “wasted flattery addressed to an apocryphal sun.” At the inn where he stops to refresh, the war-cry of the moment, “No Popery,” is inscribed, according to custom, on the wall. He also reads the following mysterious inscription—“The pope and the French bayonets, for ever John Bull can’t”—which he prudently translates into French, for the benefit of the English public, as meaning “*Le pape et les baïonnettes Françaises, John Bull ne les supportera jamais.*” It may be asked here, in passing, if M. Texier really copied the English inscription, by what process he contrived to put it into such very sensible French?

At Epsom he admires things in general—especially the “gentlemen ridders,” the six favourites, and the champagne—the consumption of which is imperative upon everybody on that day—when two hundred thousand bottles are regularly carried from London,

and as regularly consumed! Under this influence the company becomes gay and even *spirituel*—a circumstance from which M. Texier makes the wise deduction that the *tristesse* of the English is caused by the ordinary liquids which they imbibe—the monstrous grogs, astounding gins, and extraordinary porters before alluded to. If this view of the case be the correct one, we have only to open our ports to French wines, and abolish those estimable persons Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, Combe, Meux, Truman, &c., together with all the “Co.’s Entire,” in order to become as *spirituel*, as *vivant*, as *aimable*, and perhaps, as politically prosperous as our neighbours!

The author here tells an anecdote which gives us great insight into the sporting world. A young gentleman whom he had met in one of the great libraries of St. James’s Street (“*chez Sam*”) a few minutes before the race, said that he wished to stake a few guineas in favour of “Teddington,” but that he could not find “a *tenant*.” At this moment “One of the great kings of the sport, Lord Spencer, happened to pass, to whom he communicated his embarrassment, and who replied: ‘I have your man—wait a few minutes.’ Five minutes had scarcely passed, when there presented himself, on the part of Lord Spencer, an ill-dressed man, whose rude manner and coarse language proclaimed the English workman. He was a mason. The gentleman proposed a bet of forty pounds, but the mason replied with disdain, that it was not worth his while to trouble himself with so little; he made no bets under five hundred pounds; and he accordingly walked off.” M. Texier learned afterwards that the mason was the representation of the masons in general, who had subscribed each a few shillings towards a sum amounting to three

thousand pounds sterling, for the purpose of speculation. M. Texier learned also—what is not generally known—that this practice prevails among every other corporation of workmen, who have each their representative on the turf.

The author gives a glowing account of the return from the Derby; and here he may perhaps be pardoned for one mistake which he makes. He says that it is a common diversion on these occasions, especially among the aristocracy, to throw bags of flour at one another—a proceeding which he quietly describes as “very gay.” The fact is, he happened to be in the neighbourhood of the officers of a certain “crack regiment,” and might well suppose that so brilliant a joke could not be of their invention.

But to note all M. Texier’s eccentricities would be an endless task. How his moustache is voted “shocking” by a sagacious public; how a Bible is forced upon him at a table d’hôte; how he sees the company go to a Drawing Room (where the English ladies had crowded all their feathers and diamonds upon their persons, in order to dazzle the foreigners); how he cannot succeed in getting a cutlet at a tavern, or a place at the theatre, or any comfort (upon which the English pride themselves so much) in the houses;—are all circumstances told with an appropriate amount of pathos. But M. Texier saw certainly more than we have seen in the playbills; for he tells us (in illustration of the rigid distinction between classes in this country) that these announcements invariably commence with the words—“The nobility, gentry, and common people, are respectfully informed.”

Taking M. Texier all in all, we must congratulate him on having contrived to concentrate, within the

space of a small volume, all the worst features of the worst prejudices which have for many ages tended to separate—far more effectually than fifty Channels—the two most civilized nations of the world. The progress of science has united them materially : mentally, gentlemen like M. Texier still continue to keep them apart.

Is it not, let me gravely ask in conclusion, an extraordinary fact that writers associated with respectable journals published in Paris, can produce such absurdities as these, and show such profound ignorance, as this, undetected, among a great, intelligent, and polite people like the French? While if one hundredth part of this nonsense were written by an Englishman concerning the manners and customs of France, he would be exposed by his own countrymen through the length and breadth of his own country, within a month of his making such a fool of himself.

## XVIII.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BAD SHILLING.

I BELIEVE I may state with confidence that my parents were respectable, notwithstanding that one belonged to the law—being the zinc door-plate of a solicitor. The other was a pewter flagon residing at a very excellent hotel, and moving in distinguished society; for it assisted almost daily at convivial parties in the Temple. It fell a victim at last to a person belonging to the lower orders, who seized it one fine morning, while hanging upon some railings to dry, and conveyed it to a Jew, who—I blush to record the insult offered to a respected member of my family—melted it down. My first mentioned parent—the zinc plate—was not enabled to move much in society, owing to its very close connexion with the street door. It occupied, however a very conspicuous position in a leading thoroughfare, and was the means of diffusing more useful instruction, perhaps, than many a quarto, for it informed the running as well as the reading public, that Messrs. Snapples and Son resided within, and that their office hours were from ten till four. In process of becoming my progenitor it fell a victim to dishonest practises. A “fast” man unscrewed it one night, and bore it off in triumph to his chambers. Here



it was included by "the boy" among his numerous perquisites, and, by an easy transition, soon found its way to the Hebrew gentleman above mentioned.

The first meeting between my parents took place in the melting-pot of this ingenious person, and the result of their subsequent union was mutually advantageous. The one gained by the alliance that strength and solidity which is not possessed by even the purest pewter; while to the solid qualities of the other were added a whiteness and brilliancy that unadulterated zinc could never display.

From the Jew, my parents were transferred—mysteriously and by night—to an obscure individual in an obscure quarter of the metropolis, when, in secrecy and silence, I was *cast*, to use an appropriate metaphor, upon the world.

How shall I describe my first impression of existence? how portray my agony when I became aware *what I was*—when I understood my mission upon earth? The reader, who has possibly never felt himself to be what Mr. Carlyle calls a "sham," or a "solemnly constituted impostor," can have no notion of my sufferings!

These, however, were endured only in my early and unsophisticated youth. Since then, habitual intercourse with the best society has relieved me from the embarrassing appendage of a conscience. My long career upon town—in the course of which I have been bitten, and rung, and subjected to the most humiliating tests—has blunted my sensibilities, while it has taken off the sharpness of my edges; and, like the counterfeits of humanity, whose lead may be seen emulating silver at every turn, my only desire is—not to be worthy of passing, but simply—to pass.

My impression of the world, on first becoming con-

scious of existence, was, that it was about fifteen feet in length, very dirty, and had a damp unwholesome smell; my notions of mankind were, that it shaved only once a fortnight; that it had coarse, misshapen features; a hideous leer; that it abjured soap, as a habit; and lived habitually in its shirt-sleeves. Such, indeed, was the aspect of the apartment in which I first saw the light, and such the appearance of the professional gentleman who ushered me into existence.

I may add that the room was fortified, as if to sustain a siege. Not only was the door itself lined with iron, but it was strengthened by ponderous wooden beams, placed upright, and across, and in every possible direction. This formidable exhibition of precautions against danger was quite alarming.

I had not been long brought into this "narrow world" before a low and peculiar tap, from the outside of the door, met my ear. My master paused, as if alarmed, and seemed on the point of sweeping me and several of my companions (who had been by this time mysteriously ushered into existence) into some place of safety. Re-assured, however, by a second tapping, of more marked peculiarity, he commenced the elaborate process of unfastening the door. This having been accomplished, and the entrance left to the guardianship only of a massive chain, a mysterious watchword was exchanged with some person outside, who was presently admitted.

"Hollo! there's two on you?" said my master, as a hard elderly animal entered, following somewhat timidly by a younger one of mild and modest aspect.

"A green un as I have took, under my arm," said Mr. Blinks (which I presently understood to be the name of the elder one), "and werry deservin' he promises to be. He's just come out of the stone-

pitcher, without having done nothing to entitle him to have gone in. This was it: a fellow out at High-bury Barn collared him, for lifting snow from some railings, where it was a hanging to dry. Young innocence had never dreamt of anything of the kind—bein' a walking on his way to the work'us—but beaks being proverbially otherways than fly, he got six weeks on it. In the 'Ouse o' Correction, however, he met some knowing blades, who put him up to the time of day, and he'll soon be as wide-awake as any on 'em. This morning he brought me a pocket-book, and in it eigh—ty pound in flimsies. As he is a young hand, I encouraged him by giving him three pun' ten for the lot—it's runnin' a risk, but I done it. As it is, I shall have to send 'em all over to 'Ambug. Howsomever, he's got to take one pund in home made; bein' out of it myself, I have brought him to you."

"You're here at the nick o' time," said my master, "I've just finished a new batch—"

And he pointed to the glittering heap in which I felt myself—with the diffidence of youth—to be unpleasantly conspicuous.

"I've been explaining to Youthful that it's the reg'lar thing, when he sells his swag to gents in my way of business, to take part of it in this here coin." Here he took *me* up from the heap, and as he did so I felt as if I were growing black between his fingers, and having my prospects in life very much damaged.

"And is this all bad money?" said the youth, curiously, gazing, as I thought, at *me* alone, and not taking the slightest notice of the rest of my companions.

"Hush, hush, young Youthful," said Mr. Blinks, "no offence to the home coinage. In all human affairs, everythink is as good as it looks."

"I could not tell them from the good—from those made by government, I should say,"—hastily added the boy.

I felt myself leaping up with vanity, and chinking against my companions at these words. It was plain I was fast losing the innocence of youth. In justice to myself, however, I am bound to say that I have, in the course of my subsequent experience, seen many of the lords and masters of the creation behave much more absurdly under the influence of flattery.

"Well, we must put you up to the means of finding out the real Turtle from the mock," said my master. "It's difficult to tell by the ring. Silver, if it's at all cracked, as lots of money is, don't ring no better than pewter; besides, people can't try every blessed bit o' tin they get in that way; some folks is offended if they do, and some aint got no counter. As for the colour, I defy anybody to tell the difference. And as for the figgers on the side, wot's your dodge? Why, wen a piece o' money's give to you, look to the hedges, and feel 'em too with your finger. When they ain't quite perfect, ten to one but they 're bad 'uns. You see, the way it's done is this—I suppose I may put the young 'un up to a thing or two more?" added Mr. Blinks, pausing.

My master, who had during the above conversation lighted a short pipe, and devoted himself with considerable assiduity to a pewter pot, which he looked at with a technical eye, as if mentally casting it into crown pieces, now nodded assent. He was not of an imaginative or philosophic turn, like Mr. Blinks. He saw none of the sentiment of his business, but pursued it on a system of matter of fact, because he profited by it. This difference between the producer and the middleman may be continually observed elsewhere.

"You see," continued Mr. Blinks, "that these here '*bobs*'"—by which he meant shillings—"is composed of a mixture of two metals—pewter and zinc. In coorse these is first prigged raw, and sold to gents in my line of bis'ness, who either manufactures them themselves, or sells 'em to gents as does. Now, if the manufacturer is only in a small way of bis'ness, and is of a mean natur, he merely castes his money in plaster of Paris moulds. But for nobby gents like our friend here (my master here nodded approvingly over his pipe,) this sort of thing won't pay, too much trouble and not enough profit. All the top-sawyers in the manufactur is scientific men. By means of what they calls a galwanic battery a cast is made of that partiklar coin selected for himitation. From this here cast, which you see, that there die is made, and from that there die impressions is struck off on plates of the metal prepared for the purpose. Now, unfortunately we ain't got the whole of the masheenery of the Gôvernment institootion yet at our disposal, though it's our intention for to bribe the Master of the Mint (in imitation coin) some of these days to put us up to it all, so you see we're obliged to stamp the two sides of this here shilling, for instance (taking *me* up again as he spoke,) upon different plates of metal, jining of 'em together afterwards. Then comes the *milling* round the hedges. This we do with a file; and it is the himperfection of that 'ere as is continually a preying upon our minds. Anyone who's up to the bis'ness can tell whether the article 's geniwine or not, by a looking at the hedge; for it can't be expected that a file will cut as reglar as a masheen. This is reely the great drawback upon our purfession."

Here Mr. Blinks, overcome by the complicated character of his subject, subsided into a fit of abstraction,

during which he took a copious pull at my master's porter.

Whether suggested by the onslaught upon his beer, or by a general sense of impending business, my master now began to show symptoms of impatience. Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he asked "how many bob his friend wanted?"

The arrangement was soon concluded. Mr. Blinks filled a bag which he carried with the manufacture of my master, and paid over twenty of the shillings to his *protégé*. Of this twenty, *I* was one. As I passed into the youth's hand I could feel it tremble, as I own mine would have done had I been possessed of that appendage.

My new master then quitted the house in company with Mr. Blinks, whom he left at the corner of the street, an obscure thoroughfare in Westminster. His rapid steps speedily brought him to the southern bank of the "fair and silvery Thames," as a poet who once possessed me, (only for half-an-hour,) described that uncleanly river, in some verses which I met in the pocket of his pantaloons. Diving into a narrow street, obviously, from the steepness of its descent, built upon arches, he knocked at a house of all the unpromising rest the least promising in aspect. A wretched hag opened the door, past whom the youth glided, in an absent and agitated manner; and, having ascended several flights of a narrow and precipitous staircase, opened the door of an apartment on the top story.

The room was low, and ill ventilated. A fire burnt in the grate, and a small candle flickered on the table. Beside the grate, sat an old man sleeping on a chair; beside the table, and bending over the flickering light, sat a young girl engaged in sewing. My master was

welcomed, for he had been absent, it seemed, for two months. During that time he had, he said, earned some money; and he had come to share it with his father and sister.

I led a quiet life with my companions, in my master's pocket, for more than a week. At the end of that time, the stock of good money was nearly exhausted, although it had on more than one occasion been judiciously mixed with a neighbour or two of mine. Want, however, did not leave us long at rest. Under pretence of going away again to get "work," my master, leaving several of my friends to take their chance, in administering to the necessities of his father and sister, went away. I remained to be "smashed" (passed) by my master.

"Where are you going so fast, that you don't recognise old friends?" were the words addressed to the youth by a passer-by, as he was crossing, at a violent pace, the nearest bridge, in the direction of the Middlesex bank.

The speaker was a young gentleman, aged about twenty, not ill-looking, but with features exhibiting that peculiar expression of cunning, which is popularly described as "knowing." He was arrayed in what the police reports in the newspapers call, "the height of fashion," that is to say, he had travestied the style of the most daring dandies of last year. He wore no gloves; but the bloated rubicundity of his hands was relieved by a profusion of rings, which, even without the cigar in his mouth, were quite sufficient to establish his claims to gentility.

My master returned the civilities of the stranger, and, turning back with him, the two agreed to "go somewhere."

"Have a weed." said the stranger, producing a well

filled cigar-case. There was no resisting. Edward took one.

"Where shall we go?" he said.

"I tell you what we'll do," said the stranger, who looked as if experiencing a novel sensation: he evidently had an idea. "I tell you what, we'll go and blow a cloud with Joe, the pigeon-fancier. He lives only a short distance off, not far from the abbey; I want to see him on business, so we shall kill two birds. He's one of us, you know."

I now learned that the stranger, Mr. Bethnal Green, was a new acquaintance, picked up under circumstances (as a member of parliament, to whom I once belonged, used to say in the House) to which it is unnecessary farther to allude.

"I was glad to hear of your luck, by-the-bye," said the gentleman in question, not noticing his companion's wish to avoid the subject. "I heard of it from Old Blinks. Smashing 's the thing, if one's a presentable cove. You'd do deuced well in it. You've only to get nobby togs and you'll do."

Mr. Joe, it appeared, in addition to his ornithological occupations, kept a small shop for the sale of coals and potatoes; he was also, in a very small way, a timber merchant; for several bundles of firewood were piled in pyramids in his shed.

Mr. Bethnal Green's business with him was soon despatched; although not until after the latter had been assured by his friend, that Edward Tothill (my master) was "of the right sort," with the qualification that he was "rather green at present;" and he was taken into Mr. Joe's confidence, and also into Mr. Joe's upstairs sanctum.

In answer to a request from Mr. Bethnal Green, in a jargon, to me then unintelligible, Mr. Joe produced



from some mysterious depository at the top of the house, a heavy canvas bag, which he emptied on the table, discovering a heap of shillings and half-crowns, which, by a sympathetic instinct, I immediately detected to be of my own species.

"What do you think of these?" said Mr. Bethnal Green to his young friend.

Edward expressed some astonishment that Mr. Joe should be in the line.

"Why, bless your eyes," said that gentleman; "you don't suppose I gets my livelihood out of the shed down stairs, nor the pigeons neither. You see, these things are only dodges. If I lived here like a gentleman, that is to say, without a occupation, the p'lese would soon be down upon me. They'd be obleeged to take notice on me. As it is, I comes thererespectable tradesman, who's above suspicion, and the pigeons helps on the business wonderful."

"How is that?"

"Why, I keeps my materials, the pewter and all that, on the roof, in order to be out o' the way, in case of a surprise. If I was often seed upon the roof, a-looking arter such-like matters, inquisitive eyes would be on the look out. The pigeons is a capital blind. I'm believed to be dewoted to my pigeons, out o' which I takes care it should be thought I makes a little fortun, and that makes a man respected. As for the pigeon and coal and 'tatur businesses, them 's dodges. Gives a oppoortoonity of bringing in queer-looking sackfuls o' things, which otherwise would compel the '*spots*,' as we calls the p'lese, to come down on us."

"Compel them! but surely they come down whenever they've a suspicion?"

"You needn't a' told me he was green," said Mr. Joe to his elder acquaintance, as he glanced at the youth

with an air of pity. "In the first place, we takes care to keep the workshop almost impregnable; so that, if they attempt a surprise, we has lots o' time to get the things out o' the way. In the next, if it comes to the scratch, which is a matter of almost life and death to us, we stands no nonsense."

Mr. Joe pointed to an iron crowbar, which stood in the chimney-corner.

"I ses nothing to criminate friends, you know," he added significantly to Mr. Bethnal Green, "but *you* remember wot Sergeant Higsley got?"

Mr. Bethnal Green nodded assent, and Mr. Joe volunteered for the benefit and instruction of Edward an account of the demise and funeral of the late Mr. Sergeant Higsley. That official having been promoted, was ambitious of being designated, in the newspapers, "active and intelligent," and gave information against a gang of coiners. "Wot wos the consequence?" continued the narrator: "Somehow or another, that p'leseman was never more heered on. One fine night he went on his beat; he didn't show at the next muster; and it was s'posed he'd bolted. Every inquiry was made, and the 'mysterious disappearance of a p'leseman,' got into the noospapers. Howsomnever, *he* never got anywheres."

"And what becamed of him?"

Mr. Joe then proceeded to take a long puff at his pipe, and winking at his initiated friend, proceeded to narrate how that the injured gang dealt in eggs.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why you see eggs is not always eggs." Mr. Pouter then went on to state that "one night a long deal chest left the premises of the coiners, marked outside, 'eggs for exportation.' They were duly shipped, a member of

the firm being on board. The passage was rough, the box was on deck, and somehow or other somebody tumbled it overboard."

"But what has this to do with the missing policeman?"

"The chest was six feet long and ——."

Here Mr. Bethnal Green became uneasy.

"Vell," said the host, "the firm's broke up, and is past peaching upon, only it shows you my green 'un what we *can* do."

I was shaken in my master's pocket by the violence of the dread which Mr. Joe's story had occasioned him.

Mr. Bethnal Green, with the philosophy which was habitual to him, puffed away at his pipe.

"The fact o' the matter is," said Mr. Joe, who was growing garrulous on an obviously pet subject, "that we ain't afeerd o' the p'lesc in this neighbourhood, not a hap'orth; *we* know how to manage them." He then related an anecdote of another policeman, who had been formerly in his own line of business. This gentleman being, as he observed, "fly" to all the secret signs of the craft, obtained an interview with a friend of his for the purpose of purchasing a hundred shillings. A packet was produced and exchanged for their proper price in currency, but on the policeman taking his prize to the station house to lay the information, he discovered that he had been outwitted. The rouleau contained a hundred good farthings, for each of which he had paid twopence halfpenny.

"Then, what is the bad money generally worth?" asked Edward, interrupting the speaker. "As a general rule," was the answer, "our sort is worth about one-fifth part o' the wallie it represents. So, a sovereign—(though we ain't got much to do with gold here—that's made for the most part in Brummagem): a 'Brum' sovereign

may be bought for about four-and-six ; a bad crown piece for a good bob ; a half-crown for about fippence ; a bob for twopence halfpenny, and so on. As for the sixpenny's and fourpenny's, we don't make many on 'em, their wallie bein' too insignificant." Mr. Joe then proceeded with some further remarks for the benefit of the protégé :—

"You see you need have no fear o' passing this here money if you're a respectable looking cove. If a gentleman is discovered at anythink o' the kind, its always laid to a mistake ; the shopman knocks under, and the gentleman gives a good piece o' money with a grin. And that's how it is that so much o' our manufactur gets smashed all over the country."

The visitors having been somewhat bored, apparently, during the latter portion of their host's remarks, soon after took their departure. The rum-and-water which Mr. Joe's liberality had supplied, effectually removed Edward's scruples ; and on his way back, he expressed himself in high terms in favour of "smashing," considered as a profession.

"O' course," was the reply of his experienced companion. "It ain't once in a thousand times that a fellow's nailed. You shall make your first trial to-night. You've the needful in your pocket, havn't you ? Come, here's a shop—I want a cigar."

Edward appeared to hesitate ; But Mr. Joe's rum-and-water asserted itself, and into the shop they both marched.

Mr. Bethnal Green, with an air of most imposing nonchalance, took up a cigar from one of the covered cases on the counter, put it in his mouth, and helped himself to a light. Edward, not so composedly, followed his example.

"How much ?"

"Sixpence."

The next instant the youth had drawn *me* from his pocket, received sixpence in change, and walked out of the shop, leaving me under the guardianship of a new master.

I did not remain long with the tobacconist: he passed me next day to a gentleman, who was as innocent as himself as to my real character. It happened that I slipped into the corner of this gentleman's pocket, and remained there for several weeks—he, apparently, unaware of my existence. At length he discovered me, and one day I found myself, in company with a *good* half-crown, exchanged for a pair of gloves at a respectable looking shop. After the purchaser had left, the assistant looked at me suspiciously, and was going to call back my late owner, but it was too late. Taking me then to his master, he asked if I was not bad. “It dont look very good,” was the answer. “Give it to me, and take care to be more careful for the future.”

I was slipped into the waistcoat pocket of the proprietor, who immediately seemed to forget all about the occurrence.

That same night, immediately on the shop being closed, the shopkeeper walked out, having changed his elegant costume for garments of a coarser and less conspicuous description, and hailing a cab, requested to be driven to the same street in Westminster in which I first saw the light. To my astonishment, he entered the shop of my first master:—how well I remembered the place, and the coarse countenance of its proprietor! Ascending to the top of the house, we entered the room to which the reader has been already introduced,—the scene of so much secret toil.

A long conversation, in a very low tone, now took

place between the pair, from whom I gleaned some interesting particulars. I discovered that the respectable gentleman, who now possessed me, was the coiner's partner,—his being the "issue" department, which his trade transactions, and unimpeachable character, enabled him to undertake very effectively.

"Let your next batch be made as perfectly as possible," I heard him say to his partner. "The last seems to have gone very well: I have heard of only a few detections, and one of those was at my own shop to-day. One of my fellows made the discovery, but not until after the purchaser had left the house."

"That, you see, will 'appen now and then," was the answer; "but think o' the number on 'em as is about, and how sharp some people is getting—thanks to them noospapers, as is always a interfering with what don't concern 'em. There's now so much of our metal about, that it's almost impossible to get change for a suff'rin nowhere without getting some on it. Everybody's a-taking of it every day; and as for them that's detected, they're made only by the common chaps as ain't got our masheenery,"—and he glanced proudly at his well-mounted galvanic battery. "All I wish is, that we could find some dodge for milling the edges better—it takes as much time now as all the rest of the work put together. Howsomever, I've sold no end on 'em in Whitechapel and other places, since I saw you. And as for this here neighbourhood, there's scarcely a shop where they don't deal in the article more or less."

"Well," said Mr. Niggles (which, I learned from his emblazoned door-posts, was the name of my respectable master), "be as careful about these as you can. I am afraid it's through some of our money that that young girl has been found out."

"Wot, the young 'ooman as has been remanded so often at the 'plese court?"

"The same. I shall know all about it to-morrow. She is to be tried at the Old Bailey, and I am on the jury as it happens."

Mr. Niggles then departed to his suburban villa, and passed the remainder of the evening as became so respectable a man.

The next morning he was early at business; and, in his capacity of citizen, did not neglect his duties in the court, where he arrived exactly two minutes before any of the other jurymen.

When the prisoner was placed in the dock, I saw at once that she was the sister of my first possessor. She had attempted to pass two bad shillings at a grocer's shop. She had denied all knowledge that the money was bad, but was notwithstanding arrested, examined, and committed for trial. Here, at the Old Bailey, the case was soon despatched. The evidence was given in breathless haste; the judge summed up in about six words, and the jury found the girl guilty. Her sentence was, however, a very short imprisonment.

It was my fortune to pass subsequently into the possession of many persons, from whom I learnt some particulars of the after-life of this family. The father survived his daughter's conviction only a few days. The son was detained in custody; and as soon as his identity became established, charges were brought against him, which led to his being transported. As for his sister—I was once, for a few hours, in a family where there was a governess of her name. I had no opportunity of knowing more; but—as her own nature would probably save her from the influences to which she must have been subjected in jail—it is but just

to suppose, that some person might have been found to brave the opinion of society, and to yield to one so gentle, what the law calls "the benefit of a doubt."

The changes which I underwent in the course of a few months were many and various—now rattling carelessly in a cash-box; now loose in the pocket of some careless young fellow, who passed me at the theatre; then, perhaps, tied up carefully in the corner of a handkerchief, having become the sole stock-in-hand of some timid young girl. Once I was given by a father as a "tip" or present, to his little boy; when, I need scarcely add, that I found myself ignominiously spent in hardbake ten minutes afterwards. On another occasion, I was (in company with a sixpence) handed to a poor woman, in payment for the making of a dozen shirts. In this case I was so fortunate as to sustain an entire family, who were on the verge of starvation. Soon afterwards, I formed one of seven, the sole stock of a poor artist, who contrived to live upon my six companions for many days. He had reserved me until the last—I believe because I was the brightest and best looking of the whole; and when he was at last reduced to change me, for some coarse description of food, to his and my horror I was discovered!

The poor fellow was driven from the shop; but the tradesman, I am bound to say, did not treat me with the indignity that I expected. On the contrary, he thought my appearance so deceitful that he did not scruple to pass me next day, as part of change for a sovereign.

Soon after this, somebody dropped me on the pavement, where, however, I remained but a short time. I was picked up by a child, who ran instinctively into a shop for the purpose of making an investment in figs.



But, coins of my class had been plentiful in that neighbourhood, and the grocer was a sagacious man. The result was, that the child went figless away, and that I—my edges curl as I record the humiliating fact—was nailed to the counter as an example to others. Here my career ended and my biography closes.

## XIX.

### A GENTEEL ESTABLISHMENT.

IN my hot youth, I once wanted some money. I do not mean to say that this was the only time I have ever experienced a similar want during that excited period. But I have particular reasons for referring to an especial occasion.

I had not arrived at the age which is known as years of discretion; indeed, even at the present moment it is the opinion of some of my friends—— But that is a consideration into which it is needless to enter. Let it suffice to state, that my money was locked up in the hands of a guardian—a gentleman of the old school, who devoutly believed that he was acting the part of my best friend by depriving me of any free agency in the management of my own affairs, and letting me spend as little as possible. Accordingly, through this very considerate conduct on the part of my best friend—who was personally a perfect stranger to me, living in a distant and absurd part of the country—I found myself unable to touch a guinea without his permission.

Such was the state of affairs, when I experienced the necessity to which I have alluded. My state of depen-

dence was too absurd. Accordingly, one fine morning, I resolved to make a bold stroke for my emancipation ;—

“ Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ;”—

and the blow that I proposed to strike was, to induce my guardian to sign a certain deed which would have the effect of placing a considerable portion of my property at my own disposal.

I knew that to effect this object, a letter would be useless. To tell the truth, I had already gone through the epistolary phase of supplication in all its varieties. I had tried every style :—the dutiful, the jocular, the insinuating, the desperate, the menacing, and the conciliatory, after the most approved models. I had invested fanciful friends with imaginary necessities, and expressed most philanthropic wishes to relieve them ; I had contracted impossible debts at games which I never played in my life (“ for the last time, on my honour as a gentleman ”) ; I had even found sudden necessities for large sums to enable me to prosecute my studies by expensive additions to my library—which happened to be singularly complete—all to no purpose.

I now mustered up courage to make my last appeal ; and this appeal I determined to make in person. I have said that I was a stranger to my guardian and to his establishment ; but they were old friends of my family ; and I had, moreover, been in the receipt, for several years past, of that unmeaning civility known as a “ general invitation.” This was sufficient ; and behold me ostentatiously driving up to the house one morning, supplied with baggage enough to stand a campaign of six months.

The people of the house upon whom I had so desperately intruded, maintained the reputation, during

their short visits to London, of being somebodies in their own county. I accordingly expected to be received with a certain dueal magnificence, which, however, I was subsequently given to understand, had not been known in the house since the time of some mysterious "old Sir Walter," about whom nobody knew anything in particular, and whom I strongly suspect to be a myth.

The fact was, that though coming from the old Norman stock of De Musheroon, my entertainers were a very plain, homely family, with—as far as the master of the house was concerned—not much more pride than can be considered appropriate when one has nothing to be proud of.

As for the lady, the case was somewhat different. She had a great notion about keeping up the dignity of the family; and I *know* I annoyed her mortally by the abruptness of my descent,—“taking them quite unprepared,”—as I heard her say to one of the servants, in giving directions about my room. This lady was the only person from whom I heard anything of the apocryphal old Sir Walter; the mystery about whom I have never been able to clear up, owing to Burke having, most unpardonably, forgotten to mention the family, in his *History of the Landed Gentry*.

But the most interesting member of the family—to me—was a cousin of Mrs. De Musheroon, considerably better looking than that lady, and enjoying besides the additional advantages of blue eyes, nineteen summers, and the name of Amy. She was inclined to be sentimental, and had just enough sense of the ridiculous (which I take to be sense of a very high kind) to be somewhat ashamed of it. Altogether, she was what her friends called “a riddle,” and suited me capitally; so we became excellent friends at first sight.

At an early period of my visit I had broken its object to the old gentleman, but without immediate success. He considered my allowance amply sufficient; he had no idea of young men persisting in being young men; he acted for my good,—and so forth. After ten days' stay in the house, I began to think the ease hopeless, and made up my mind to return to town. I should have done so immediately but for the "shallow-hearted cousin" (of course I made the most of "Locksley Hall;") who having, it seems, gained some inkling of my plans, advised me, in confidence, to "wait a little longer," under a promise, made somewhat mysteriously, that she would try "to arrange it for me." To tell the truth, I did not feel reluctant to find an excuse for remaining; and it was fortunate that I did so; for the next morning an incident occurred which was destined to have some influence upon the success of my plans.

I must premise that the De Musheroon domestics were to me a most mysterious race. There were only a couple of men who might be considered as in attendance upon the family: the footman and the coachman. The family drove nothing more ostentatious than a Brougham; and the services of the footman were, therefore, confined to waiting at table, and to in-door duties. Then there was a gardener, who seemed to exercise his vocation only very early in the morning before the family were up; but whom I saw constantly so employed, when I have risen at unholy hours for the purpose of reading or walking.

At such times I have frequently seen this gardener in conversation with a young—no, not a lady; and yet she was scarcely so low as what we understand by an "individual," or a "party." A "young person" is the word. I saw him frequently talking to a young person

of what the newspapers call "prepossessing exterior," and whom I subsequently discovered to be lady's maid at a house not a hundred yards distant. Morning after morning I watched the pair from my window talking and walking together, and marking in their manner towards each other a certain respect and deference; a certain air of distance, mixed with one of familiarity, which obviously meant mystery; not much mystery to me, for I carelessly set down the affair as what they call "a case;" and there was an end of it.

No: not quite an end of it; for, one morning, I was taking my usual walk before breakfast, with a book in my hand, when, in a lane a short distance from the house, I saw the lady's maid—the obvious betrothed of the gardener—walking with—our footman! Oh! the caprice of woman! Why does not some good-natured friend tell the unfortunate John of Spades of the peril that awaits him? Poor fellow! The rival lover seemed somewhat confused, I thought, as he touched his hat in passing; but did not look like a very guilty man with any great weight upon his conscience. He waited at breakfast afterwards with his usual composure.

Meantime, I found myself no nearer to a settlement of affairs with my guardian; and began to think the "shallow-hearted cousin" had been making fun of me. Time went on, and it was plain that I must soon go off. I resolved, however, to trust to the chances of a few more days. I had been much amused by the caprice of my friend, the lady's maid; I was willing to see to what it might lead. An incident which speedily occurred made the case only still more mysterious.

One morning I had been persuaded to accompany Mrs de Musheroon and her cousin to pay one of those dreary compliments known as morning calls, to the Twaddle-

tons, who lived a few miles off—ten, or twenty, or thirty, perhaps: which is considered nothing in the country. They were very nice people, the Twaddleton's; talked genteelly about high life; and never told an anecdote of anybody under the rank of an ambassador. I used to humour them in this weakness; and tell them incidents relating to my dear friend Grinder (who was plucked the other day at Cambridge, for the Voluntary Theological), as the adventures of my friend—for the nonce—the Duke of Mount-Mornington, or that adventurous fellow, Lord John Hightoptover. It is wonderful how stories improve by this system. I remember, once—when in one of my most audacious moments I had given one of Grinder's exploits to the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg—the Twaddleton's were absolutely entranced; and I know that, from that moment, they pronounced me (for a mere commoner) one of the most amusing and well-bred persons of their acquaintance.

I have said, we were going to pay a morning visit to the Twaddleton's. The carriage had been ordered early, and while waiting for it, and for the descent of the ladies, I turned out to stroll for a few minutes. Passing the coach-house, I saw the brougham standing at the door with the horses in, and all ready; and, close by, the coachman, engaged, with a reckless disregard of his master's time, in conversation with my old friend, the lady's maid; the undoubted *fiancée* of the gardener, and the suspected *chère amie* of the footman! The pair had arrived at that most interesting period in interviews of this description—the parting; and they were prolonging the sweet sorrow in the usual manner, under cover of the carriage; not suspecting that a witness was so near. The final farewell did at last

take place, and I will not—considering all circumstances—say *how* affectionate it was. The lady then tripped off. I made a point of vanishing with considerable dexterity; and, as the brougham drove round to the frantically impatient ladies, I thought I had never seen a coachman look more innocent and serene.

That day I was doomed once more to be puzzled by this extraordinary establishment of domestics. Returning from the Twaddletons', I felt somewhat depressed, and was not in one of my best humours. (I should have mentioned, by the way, that the Twaddletons are very nice people, but that they once had the misfortune to live on the outskirts of the fashionable world, and were so well bred as not to ask their visitors to stay to luncheon—in opposition to the country custom, not yet extinct in England, which relieves calling from so much of its dullness.) I felt somewhat depressed in spirits, and was rallied on the subject by the "shallow-hearted cousin," who told me that I must brighten up in time for dinner next day, when there was to be a grand assemblage of all the county families, and great guns of the neighbourhood, who could be persuaded to come. This led to the expression of some fears on the part of Mrs. de Musheroon as to the efficiency of "a young man who had been highly recommended," and who had been accordingly engaged as a supernumerary to assist in waiting at table on the great occasion. In other words, he had been engaged to make himself generally useful, and it was of course anticipated that he would prove particularly useless instead.

"You see," said Mrs. de Musheroon, turning round with her usual grand manner to me, "of all our own servants, Charles" (that was the footman) "is the only one upon whom we can depend. The rest know abso-



lutely nothing out of their own departments ; and they are so stupid, that I am afraid it would be useless to attempt to instruct them for this occasion."

"I should have thought otherwise," said the cousin, with a look which, after much consideration and with considerable reluctance, I am obliged to pronounce malicious, "the gardener seems to be a quick, intelligent, young man, who would adapt himself to circumstances ; and John, who is now driving us, I have often thought more fit for domestic duties than driving. He is neither old enough nor heavy enough to be quite proper for a coachman."

There was a dead pause. Neither of the cousins spoke during the remainder of the drive. The elder lady maintained a look of portentous severity ; while, in the younger, I thought I observed several times a tendency to laugh.

At dinner that day Mrs. de Musheroon's temper was not much improved by an incident which would have escaped my notice, but for the evident annoyance which it occasioned her. Old De Musheroon, whom I have already mentioned as a good-humoured, unpretending country gentleman, made an observation to Charles (who was, as usual, in attendance) about the state of the kitchen garden, which he had been inspecting during our absence in the morning ; and consulted him as to the propriety of planting some mangel-wurzel for the cows on "that piece of waste ground in the corner."

"I wonder," said Mrs. de Musheroon, with a severe look at her husband, "that you do not talk of these subjects in the proper quarter. What *can* Charles know of them ? It is the gardener's business."

De Musheroon looked confused, as if he had made a

“confounded mull”—to use an expression of his own—about something; and drank off a glass of sherry, rather nervously. His wife subsided into her established air of severity; the young lady was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing; Charles did not seem quite at his ease: and I was the only unembarrassed person present. I had been once before somewhat amused at the old gentleman asking the coachman “If he thought that old port had been put in a damp part of the cellar?” But Mrs. de Musheroon, not being present at that time—to give prominence to the remark by going into hysterics, or making any demonstration of the kind—I had thought no more of the occurrence.

Meantime the affair of the lady’s maid became more mysterious. A few days after our visit to the Twaddletons’, I went out with old De Musheroon to have a pop at some pheasants. He began to talk about “his preserves.” I had never known that he indulged in any such luxury; and to this day I am convinced, from my experience on that occasion, that the game could not have been very plentiful, otherwise we must have succeeded in finding something to hit. But my object in mentioning our day’s sport, was to state that we were accompanied by “the gamekeeper,” whom I had never before seen or heard of. In appearance, he was a most unexceptionable person—got up with velvetten and fustian, game-pouches, guns, and powder-belts, in a most orthodox manner.

In the course of our march over the stubble, De Musheroon (who is always affable to his dependants) good-naturedly rallied the gamekeeper upon the fact that he was going to be married very speedily. The gamekeeper grinned, and admitted the soft impeachment; his master promised to “do what he could for

him towards setting him up;" and so the matter dropped. But it so happened that, shortly afterwards, I was walking on in advance with my host, when I happened to ask him who was to be the bride of our friend the gamekeeper?

"Oh!" was the answer, "he considers that he's making a good thing of it. Good-looking, you know, and all that; she is the personal and confidential servant of the wife of old Sir Sykes Slimpenny, our next-door neighbour, I may say; for our respective parks only divide the two mansions." (So the De Musheroon lawn, and surrounding meadows, was a park!)

"Are you sure?" I asked, dubiously.

"Certain; the wedding-clothes have, as I have been told, been purchased."

Mystery upon mystery! Was this desirable young person going to marry the whole neighbourhood? I was fairly puzzled and perplexed. That day at dinner De Musheroon made a casual remark, relative to the approaching marriage of the gamekeeper; to which Mrs. de Musheroon observed, that "she was not aware that the event was to take place for several weeks."

"He told me it was to come off in a few days," said De Musheroon. "He leaves my service, you know, in less than a week, having engaged himself in another part of the country."

There was another awkward pause, such as I had before noticed. Mrs. de Musheroon was visibly agitated; and the remainder of the dining ceremonial passed off in perfect silence. The next morning, early, I received a message from the master of the house, who desired to see me in the library. I found him alone with his fishing-tackle, a parchment deed, a pheasant (from the poulterer's), and an attorney. He opened his

business very abruptly. He had taken my request into consideration, and was prepared to make the concession that I required. Not a word of his former very excellent reasons for refusing. It was evident that in the teeth of all his previous opinions, he had suddenly come to the conclusion that it was very proper that young men should be young men; that control over their own property was not an unreasonable demand; that, in short, young men, being young men, should be allowed to come and to *go* (strong emphasis on "go"), without restriction or restraint. For myself, puzzled and astonished as I was, I made no remark; but very quietly went through the necessary formalities, and stood up a responsible being—the *bond fide* proprietor of an actual and available balance at my bankers.

On considering, in the course of the morning, the possible reasons which could have induced my guardian so suddenly to change his resolution, it occurred to me that he had been ruled in the matter by his wife. For what object? Possibly by satisfying my demands, to put a termination to my visit. Such a thing was certainly conceivable, especially as I had already made a stay of several weeks; and the sting of the sharp tone of his violently accentuated "go" still tingled in my ears. It would not, perhaps, be very delicate to take a precipitate flight immediately on the settlement of my affairs; still I preferred that alternative, to the possibility of interfering with any domestic arrangements; so I resolved to "go," at all hazards, on the following day. Unexpected and important business is of course speedily improvised in such cases. It was evident that, for some reason of their own, they wanted to get rid of me. I did not want to go; but I went.

Not quite soon enough, however; for I was not

destined to depart without hearing more of the mysterious movements of the servants. The next morning, at breakfast, I noticed that the habitual Charles did not make his appearance, and that we were attended by a female domestic. Waiting until she had disappeared from the apartment, Mrs. de Musheroon explained the phenomenon.

"You see, it is very annoying ; I don't know what to do for a few days. There has been a slight disagreement, and all of our men-servants have left us, left us last night."

"All ! surprising and inconvenient unanimity !"

"Yes ; it is a fact. They had arranged to go upon that day ; their term was up ; but I had certainly expected as a piece of common civility that they would have waited until the family were provided with others."

"Certainly ; it would be only a piece of ordinary courtesy," I said, for the sake of saying something.

But the fact was, they had all arranged to be married that morning, and would not put off the day.

Impenetrable mystery ! It was the first time I had ever heard of such a proceeding. But I had no time to think about such matters now.

It happened that, after breakfast, I was taking a farewell of some of my favourite haunts where I had been accustomed to ramble ; when, passing the village church, I saw some gaily-attired persons issuing forth. I remembered that there were no end of persons to be married that morning, and I planted myself accordingly among the mob of rustics who were gaping about, to see them pass.

To my astonishment, there was only only one couple ; that is to say, one married couple. I recognised the

bride at once, my pretty friend, who seemed so generally sought after. But the bridegroom puzzled me. He was dressed in what—in contradistinction to livery—we call plain clothes; though, I must say, that they could not be so designated in any other acceptance of the term. There was a mulberry-coloured coat, a brimstone waistcoat, and a nosegay, uncommonly large, and dazingly variegated. The Berlin gloves (too long in the fingers) sparkled in the sun with whiteness. I knew that all the De Musheroon domestics were to be married that morning, and I knew that this fine gentleman was one of them. There could be no mistake, that singular command of feature, and that curious and varying twist of the mouth, belonged to Charles, and to nobody but Charles. But, whether the gamekeeper had been made a happy man, and the coachman, footman, and gardener were blighted in the flower of their several affections; or whether any other one out of the four had been made happy, and any other three been blighted as aforesaid, I have never been able to determine. I had never seen any of the servants in “plain” clothes, and the test was most embarrassing. Now, I felt convinced that the gardener was the Benedict; then, an expression came over his face which convinced me that it was the coachman; but, no sooner was this satisfactorily settled, than a reminiscence of the gamekeeper made me again a sceptic: in like manner, a sudden gesture of the footman would set me wandering once more. The bridegroom was as difficult of recognition as the late Charles Matthews, in one of his monopolylogues.

In my anxiety to clear up the mystery, I even felt inclined to prolong my stay; but that could not be. I accordingly adhered to my original arrangements, and

could not help thinking, as Mrs. de Musheroon mingled her regrets with her adieux, that she was not disinclined to part with me.

I had not entirely forgotten this domestic mystery, in my renewal of town habits and town enjoyments, when one day, at breakfast, glancing over the advertising columns of a morning paper, my eye fell upon the following advertisement:—

“WANTED, in a family of distinction, residing in the country, a young man, of good education and address. He must be able to drive, and attend to a pair of horses; wait at table; take charge of a kitchen and flower-garden; and act as gamekeeper when required. Address, by letter (post-paid,) to Reginald de M., Esq., Hautonbank Hall, Billberryshire.”

I verily believe the family are not suited to this day! They will, indeed, have to spend a large sum in advertisements, before they succeed in finding so admirable a Proteus in Plush as Charles.

How much of my freedom, and of the premature possession of my fortune, I owed to the diplomacy of the “shallow-hearted cousin,” I have yet to learn. My opinion at present is, that she was my good genius throughout. I shall know all about it some of these days, I hope and trust; for now I have got thus far, I don’t mind informing the reader, in confidence, that I have “intentions” in that quarter.

## XX.

### LITERARY MYSTIFICATIONS.

THE learned Jesuit, Hardouin, in his work upon Chronology and Coins, published in 1696, somewhat startled the weak minds of his readers, by the bold assertion that the ancient history, which is so dear to the learned men of the present day, through the delightful agency of Doctor Goldsmith and others, had been entirely re-manufactured in the thirteenth century, with the aid of the works of Homer, Herodotus, Cicero, Pliny, the Georgics of Virgil, and the Satires and Epistles of Horace—the only works which, according to him, belonged to antiquity—the *Bucolics*, and the *Æneid* of Virgil, the *Odes*, and the *Art of Poetry* of Horace, and all the collection of poets, historians, and ancient writers in general, whom we are unfortunately addicted to admiring, having been, according to the same veracious authority, fabricated by the monks of the middle ages.

We have not been in the habit of paying much more attention to such erudite speculations as that of our friend, the Jesuit, than they deserve; but the other day, (1852,) a very “modern instance,” that of the Shelley



forgeries, set us wondering upon the subject of literary mystification in general. The Jesuitical hypothesis presented itself with more than usual force, and led us insensibly, through a long catalogue of impostures, some of the most prominent of which we will note for the benefit of our readers.

Before the Revival of Letters, errors, such as those in question, were made through ignorance; but after that period—as befitted a more advanced degree of civilization—it was by fraudulent means that the learned were misled. It was one of the favourite amusements of the learned of the sixteenth century to mystify one another. In many cases, the only motive seems to have been the gratification of some personal whim, or the bewilderment of some literary associate. But we now and then find examples of elaborate attempts to misrepresent history, and to confuse names and dates to a most mischievous extent.

Of the latter class, a very large number of forgeries and fictions were concocted for political purposes. Among these may be included the false *Decretals* of Isidore, which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and, for eight hundred years, formed the fundamental basis of the Canon Law, the discipline of the church, and even the faith of Christianity; the deception of young Maitland, who, in order to palliate the crime of the assassination of the Regent Murray, drew up a pretended conference between him, Knox, and others, in which they were made to plan the dethronement of the young king, and the substitution of the regent in his place; and the story of the “bloody Colonel Kirk,” related by Hume and others, which was originally told of a very different person in a previous age.

The great majority, however, of deceptions of the kind seemed to have been contrived without any other object than the mere artistic love of ingenuity, to which the credulity or mystification of the learned was a flattering and irresistible tribute.

One of the boldest and most uncompromising of a very mischievous class of literary impostors was Anniius of Viterbo. Anniius published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose names had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while their works themselves had been lost. Afterwards, he subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority, by passages from well-known authors. These, at first, were eagerly accepted by the learned; the blunders of the presumed editor—one of which was his mistaking the right name of the historian he forged—were gradually detected, and at length the imposture was apparent. The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume, for the whole collection does not exceed one hundred and seventy-one pages, which lessened the difficulty of the forgery; while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the text. In favour of Anniius, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, the declaration that he had recovered some of these fragments at Mantua, and that others had come from Armenia, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war was soon kindled. One historian died of grief for having raised his elaborate speculations on these fabulous originals; and their credit was at length so much reduced, that Pignoria and Maffei both announced to their readers that they had not referred in their works to the pretended writers of

Annii. Yet, to the present hour, these presumed forgeries are not always given up. The problem remains unsolved; and the silence of Annii in regard to the forgery, as well as what he affirmed when alive, leave us in doubt as to whether he really intended to laugh at the world by these fairy tales of the giants of antiquity. Sanchoniathon, as preserved by Eusebius, may be classed among these ancient writings as a forgery, and has been equally rejected and defended.

It should not be forgotten that the statements of Annii received a supposed confirmation in some pretended remains of antiquity which were dug up in the grounds of the Inghirami family. These remains—which were Etruscan—consisted of inscriptions, and some fragments of an ancient chronicle. Curtius Inghirami had no doubt of their authenticity, and published a quarto volume of more than a thousand pages in their support. Nevertheless, they bore self-evident marks of modern times. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters: it was more difficult to defend the small italic letter, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides which, there were dots on the letter *i*, a custom not practised until the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary. But, Inghirami replied, that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of the Etrurian augurs, who alone was permitted to draw his materials from the archives.

The only conjecture respecting the origin of these “antiquities,” that has any reasonable foundation, is, that they were manufactured by one of the Inghirami family; who, some fifty years previously, had been the

librarian of the Vatican, and who might have been influenced by a desire to establish the antiquity of the family estate.

The writing of Christopher Columbus has, on more than one occasion, furnished a subject for fraudulent ingenuity. The Prayer-book presented to him by the Pope, and which he bequeathed to the Genoese republic, contains a codicil, purporting to be in his own handwriting; but which, apparently on very good grounds, has been pronounced a forgery. Only the other day we were told of a bottle having been picked up at sea, containing, it was alleged, an account of the discovery of America by the discoverer himself. This last appears to be a very promising performance of our friends the Americans—not very ingeniously contrived, and classified by comparison with other perversions of human dexterity, not rising much beyond the dignity of a hoax.

Petrarch's first meeting with Laura took place in the church of St. Clair, on a Good Friday, the sixth of April, 1327, so says the well-known inscription in Petrarch's *Virgil*. Alas for the belief of our youth! This famous inscription is said to be a forgery. The sixth of April, 1327, had, it seems, the perverseness to fall upon a Monday. But facts and figures are proverbially impertinent. The forger seems to have rather obtusely misunderstood the second sonnet in the printed editions (which differ somewhat from the MS.), and never to have got so far as the ninety-first sonnet, which would have informed him that the meeting took place, not in a church, but in a meadow. The Laura of Sade, moreover, is ascertained not to be the Laura of Petrarch, but Laura de Baux, who resided in the vicinity of Vaucluse, who died young, like all those whom the

gods love, and died, we are happy to say, for Petrarch's sake, unmarried.

It is pleasant to find an attempt to impose a fiction upon the world, fail most egregiously. Such was the fate of the nevertheless deeply planned scheme of the Duke de la Vallière and the Abbé de St. Leger. These two notabilities attempted to palm off upon the great bibliopolist De Bure, a copy of a work which had long existed in name, but of which no person had ever seen a copy. This was the *De Tribus Impostoribus*. A work with this name was manufactured by the Duke and the Abbé, who caused it to be printed in the Gothic character, with the date of 1598. Their intention was to sell copies of it by degrees, at very high prices; and De Bure was honoured by being made the subject of their first experiment. That learned man, however, at once discovered the cheat, and the discomfiture of the concoctors was most signal. De Bure made two enemies by this piece of sagacity; who subsequently attempted to write down his reputation.

Spain has produced some very accomplished forgers. About the end of the sixteenth century, a Jesuit, named Jerome Romain Higuera, applied himself to the task of making up for the silence of the historians on the subject of the establishment of Christianity in Spain. By the aid of popular traditions, and of every kind of document which he could collect, he composed several chronicles, and ascribed the most important of them to Flavius Dexter, an historian cited by St. Jerome, but whose histories were lost. He made a confidant of Torialba, one of the brothers of his order; who, going to Germany, lost no time in announcing that he had found in the library of Fulde an authentic MS. containing the chronicles in question. The Jesuits believed this story,

and Torialba addressed a copy of the MS. to Calderon, who published it at Saragossa (4to. 1619), under the title of *Fragmentum Chronici Fl. Dextri, cum Chronico Marci Maximi, et Additionibus S. Branlioni et Helecani*. Higuera, who went so far as to pretend to enlighten various parts of this work by notes, did not live to see its publication, nor the controversies caused thereby. Gabriel Pennot, an Augustin, was the first to ask the authenticity of these chronicles, and he had for an adversary Thomas Vargas, whom he soon reduced to silence.

The imposture of Joseph Vella will be long remembered. Being at Palermo in 1782, he accompanied the ambassador from Morocco in a visit which that diplomatist made to the Abbey of St. Martin, and where he was admitted to see a very ancient Arabic manuscript. Being aware of the desire which existed to find in the Arabic writings materials for the completion of the history of Sicily, in which there was a gap of two centuries, Vella took the hint, and, after the departure of the ambassador, asserted that he had found in the library of the Abbey a precious manuscript containing the correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and the sovereigns of Africa.

To confirm the authenticity of this pretended discovery, and to give it additional importance in the eyes of his protector, Airoidi, archbishop of Heraclea, who paid all the expenses of his researches, Vella manufactured a correspondence between himself and the ambassador, who had returned to Morocco, in which he made the latter give an assurance that there existed in the library of Fez a second and more complete copy of the manuscript found in the library of St. Martin; that another work in continuation of the manuscript had been

discovered ; and also a series of medals, confirmatory of the history and chronology of the document in question.

The imposture had such success, that the King of Naples, to whom Vella presented his translation of the supposed manuscript, wished to send him on a mission to Morocco to make further inquiries. This was as unfortunate a turn as the royal favour could take ; but luckily for Vella, circumstances occurred to avert the disaster.

The translation of the Arabic manuscript had been announced in all the journals of Europe. The first volume was published in 1789, under the sanction of Airoidi. The sixth volume appeared in 1792, and was to be followed by two others. Vella was everywhere courted, and loaded with pensions and honours. Airoidi, however, having caused a fac-simile of the original manuscript—which Vella had taken great pains to alter and make nearly illegible—doubt arose as to its authenticity ; and finally, after the “ translation ” had been everywhere read, everywhere celebrated, and everywhere extracted from, the whole was found to be a deception. The original manuscript was nothing but a history of Mahomet and his family, and had no relation to Sicily whatever. Vella was induced to confess his imposture, but not until he had been threatened with torture.

In 1800, a Spaniard named Marchena, attached to the army of the Rhine, amused himself during the winter, which he passed at Basle, by composing some fragments of Petronius. These were published soon after, and, in spite of the air of pleasantry which ran through the preface and notes, the author had so well imitated the style of his model that many very accomplished scholars were deceived, and were only set right by a declaration of the truth on the part of the publisher. The success

of this mystification struck the fancy of Marchena; and in 1806 he published, under his own name, a fragment of Catullus, which he pretended to have been taken from a manuscript recently unrolled at Herculaneum. But, this time he was beaten with his own weapon. A professor of Jena, Eichstädt, announced in the following year, that the library of that city possessed a very ancient manuscript, in which were the same verses of Catullus, with some important variations. The German, under pretence of correcting some errors of the copyist, pointed out several faults in prosody, committed by Marchena, and made sundry improvements upon the political allusions of the Spaniard.

Poetical forgers have been comparatively scarce. One of the most distinguished of these was Vanderbourg, who in 1803 published some charming poetry under the name of Clotilde de Surville, a female writer, said to have been contemporary with Charles the Seventh of France. The editor pretended to have found the manuscript among the papers of one of her descendants, the Marquis de Surville, who was executed under the directory. The public was at first the dupe of this deception, but the critics were not long in discovering the truth. "Independently," says Charles Nodier, "of the purity of the language, of the choice variation of the metres, of the scrupulousness of the elisions, of the alternation of the genders in the rhymes—a sacred rule in the present day, but unknown in the time of Clotilde—of the perfection, in short, of every verse, the true author has suffered to escape some indications of deception which it is impossible to mistake." Among these was her quotation from Lucretius, whose works had not been then discovered, and which perhaps did not penetrate into France until towards 1475; her mention of the



seven satellites of Saturn, the first of which was observed for the first time by Huyghens, in 1635, and the last by Herschel, in 1789; and her translation of an ode of Sappho, the fragments of whose works were not then published. However, the poems attributed to Clotilde are full of grace and delicacy—sufficient, indeed, to induce any person with a love of approbation not simply diseased and fraudulent, to avow the authorship.

About the same period Fabre d'Olivet published the "*Poesies Occitaniques*," a work which professed to be a translation from the Provençal and Langue d'Oc; and in his notes he inserted fragments of the pretended originals. "These passages," says Raynouard, "written with spirit and grace, and often with energy, have deceived the critics, who believed them original, and have quoted them as such. Wishing to give to these fragments of his composition the advantage of passing for authentic, the author employed a means equally ingenious and piquant. In one of the works professing to be translated, he mingled some passages drawn from the poetical manuscripts of the Troubadours; and by this mixture of veritable and fictitious fragments, he found it more easy to seduce the credulity of the critics. He did more: as the language of the old Troubadours, from whom he had quoted passages in his notes, had some obscurities, which, being cleared away, would perhaps have facilitated the discovery of the fraud, he reduced their language to the idiom which he used himself; and by this means it became much more difficult to doubt the authenticity of these pretended productions, which for the rest, have a real merit of their own, under any aspect.

The French have from the first been peculiarly felicitous in this dangerous talent. Everybody at one time

believed in Varillas, the French historian, until some first-rate scholars succeeded in the difficult task of destroying his great reputation. Varillas was famous, especially, for the *exclusive* nature of his historical and courtly anecdotes; and it was believed that he had the secrets of every cabinet in Europe at his fingers' ends. But notwithstanding his parade of the most minute matters—titles, correspondence, memoirs,—it became apparent, in the end, that he had been indebted to his invention, simply, for all this very exclusive knowledge. Yet it is impossible to read him and to withstand his plain, straightforward semblance of sincerity.

Then there was the celebrated "Voyage Round the World," written by a Neapolitan nobleman, named Carreri, who, it has been said, braved every peril of sea and savages very comfortably in his own chamber, which he never quitted for years, owing to a serious indisposition. There is every probability, however, according to more recent accounts, that Carreri was unjustly accused—that he had previously visited the places he describes. Still, for some years, his book was believed to be an imposture. The Travels of Damberger, which made a great sensation in their day, differed from these last: they were undoubtedly genuine—as a fiction.

Disraeli, the Elder, notices a singular imposition which has been practised by a variety of authors, of announcing a variety of titles of works "preparing for the press," but of which nothing but the titles were ever written. This system seems to have been very considerably practised by Paschal, historiographer of France, "for obvious reasons," as the phrase goes: he received a pension for writing on the history of France, and was obliged in decency to announce titles, at any

rate. When he died, it is stated that his historical labours did not exceed six pages!

We find Gregorio Leti mentioned as an historian of the same class as Varillas. "He took everything too lightly; yet his works are sometimes looked into for many anecdotes of English history, which are not to be found elsewhere; and which perhaps ought not to have been there, if truth had been consulted."

Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, mystified a vast number of persons by the circumstantial and picturesque manner in which he wrote his travels. His book is said to be apocryphal; but it is written with a wonderful appearance of truth.

An anecdote of very recent date will conclude the list—as far as we are at present in a confition to extend it—of the most curious continental mystifications.

At the commencement of 1836, the French and foreign journals announced that the Greek translation of the Phœnician historian, Sanchoniathon, by Philon de Byblos, had been discovered in a convent in Portugal. This discovery astonished the whole learned world—not a very large body to astonish, by the way—but they were truly astonished, because nothing remained to them of the work in question but fragments quoted by Eusebius. Some months later, however, there appeared at Hanover a German treatise, purporting to be an analysis of the primitive history of the Phœnicians, founded on the newly-discovered complete translation of Philon, with observations by F. Wagenfield. This publication contained, in addition, a facsimile of the manuscript, and a preface by the learned Grotefend, director of the Lyceum of Hanover. But our "learned friend" last mentioned, soon found that he had been completely the dupe of Wagenfield, a young

student at Brema, whose work, however, displayed considerable imagination, and profound knowledge. In spite, however, of the pompous announcements which were several times made, the Greek text never appeared. The fragments, of which Wagenfield has given a German version, have been produced in French, by M. Le Bas.

So much for the exploits of our continental neighbours in this very fruitful field. How far our own countrymen are prepared to contest with them the palm of imposture, we will now proceed to show.

Hoaxes, mystifications, forgeries, impostures of every kind—whether for personal or party purposes, or from mere mercenary motives—had long ceased to be a novelty in the literature of the Continent, before the literary or learned of England became addicted to the same pleasant pastime. In this country, historians, antiquarians, critics, and readers had long suffered from the injurious effects of continental ingenuity—from the elaborate writings of scholars who never had any existence, and learned lights thrown upon “historical” events which never came to pass—before the perplexing and poisonous fruit of these practices began to flourish in our more sullen soil; and it is due to “a neighbouring nation” to notice that the first literary imposture which rises into the dignity of a real, elaborate, uncompromising, and mischievous forgery, was—an importation. George Psalmanazar, the distinguished Japanese, and historian of the Island of Formosa, if not a Frenchman—which he is ascertained to have been by education, and most probably by birth—was certainly not a native of these islands.

George Chalmers, the literary antiquary, enlightened the curious public, some fifty years since, with the discovery of what was believed to be the first English

newspaper, the *English Mercurie*, date 1588. We are indebted to Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, for the exposure, a few years ago, of this established and unquestionable forgery, which seems to have been concocted by Dr. Birch, assisted, perhaps, by his friends, the Yorkes, with what motive we cannot even guess.

Daniel Defoe, at a later period, was a master of a more harmless species of mystification. Who, among the civilised and sentimental even of the present day does not—in the face of all fact—believe in his heart in Robinson Crusoe? There is one portion of the history of this wonderful work which, fortunately, we are not bound to believe—namely, the fraudulent appropriation by the author of Alexander Selkirk's notes. This calumny has been long since successfully refuted. Some other of Defoe's "authentic" narratives are not so well known. The *Adventures of a Cavalier during the Thirty Years' War*, were long believed, even by eminent authorities, to be literally and circumstantially true. And true indeed they are, when we have once set aside the fact that the cavalier in question had no existence; for the rest, the adventures are for the most part strictly historical, and those for which there is no direct authority are valuable probabilities illustrative of the great contest in which the cavalier is supposed to have taken part. In the same manner, the *Life of Colonel Jack*, *Moll Flanders*, *Roxana*, and *Captain Singleton*, are all living and breathing persons; in their biographies everything is true with the exception of the names and dates; and even these have been widely and implicitly believed by the most matter-of-fact and unimaginative persons. Defoe's most amusing mystification, however, was his pamphlet, entitled "*A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one*

Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705," which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelinecourt's book of "Consolations against the Fear of Death." The story, which is told on the alleged authority of persons then living, details with marvellous minuteness the appearance of the ghost of Mrs. Veal to her friend—not under mysterious and solemn circumstances, with which even Mrs. Radcliffe can scarcely, now, inspire terror—but at noon day, in Mrs. Bargrave's house, where the ghost gained admission by simply knocking at the door. Neither is the spirit conventionally attired; she is in Mrs. Veal's (riding) habit as she lived, and has altogether the appearance of a respectable lady making a morning call. The air of truth which pervades every detail of the interview, throws the reader completely off his guard, and the first hint—which is most carelessly and artistically incidental—of the visitor's immateriality, is something startling as a sensation. Very artful also is the ghost's puff of Drelinecourt on Death, in which lies the whole object of the pamphlet. The pamphlet was, in fact, a bookseller's puff, concocted to sell off a large edition of M. Drelinecourt's work, which had been long lying idle on the publisher's shelves. And so great was the credence given everywhere to the ghost story, that the not very learned or lively treatise went off like wildfire.

The first important event in the life of Psalmanaazaar—his birth—remains a mystery, and is likely to remain so, in company with the long list of important mysteries which are not worth the trouble of solution. Nobody knows the name of the Free-school where his education was commenced, nor of the archiepiscopal city at whose Jesuit college it was continued. The name of the young gentleman to whom on leaving college he acted as tutor

has not been handed down to fame, and the circumstances which led him to fall into a "mean and rambling life," as one of his biographers describes it, have never been recorded. He seems, from the very first, to have directed his attention to imposture; as much from natural taste as for the means of livelihood. His first crusade was against religious enthusiasts. He was of Irish extraction—so said some credentials which he contrived to procure—left his country, not for his country's good, but for the good of the Roman Catholic religion. Determining to proceed on a pilgrimage to Rome, his first necessity was a pilgrim's garb, which he contrived to carry off, together with the appropriate staff, from a chapel at noon-day. The rest of the adventure we gather from no unimpeachable source—himself. "Being thus accoutred, and furnished with a pass, I began, at all proper places, to beg my way in fluent Latin, accosting only clergymen, and persons of figure, by whom I could be understood: and found them mostly so generous and credulous that I might easily have saved money, and put myself into a much better dress, before I had gone through a score or two of miles. But so powerful was my vanity and extravagance, that as soon as I had got what I thought a sufficient viaticum, I begged no more, but viewed everything worth seeing, and then retired to some inn, where I spent my money as freely as I had obtained it."

He seems to have been about sixteen years of age when, while wandering in Germany, he first hit upon the project of passing for a native of the island of Formosa. He set to work immediately, with equal ardour and ingenuity, to form a new alphabet and language; a grammar; a division of the year into twenty months; and, finally, a new religion. In the prosecu-

tion of his scheme he experienced many difficulties. But these he surmounted by degrees. He accustomed himself to writing backwards, after the practice of eastern nations, and was observed worshipping the rising and setting sun, and practising various minor mummeries, with due decorum. In short, he passed everywhere for a Japanese converted to Christianity; and, resuming his old pilgrim habit, recommenced his tour in the Low Countries.

At Liege, he entered into the Dutch service, and was carried by his commander to Aix-la-Chapelle. He afterwards entered into the service of the elector of Cologne, and finding, it may be presumed, that as a convert he did not attract sufficient attention, he assumed the character of a Japanese in a benighted and unenlightened condition. As he probably anticipated, he immediately became an object of interest. At Sluys, Brigadier Lauder, a Scottish Colonel, introduced him to one Innes, the chaplain of his regiment, with a view to a spiritual conference. This was an important step in the life of the adventurer. Innes seems to have been the chief cause of the imposture being carried to its height. That he had an early inkling of the deception there can be no doubt; but he was far too prudent to avow the fact, preferring the credit of the conversion, as likely to favour his advancement in the Church.

It was arranged in the first instance that Innes should procure Psalmanaazaar's discharge; but he delayed taking this preparatory step until he should hear from the Bishop of London, to whom he had written on the subject. At length, finding that his *protégé* was paying attention to some Dutch ministers, he saw that no time was to be lost, and resolved at once to baptize the impostor—for such he had now, in his own mind, estab-



lished him to be. It may be here mentioned that he had arrived at this fact by a stratagem. He had asked Psalmanaazaar to write a passage of Cicero *twice* in the Formosan language, and he noticed some considerable variations in the respective renderings. He advised the adventurer with some significance to be more prepared for the future—a warning of which Psalmanaazaar took advantage by perfecting his alphabet and general system, and producing in fact an entirely new language. He subsequently accompanied Innes to England, where he attracted considerable attention amongst the learned. When a version of the catechism was made into the pretended Formosan language, it was pronounced by some of the first men of the day to be grammatical, and a real language, from the simple circumstance that it resembled no other. Next appeared the “Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, with accounts of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanaazaar, a native of that Isle, 1704;” which contained, besides the descriptive matter, pictorial illustrations of their dress, religious ceremonies, their tabernacle, and altars to the sun, moon, and the ten stars! their architecture, royal and domestic habitations, &c. This fabulous history seems to have been projected by Innes, who lent Varenus to Psalmanaazaar to assist him in his task. In the meantime he trumpeted forth the Formosan and his work in every possible direction—to such an extent indeed that the booksellers scarcely allowed the author two months for the production of his wonderful volume. The fame of the work spread far and near. The first edition was sold at once; but it was not long before doubts were expressed as to its veracity; and in the second edition the author was fain to publish a vindication. The fact was, he had fallen

into some awkward blunders. He stated, for instance, that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants annually; and though this was proved to be an impossibility in so small an island without occasioning depopulation, he persisted in not lessening the number. A lively controversy upon the subject was kept up for some years, but eventually the author repented of his imposture, and made a full confession, which he left to be printed after his death. The latter years of his life were passed in useful literary pursuits, notwithstanding that he was guilty of a minor imposture in connexion with his great one—nothing less than fathering the invention of a white composition called Formosan japan—which speculation proved a decided failure. Psalmanaazaar was a favourite in contemporary literary circles, where he was recommended by his powers as a conversationalist. Dr. Johnson took pleasure in his society, and speaks of him with respect. He fared better than his patron Innes, who, in consequence of another nefarious transaction in which he was engaged, lost his character, and was generally avoided. Psalmanaazaar died in May, 1763.

While the author of this startling and masterly imposture was making amends in mature age for the failings of his youth, the representative of a lower class of dishonesty—a person of inferior abilities and meaner moral character—was proceeding in a stealthy, secret manner to undermine the reputation of one of our greatest English poets. Lander was a professional critic of some talent, in a limited sphere. He contributed to the then flourishing Gentleman's Magazine; and in the pages of that periodical attracted attention by a series of articles, in which he brought charges of plagiarism against Milton. The public were not there-

fore unprepared for the appearance, in 1750, of a work called "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his *Paradise Lost*." In the preface to this work, Lauder says, in reference to the origin of the poem :

"It is related by steady and uncontroverted tradition, that *Paradise Lost* was at first a tragedy ; and, therefore, amongst tragedies the first hint is properly to be sought. In a manuscript published from Milton's own hand, among a great many subjects for tragedy, is 'Adam Unparadised, or Adam in Exile ;' and this, therefore, may justly be supposed the embryo of the great poem. When, therefore, I observed that Adam in Exile was named amongst them, I doubted not but in finding the original of that tragedy, I should disclose the genuine source of *Paradise Lost*. Nor was my expectation disappointed ; for having found the 'Adamus Exsul' of Grotius, I found, or imagined myself to find the *prima stamina* of this wonderful poem." The ingenious critic rendered the admirers of Milton very uncomfortable, until the appearance of a pamphlet by Mr. John Douglas ; who had a very simple but very convincing story to tell. In the year 1690, it appears there was printed in London a Latin translation of the *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, by one Hogæus, as he called himself on the title page, or Hogg, as he was probably known by his personal friends. And further, it was very plainly proved that the greater portion of the passages cited by Mr. Lauder, were not quotations from Masenius, Grotius, and the rest, but from the very intelligent translation, by Hogæus, of Milton himself ! The striking, and frequently literal resemblance between these quotations and passages in Milton's works may thus be easily

conceived. In cases where Mr. Lauder had not availed himself of Hogæus, he had not scrupled to interpolate, and manufacture whole passages, which never had any existence in the writings of the authors from whom he pretended to quote.

Whatever doubt might exist after Mr. Douglas's very valuable pamphlet with regard to the entire falsity of the charges brought against Milton, was speedily set at rest by Mr. Lauder himself in an Apology which he "most humbly addressed" to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1751, wherein he makes an abject confession of his fraud.

In the year following the exposure of this mean and mischievous impostor, there was born at Bristol, of poor parents, a boy who was destined, some sixteen years after, to occasion a literary controversy which can scarcely be considered settled, even in our own day.

In the year 1768, at the time of the opening of the New Bridge, at Bristol, there appeared, in Farley's Weekly Journal (October 1), an account of the Ceremonies observed at the Opening of the Old Bridge, taken, it was said, from a very ancient manuscript. The performance attracted attention; and after much inquiry, it was discovered that the person who brought the copy to the office was a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton. He was at first very unwilling to discover whence he had obtained the original MS., and returned some evasive answers. Ultimately he stated that he had received this, together with many other MSS., in prose and verse, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in an upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe Church.

The evidence of the boy's mother and sister is cor-

roborative of his statement. Mrs. Chatterton tells us that her husband's uncle, John Chatterton, being sexton of Redcliffe Church, furnished her husband, the school-master, with many old parchments for covering the boys' copy books—these parchments having been found as described by her son. The best of them were put to the use intended; the rest remained in a cupboard. She thinks her husband read some of them, but does not know that he transcribed any, or was acquainted with their value. It was not until years after—in another house, whither the parchments were removed with the family—that her son made the important discovery. Having examined their contents, he told his mother that he had “found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it.” He then took possession of all the parchments, and was continually rummaging for more. “One day,” she says, “happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of these parchments, he swore a great oath, and stripping the book, carried away the cover in his pocket.”

After the affair of the bridge, Chatterton imparted some of the MSS. to Mr. George Calcott, pewterer, of Bristol; namely, the “Bristow Tragedy,” and some other pieces. These Calcott communicated to Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, who had been long engaged upon a history of Bristol. Most of the pieces purported to have been written by one Thomas Rowley, a monk or secular priest of the fifteenth century, and his friend, Mr. Cannyng, an eminent Bristol merchant of the same period. Notwithstanding some prevarications in Chatterton's story, Mr. Barrett believed the main portion of it, and even inserted some specimens of Rowley in his history.

In March, 1769, Chatterton sent Horace Walpole

who had not then long completed his *Anecdotes of Painters*, an offer to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had once flourished at Bristol—sending him at the same time a specimen of some poetry of the same remote period. Receiving some encouragement on the score of the verses, he again wrote to Walpole, asking for his influence and assistance in a project which he had then formed of “seeking his fortune” in the metropolis—not on the ground that he himself was a man of genius, but because he was acquainted with a person, as he said, who was possessed of great manuscript treasures, discovered at Bristol. It was this person who had lent him the former specimens, and also the “*Elenoure and Inga*,” which he transmitted with his second letter. Walpole was at first deceived by these alleged antiquities: but Gray and Mason having pronounced them to be forgeries, he returned them to Chatterton with a cold reply. There are various reports about Chatterton’s personal conduct at this period; he is said to have become an infidel and a profligate—but neither charge has been proved. All that we know for certain is, that he contrived to get to London without Walpole’s assistance; that he there subsisted by writing satires and miscellaneous pieces—being employed, it is said, in some cases, by the government for party purposes. He made the acquaintance of Wilkes, Beckford, and others—but failed to procure any substantial benefit from them.

Owing to some change in his affairs—the nature of which is unknown—he seems, soon after, to have abandoned all hope of gaining the objects of his ambition—advancement and distinction. He removed from Shoreditch to a lodging in Brook Street, Holborn

and here he fell into poverty and despondency. "The short remainder of his days were spent in a conflict between pride and poverty. On the day preceding his death he refused with indignation a kind offer from Mrs. Angel (his landlady) to partake of her dinner, assuring her that he was not hungry—though he had not eaten anything for two or three days. On the twenty-fifth of August, 1770, he was found dead, in consequence, it is supposed, of having swallowed arsenic in water, or some preparation of opium. He was buried in a shell, in the burying-ground belonging to Shoe Lane workhouse." Thus was the seal put upon Chatterton's secret.

Warton, one of the most distinguished opponents of the genuineness of these poems, makes a general onslaught against them, in his *History of Poetry*. He does not even consider them to be very skilful forgeries. The characters in several of the manuscripts are of modern formation, mixed up most inconsistently with antique. The parchment is old, but made to look still older by yellow ochre, which can easily be rubbed off; the ink has also been tinctured with a yellow cast. In some coats of arms, drawn upon the MS. of Cannyng's Feast, the hand of a modern herald is clearly traceable. He remarks, also, upon an unnatural affectation of antique spelling and obsolete words, side by side with combinations of words and forms of phrases, which had no existence at the pretended date of the poems. In the *Battle of Hastings*—said to be translated from the Saxon—Stonehenge is called a Druidical temple; while at the period when the poem might be supposed to be written, no other notion prevailed concerning this monument than the supposition that it was erected in memory of Hengist's massacre. After urging several

similar arguments, Warton concludes by giving the whole of the poems to Chatterton: if for no other reason, on the very probable supposition that the author of the Execution of Sir C. Baudwin, might easily be the writer of the rest.

The sad and solemn conclusion of poor Chatterton's career, leaves us no heart to dwell upon the feeble waggeries of some literary mystificators who succeeded him. Nor, indeed, under any circumstances, are such frolics worthy of any special notice. It was more than a score of years after the publication of the Rowley Poems, before any deep-meaning and really respectable forgery was brought to light. With the author of Vortigern and Rowena is associated no vulgar mystery. He has told us all about himself with most touching confidence.

Mr. Ireland's first essay at literary imposture was unwittingly suggested by his father; whose estimation of the works of Shakespeare was without bounds. It was not a mere matter of literary taste; it was not merely enthusiasm; but a creed and a faith. The most minute matters associated in the most distant manner with his idol, were carefully treasured. To please his father, young Ireland hit upon the notion of concocting nothing less than an autograph of the great poet. This duly made its appearance in the form of a mortgage deed, drawn up with a careful imitation of the legal hand-writing of the reign of James the First, and the "signature" of Shakespeare—cramped, eccentric, and unmistakably genuine!

Who but the son can properly describe the father's joy when this precious parchment was presented to him, as having been found among some (unspecified) documents in the (imaginary) library of some *château*



belonging to some (fictitious) friend. The deed, which purported to be between Shakespeare and one Fraser and Elizabeth his wife, was inspected by crowds of antiquaries, to whom it gave the greatest satisfaction.

Then, as the novelty of the discovery wore off, came the increased voracity which follows the first taste of blood. The old gentleman became eager and inquiring. There were probably more Shakespeare papers in the same place; and it was the duty of his son to make further researches. In vain did the unfortunate fabricator resist and return evasive answers. The antiquaries, and his father at the head of them, became more exacting. To save himself from importunities, and perhaps exposure, Mr. Ireland now penned Shakespeare's Profession of Faith and a few letters, all of which passed muster: in many instances documents produced as two hundred years old had scarcely been in existence two hours. Then followed a decisive step. An original play by Shakespeare was pronounced to be extant; and to support his assertion, Ireland, to the great joy of the happiest of parents, produced the Vortigern and Rowena, which distinguished critics admitted to private readings pronounced to be a genuine work of the poet; and it was ultimately arranged to bring it out at Drury Lane.

Prior to this, however, some suspicions of the validity of the production had crept abroad, and were now made the subject of controversy in pamphlets and newspapers. Malone, one of the most distinguished among the opponents, made a collection of documents intended to prove the forgery; but he did not succeed in bringing them out before the representation of the piece. He issued, however, a notice to the public, warning them of the imposture, which he intended to expose. To this the elder Ireland replied by a handbill, which he caused to

be circulated among the multitude, who, towards the hour of performance, were choking up the avenues to the theatre.

Meantime there were enemies within as well as without Drury Lane; and the principal of these was a no less important personage than Kemble the manager. The latter brought all the force of his wide and weighty influence against the piece; by which he called forth a very severe rebuke from Sheridan, who reminded him that he was forgetting his duty as a servant of the theatre. Ireland had also an important opponent in Mrs. Siddons, who refused to lend her aid in palming Vortigern upon the public.

The piece, however, was announced for representation "positively" on the 2nd of April, 1796. Kemble had, it seems, endeavoured to fix the previous night for its production, "in order to pass upon the audience the compliment of All Fools' Day." Being detected in this damaging attempt, probably by the quick perception of Sheridan, the uncompromising manager succeeded in announcing *My Grandmother* as the farce to follow—a sarcasm obvious enough to a thoroughly London audience. This was not all; leagued with Malone, and the rest of the sworn opponents, and with a real literary enthusiasm to which he was cheerfully prepared to sacrifice the interests of the theatre, Kemble had recourse to every expedient prior to, and on the night of representation, in order to crush the play. He arranged with a number of devoted adherents who were carefully posted in the house, to give himself the signal for the uproar. The signal agreed upon was the line which happened to occur in one of his own speeches—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

which line he took care to deliver in a sufficiently pointed manner, and with a tremendous result. Never had such an uproar, and such derisive laughter and hooting, been heard within the walls of that most respectable theatre. Waiting with great patience until he could again obtain a hearing, Kemble came forward, and reiterated the line "with an expression," as Mr. Ireland tells us, "the most pointedly sarcastic and acrimonious it is possible to conceive."

The demonstration upon this assumed all the indignity of a "row;" and it was kept up with such effect that not one syllable more of the play was intelligible. The line occurs towards the close of the second scene of Act V—being the last scene but one of the drama—prior to which no hostility had been manifested. Indeed, so decided was the applause that many—even of the performers—were confident of success. This was notwithstanding that Kemble had given several parts in the play not only to the most incompetent, but to the most absurd actors he could find. He had also placed Dignum purposely in a subordinate part, wherein, speaking of the sound of trumpets, he had to say, "Let them bellow on," "which were words uttered with such a nasal and tin-kettle twang that no muscles save those of adamant could have resisted."

Malone's "Investigation," which was a final blow to the pretensions of the play was not long in making its appearance. After this, Mr. Chalmers published, first his "Apology for the Believers," and then a "Supplemental Apology," wherein, says Mr. Ireland, "though advocating the untenable side of the question, he displayed a far greater depth of antiquarian research and scholastic reasoning than his opponent; in short, there is scarcely one position laid down by

Malone that is not most satisfactorily refuted by Chalmers."

Ireland adds that this warfare affected him only in so far as it caused suffering to his father, who was even himself accused of having fabricated the papers, and this, he avows, was his sole reason for satisfying "the world" on the subject. The play of Henry the Second was another Shakspearian attempt by the same author; but it deceived few, and attracted generally but little attention. Mr. Ireland has since made his appearance as the author of a novel called "Rizzio." He had previously taken up his residence in Paris, where Napoleon showed him favour and attention. In England he was never forgiven by the distinguished critics, among whom was Boswell, whom he had deceived. He returned eventually, however, to his native country, and died in London not many years ago.

The name of Allan Cunningham, in association with this class of literary ingenuity, brings us down to something like our own times. It was in the summer of 1809, that Mr. Cromek, by profession an engraver, visited Dumfries, in company with Stothard the painter, for the purpose of collecting materials and drawings for a new edition of the works of Burns. He took with him a letter of introduction to a young stonemason of literary tastes—ambitious, ardent, and obscure. Their talk was all about Burns, the old Border ballads, and the Jacobite songs of the Fifteen and the Forty-five. Cromek slighted some of Allan's poems, which it may be supposed the young bard did not fail to read to him, and sighed after the old minstrelsy. "The disappointed poet" (says Mr. Peter Cunningham in the interesting introduction to his father's songs) . . . "changed

the conversation, and talked about the old songs and fragments of songs still to be picked up among the peasantry of Nithsdale." Cromek was immediately seized with the notion of a collection; "the idea of a volume of imitations passed upon Cromek as genuine remains flashed across the poet's mind in a moment, and he undertook at once to put down what he knew, and to set about collecting all that could be picked up in Nithsdale and Galloway." Cromek was delighted with the idea; the "Collection," with appropriate notes and illustrations, in due time appeared, and was pronounced by competent authorities to breathe the genuine Jacobite spirit which it was impossible to mistake. Professor Wilson was the first to detect the "Jacobite spirit" as not being exactly "proof," and mercilessly exposed the deception in Blackwood—with due respect, however, for the original powers of the poet.

The last successful, and perhaps most pardonable of literary forgeries, came forth under the title of *Maria Schweidler, the Amber Witch*. The story, (which is supposed to be told by one Abraham Schweidler, Lutheran Pastor at Coserow, during the early part of the Thirty Years' War) appeared at Berlin in 1843, "edited" by Doctor Meinhold. At that time a school of criticism, of which Dr. Strauss was the head, gave great offence to faithful and pious people, by an assumption of critical infallibility so nice as to discriminate, even in the Gospels, between what is true and what the critics were pleased to say is false. Dr. Meinhold determined to play the Infallibles a trick. He wrote the *Amber Witch*, and pretended that it had been brought to him by his sexton; who had found it in a

niche in the church, where it had lain for centuries among a heap of old hymn books and parish accounts. Strauss and Company were fairly caught. They published an acute analysis of the fiction, and pronounced it to be a genuine chronicle of the seventeenth century. Dr. Meinhold having thus trapped his prey, confessed the deception, and extinguished the authority of the till then, dreaded critics.

The forgery of the Shelley letters is one of the most mischievous examples of the most mischievous class of literary impostures; and from various signs of the times not to be passed unnoticed by those who watch and weigh, we may expect to see even worse—that is to say cleverer, scholars of the same school. The discovery was made accidentally by Mr. Palgrave, who happened—while glancing through the volume published by Mr. Moxon—to detect in a letter supposed to be written by Shelley, a portion of an article on Florence written for the Quarterly Review in 1840, by his father, Sir Francis Palgrave. This was sufficient to put Mr. Moxon upon the scent. At the General Post Office the letters were declared to be genuine, “to the best of the belief” of the clerks. The postmarks were then compared with the postmarks of Byron’s genuine letters to Mr. Murray, posted from the same cities in the same month and year, and addressed to the same place—London. Here they failed. Where “Ravenna,” on a genuine letter, was in small, sharp type—in the Shelley letter it was a large uncertain type; and in the letters from Venice the post-mark was stamped in *italic*, and not, as in the Shelley specimens, in a Roman letter. In other respects—seals, hand-writing, manner and even matter everything seemed undoubtedly genuine. The onus

of the matter then rested with Mr. White, the publisher, from whom the letters had been purchased. Mr. White published a long account of the manner in which he had purchased them from "a well-dressed lady-like young person," who called upon him at different periods, giving very little account of herself, and still less of the manner in which the letters had come into her possession. He was introduced subsequently, however, to a person who stated himself to be a son of Byron, and the husband of the lady; and from him Mr. White completed his purchases. "It is proper," says the *Athenæum* in noticing the above transactions, "to say thus early that there has been of late years, as we are assured, a most systematic and wholesale forgery of letters purporting to be written by Byron, Shelley, and Keats; that the forgeries carry upon them such marks of genuineness as have deceived the entire body of London collectors; that they are executed with a skill to which the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland can lay no claim; that they have been sold at public auctions, and by the hands of booksellers, to collectors of experience and rank; and that the imposition has extended to a large collection of books, bearing not only the signature of Lord Byron, but notes by him in many of their pages.....At the same sale at which Mr. Moxon bought the Shelley letters, were catalogued for sale a series of (unpublished) letters from Shelley to his wife, revealing the innermost secrets of his heart, and containing facts, not wholly dishonourable to a father's memory, but such as a son would wish to conceal. These letters were bought in by the son of Shelley—the present Sir Percy Shelley—and are now proved, we are told, to be forgeries." Other letters, however, which seem to have emanated

from the same source, had been previously sold by public auction. One—the most infamous—in which Shelley makes an assertion against the fidelity of his wife, sold, it is said, for six guineas.

The form of correspondence—especially when it involves calumnies against the dead—is the most dangerous form in which the literary forger has yet exercised his labours. That such impositions are active and widely spread—not only in England, but in many parts of the Continent—there can be no doubt.

THE END.







## XI.

### THE FRENCH FLOWER GIRL.

I WAS lingering listlessly over a cup of coffee on the Boulevard des Italiens, in June. I had not been under the influence of an idea for two days, and was drooping like the roses of yesterday—very like, as you may imagine. I sat simply conscious of the cool air, the blue sky, the white houses, the lights, and the lions, which combine to render that universally pleasant period known as “after dinner,” so peculiarly pleasant in Paris.

In this mood my eyes fell upon a pair of orbs fixed intently upon me. Whether the process was effected by the eyes, or the agency of fingers, simply, I cannot say; but, at the same moment, a rose was insinuated into my button-hole, a gentle voice addressed me, and I beheld, in connexion with the eyes, the fingers, and the voice, a girl. She carried on her arm a basket of flowers, and was, literally, nothing more nor less than one of the *Bouquetières* who fly along the Boulevards like butterflies, with the difference that they turn their favourite flowers to a more practical account.

Following the example of some other distracted *décorés*, who I found were sharing my honours, I placed

a piece of money—I believe, in my case, it was silver—in the hand of the girl; and, receiving a handsome acknowledgemnt, in the shape of a smile and a “*Merci bien, Monsieur!*” was again left alone—(“desolate,” a Frenchman would have said)—on the crowded and carousing Boulevard.

To meet a perambulating and persuasive *Bouquetière*, who places a flower in your coat and waits for a pecuniary recompense, is scarcely a rare adventure in Paris; but I was interested—unaccountably so—in this young girl: her whole manner and bearing was so different and distinct from all others of her calling. Without any of that appearance which, in England, we are accustomed to call “theatrical,” she was such a being as we can scarcely believe in out of a ballet. Not, however, that her attire departed—except, perhaps, in a certain coquettish simplicity—from the conventional mode: its only decorations seemed to be ribbons, which also gave a character to the little cap that perched itself with such apparent insecurity upon her head. Living a life that seemed one long summer’s day—one floral *fête*—with a means of existence so frail and immaterial—she conveyed an impression of *unreality*. She might be likened to a Nymph, or a Naiad, but for the certain something that brought you back to the theatre, intoxicating the senses, at once, with the strange, indescribable fascinations of hot chandeliers—close and perfumed air—foot-lights, and fiddlers.

Evening after evening I saw the same girl—generally at the same place—and, it may be readily imagined, became one of the most constant of her *clientèle*. I learned, too, as many facts relating to her as could be learned where most was mystery. Her peculiar and persuasive mode of disposing of her flowers (a mode

which has since become worse than vulgarised by bad imitators) was originally her own graceful instinct—or whim, if you will. It was something new and natural, and amused many, while it displeased none. The sternest of stockbrokers, even, could not choose but be decorated. Accordingly, this new Nydia of Thessaly went out with her basket one day, awoke next morning, and found herself famous.

Meantime there was much discussion, and more mystification, as to who this Queen of Flowers could be—where she lived—and with whom. Nothing was known of her except her name—Hermance. More than one adventurous student—you may guess I am stating the number within bounds—traced her steps for hour after hour, till night set in—in vain. Her flowers disposed of, she was generally joined by an old man, respectably clad, whose arm she took with a certain confidence that sufficiently marked him as a parent or protector; and the two always contrived sooner or later, in some mysterious manner, to disappear.

After all stratagems have failed, it generally occurs to people to ask a direct question. But this in the present case was impossible. Hermance was never seen except in very public places—often in crowds—and to exchange twenty consecutive words with her, was considered a most fortunate feat. Notwithstanding, too, her strange, wild way of gaining her livelihood, there was a certain dignity in her manner which sufficed to cool the too curious.

As for the directors of the theatres, they exhibited a most appropriate amount of madness on her account; and I believe that at several of these establishments, Hermance might have commanded her own terms. But only one of these miserable men succeeded in making a tangible

proposal, and he was treated with most glorious contempt. There was, indeed, something doubly dramatic in the *Bouquetière's* disdain of the drama. She who *lived* a romance could never descend to act one. She would rather be Rosalind than Rachel. She refused the part of Cerito, and chose to be an Alma on her own account.

It may be supposed that where there was so much mystery, imagination would not be idle. To have believed all the conflicting stories about Hermance, would be to come to the conclusion that she was the stolen child of noble parents, brought up by an *ouvrier*; but that somehow her father was a tailor of dissolute habits, who lived a contented life of continual drunkenness, on the profits of his daughter's industry;—that her mother was a deceased duchess, but, on the other hand, was alive, and carried on the flourishing business of a *blanchisseuse*. As for the private life of the young lady herself, it was reflected in a magic mirror of such contradictory impossibilities, in the delicate discussions held upon the subject, that one had no choice but to disbelieve everything.

One day a new impulse was given to this gossip by the appearance of the *Bouquetière* in a startling hat of some expensive straw, and of a make bordering on the ostentatious. It could not be doubted that the profits of her light labours were sufficient to enable her to multiply such finery to almost any extent, had she chosen; but in Paris the adoption of a bonnet or a hat, in contradistinction to the little cap of the *grisette*, is considered an assumption of a superior grade, and unless warranted by the "position" of the wearer, is resented as an impertinence. In Paris, indeed, there are only two classes of women—those with bonnets, and those without; and these stand in the same relation to one

another, as the two great classes into which the world may be divided—the powers that be, and the powers that want to be. Under these circumstances, it may be supposed that the surmises were many and marvellous. The little *Bouquetière* was becoming proud—becoming a lady;—but how? why? and above all—where? Curiosity was never more rampant, and scandal never more inventive.

For my part, I saw nothing in any of these appearances worthy, in themselves, of a second thought; nothing could have destroyed the strong and strange interest which I had taken in the girl; and it would have required something more potent than a straw hat—however coquettish in crown, and audacious in brim—to have shaken my belief in her truth and goodness. Her presence, for the accustomed few minutes, in the afternoon or evening, became to me—I will not say a necessity, but certainly a habit; and a habit is sufficiently despotic when

“A fair face and a tender voice have made me”—

I will not say “mad and blind,” as the remainder of the line would insinuate—but most deliciously in my senses, and most luxuriously wide awake!

But to come to the catastrophe—

“One morn we missed *her* in the accustomed spot”—

Not only, indeed, from “accustomed” and probable spots, but from unaccustomed, improbable, and even impossible spots—all of which were duly searched—was she missed.

In short, she was not to be found at all. All was amazement on the Boulevards. Hardened old *flâneurs* turned pale under their rouge, and some of the younger ones went about with drooping moustaches, which, for want of the *cire*, had fallen into the “yellow leaf.”

A few days sufficed, however, for the cure of these sentimentalists. A clever little monkey at the Hippodrome, and a gentleman who stood on his head while he ate his dinner, became the immediate objects of interest, and Hermance seemed to be forgotten. I was one of the few who retained any hope of finding her, and my wanderings for that purpose, without any guide, clue, information, or indication, seem to me now something absurd. In the course of my walks, I met an old man, who was pointed out to me as her father—met him frequently, alone. The expression of his face was quite sufficient to assure me that he was on the same mission—and with about as much chance of success as myself. Once I tried to speak to him; but he turned aside, and avoided me with a manner that there could be no mistaking. This surprised me, for I had no reason to suppose that he had ever seen my face before.

A paragraph in one of the newspapers at last threw some light on the matter. 'The *Bouquetière* had never been so friendless or unprotected as people had supposed. In all her wanderings she was accompanied, or rather followed, by her father; whenever she stopped, then he stopped also; and never was he distant more than a dozen yards. I wonder that he was not recognised by hundreds, but I conclude he made some change in his attire or appearance, from time to time. One morning this strange pair were proceeding on their ramble as usual, when, passing through a rather secluded street, the *Bouquetière* made a sudden bound from the pavement, sprung into a post-chaise, the door of which stood open, and was immediately whirled away, as fast as four horses could tear—leaving the old man alone with his despair and the basket of flowers.



Three months have passed away since the disappearance of the *Bouquetière*; but only a few days since I found myself one evening very dull at one of those "brilliant receptions," for which Paris is so famous. I was making for the door, with a view to an early departure, when my hostess detained me, for the purpose of presenting me to a lady who was monopolising all the admiration of the evening—she was the newly-married bride of a young German Baron of great wealth, and noted for a certain wild kind of genius, and utter scorn of conventionalities. The next instant I found myself introduced to a pair of eyes that could never be mistaken. I dropped into a vacant chair by their side, and entered into conversation. The Baronne observed that she had met me before, but could not remember where, and in the same breath asked me if I was a lover of flowers.

I muttered something about loving beauty in any shape, and admired a bouquet which she held in her hand.

The Baronne selected a flower, and asked me if it was not a peculiarly fine specimen. I assented; and the flower, not being re-demanded, I did not return it. The conversation changed to other subjects, and shortly afterwards the Baronne took her leave with her husband. They left Paris next day for the Baron's family estate, and I have never seen them since.

I learned subsequently that some strange stories had obtained circulation respecting the previous life of the Baronne. Whatever they were, it is very certain that this or some other reason has made the profession of *Bouquetière* most inconveniently popular in Paris. Young ladies of all ages that can, with any degree of courtesy, be included in that category, and of all

degrees of beauty short of the hunch-back, may be seen in all directions intruding their flowers with fatal pertinacity upon inoffensive loungers, and making war upon button-holes that never did them any harm. The youngest of young girls, I find, are being trained to the calling, who are all destined, I suppose, to marry distinguished foreigners from some distant and facetious country.

I should have mentioned before, that a friend calling upon me the morning after my meeting with the Baronne, saw the flower which she had placed in my hand standing in a glass of water on the table. An idea struck me: "Do you know anything of the language of flowers?" I asked.

"Something," was the reply.

"What, then, is the meaning of this?"

"SECRECY."

## XII.

### THIRTY DAYS OF PLEASURE FOR FIFTEEN, FRANCS.

SUCH is the marvellous announcement that—paragraphed in newspapers, posted upon walls, and sent forth on the wings of handbills—has been astonishing Paris for several weeks past; a miraculous project to provide pleasure for thirty consecutive days to some two hundred thousand persons. But pleasure of what kind? To many, barricades are pleasures, and thirty days not too long for their enjoyment. Could it be the object of the prospectus to get up a revolution by subscription; to provide each subscriber with fifteen francs worth of freedom, according to the particular taste? As may be supposed, there were not wanting alarmists, who, taking that view, had settled the veriest minutiae of the meditated rising—down a list of prices to be submitted to the public, at fixed prices, as, “Enfranchisement for one, two francs; open and advised speaking, one franc, fifty centimes; ditto, with sarcasms, or sauce piquante, two francs; ditto, with libels, two francs, fifty centimes. General violence *à discrétion*. Bloodshed and infamous excesses to be charged as supplements.”

A short time elapsed, however, and the united sagacity of at least six journals, about six hundred *café*

politicians, and no end of the mob, was found to be miserably at fault, and the credulous and superficial were in a "blaze of triumph." The design was discovered to be a mere harmless attempt to apply the principles of association and co-operation in a new manner; to secure to the people—not their political rights, which they somehow manage to do without—but their favourite pleasures; which, to Frenchmen, are something like a necessity. Benefit societies, in England of all descriptions, had done much to teach "the people" to be provident; the Great Exhibition had done more in encouraging them to be industrious; but it was reserved for the French to point what is, to Frenchmen, an equally useful moral, by showing them how they may combine to make the most of the result, both of their providence and their industry. Accordingly, France has her "*Trente Jours de Plaisir pour Quinze Francs.*"

The nature of the design being no longer doubtful, the ways and means had to be discussed. How was it possible for the projectors to give two hundred thousand persons, in the short space of thirty days, free admission to the opera, the theatres, the public gardens of Paris; to Mabille; to the Chaumière; to the Château Rouge; and to the fêtes of the surrounding country—Asnières, St. Cloud, Versailles, Meudon? In the first place, the speculation could never "pay;" ten sous per head per diem being the only return for an expenditure involving at least, as was calculated, ten times that amount. Physical impossibility was also set up as another slight objection:—Suppose the two hundred thousand persons should take it into their heads to visit the same place on the same identical evening—How could the requisite amount of accommodation be provided for them? What

would be the fate of the opera, with two hundred thousand determined sight-seers besieging its doors? What could be expected of the most yielding and expansive of public gardens?

The financial part of the matter was soon answered. it was not a question between the projectors and the public, but between the projectors and *themselves*. Their great and undisguised object being the acquisition of money, they had of course made all due calculations. If these calculations failed, they were prepared to take the consequences. With regard to the second difficulty, the solution was equally simple. If the two hundred thousand subscribers desired anything so unnatural as a simultaneous visit to the same place of amusement, they could not be gratified. In fact, according to the arrangements, they could not select their own particular amusement for any particular evening, but must submit to take their turn, as general convenience might dictate. Thus, the two hundred thousand would be distributed every evening over *all* the places of amusement, every man seeing everything by degrees in due course.

The projectors calculated that the theatres, spectacles, balls, concerts, and public gardens in and around Paris, afforded daily accommodation for three hundred thousand persons; and they guaranteed to make arrangements with the directors of these amusements for places for their two hundred thousand subscribers. They further supported their case by citing the opinions of such men as Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas, who expressed their warm belief, both in the commercial practicability and social advantages of the scheme. The principal theatres, to be sure, announced, publicly, their refusal to make any "arrangements" for the reception of this wholesale visitation on any but the usual terms;

a "reduction on taking a quantity" was out of the question. This decision would, of course, involve extra expenditure on the part of the projectors; but, nevertheless, could not prove fatal to the project, which was soon understood to be in a fair way of realization.

The most potent enemies of the "Trente Jours de Plaisir" were now the satirical journals, who could not, of course, give up so good a "subject" for ridicule. The "Corsaire" was too dignified to trouble itself much about the matter, so long as there remained Red Republicanism, or Moderate Republicanism, or Republicanism of any kind, to bring into contempt; but the "Charivari" needed subjects for its artists, who had been working "*Actualités*" and "*Causeries*" to the last point of despair; and the "Trente Jours" was too tempting to be missed. But after a few days of most unparalleled facetiousness in its pictorial department, the "Charivari" appeared one morning with the imposing advertisement of the "Trente Jours" on its back page; and, by a curious coincidence, from that exact date the "Trente Jours" disappeared from its pages as a subject for satire. Meantime the "Tintamarre" had not been idle. The "Tintamarre" is the latest literary offspring of the satirical mind of Paris. It spurns your "polished razor keen" as a weapon of wit; and, in its warfare, inclines itself to the five-and-twenty-bladed pocket-knife; while it does not neglect to attack with the tomahawk as often as it has strength to lift that weapon. It inclines itself to zoological comparisons; and, when a minister or journal of Order is to be attacked, the old-established donkey is its favourite illustration, except when this animal gives way to the equally congenial baboon.

The "Tintamarre," from the very first, waged war against the "Trente Jours," for no reason more serious,

I believe, than the fact that it afforded a good mark. The arguments against the practicability and utility of the scheme having been exhausted, a grand discovery was made, that the name of the director of the project was Rion, and that his name was naturally susceptible of a pun! Accordingly, the changes were rung upon the word, most remorsefully. "*Rion du tout*," figured in every column, in an endless variety of forms, all tending to the conclusion that "nothing at all" was precisely what the subscribers were likely to get for their money. As may be supposed, the donkey was trotted out, until he must have been as dead beat as the reader himself; and as to the baboon, his synonyme was legion.

Notwithstanding, however, this terrible resistance, it was announced, a few days ago, that the directors were in a position to proceed with the accomplishment of the project. Whether or not they had secured the desired number of subscribers, I am unaware; but it is evident that they have obtained a sufficient number to justify them in taking the step. Nor is there any reason why the project should not be successful with even something less than the proposed number of subscribers; everything depends upon the facilities which the directors of the public amusements give to the undertaking. These, of course, vary; in some cases it will be necessary to pay the full price of admission; but then, on the other hand, there are many sights in Paris well worth seeing, but which meet with but little support; and these may, doubtless, be secured on advantageous terms. The conclusion, therefore, must be, that, taking the average, *all* the amusements of Paris may be at the disposal of M. Rion, for considerably less than the sum subscribed.

However this may be, the scheme is now in operation

and thousands of the middle classes of Paris are availing themselves of an opportunity that, to a Frenchman, is no common boon. To secure a day's pleasure, for the sum of five-pence, is, indeed, an effort of human ingenuity that few except a Frenchman could have conceived; but so tempting are the terms offered, that there is no reason to suppose that a nation, even less partial to pleasure than the French, might not take advantage of them.

Such is the veracious history of an undertaking that has been exciting the ridicule, reprobation, approbation, and, ultimately, co-operation of all the harmless people in Paris, who are not too much occupied with politics, for the last several weeks. Whether it be a very important or desirable object to throw open so much miscellaneous amusement to an equally miscellaneous collection of persons, is another question; but the realization of the "*Trente Jours de Plaisir*" (unless M. Rion happens to be ruined) is certainly not without its significance, as an indication of what we may expect for the future—either of good or evil—from the associated movements of large masses towards a common object. As a matter of taste, the notion of thirty days of pleasure implies wastefulness of the most valuable but most fleeting of human possessions; as a matter of practice, it may be pronounced impossible. About a week of continuous sight-seeing is sufficient to sicken any person possessing a respectable amount of fastidiousness: a month of it will scarcely bear contemplation. For my part, I would as soon walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Nevertheless, *chacun à son goût*: M. Rion has accomplished a bold feat, and M. Rion's subscribers have my hearty congratulations.



## XIII.

### DINING WITH THE MILLION.

THE French journals, debarred from the discussion of prohibited politics, have been lately discovering several heroes in humble life. Modest merit is very apt thus to turn up in the newspapers at dead seasons, like the Shower of Frogs, and Tremendous Turnips, which, in England, are among the most important results of the close of the parliamentary session. It happens occasionally that we read in the obituary of some very distinguished person, an honour to 'his country, whose like, the journalist informs us, we ne'er shall look upon again, and whose name we thus hear mentioned for the first time. We have never suspected the great man's existence until he has ceased to exist. We have never known of the honour we enjoyed until we have ceased to enjoy it.

Thus it is that a large portion of the Parisian public were perhaps utterly unable to do honour to the Père Nieolet, until they were all of a sudden deprived of him. Death, however, unlocks the biographical treasures of the French journals, and they have celebrated the memory of Père Nieolet with that nicely-modulated mournfulness, that neatly-balanced regret, that well-

punctuated pity, and that enlarged sympathy which a *feuilletonist* (who is paid by the line) can never coldly repress.

“Who is, or rather, who was Père Nicolet?” may especially be asked in our own country, where ignorance, so that it be the result of choice, is so distinguished and respectable.

Few can answer the question better than I can. The Père Nicolet! how well I remember that great and magnificent man. The remembrance carries me back (with a swiftness comparable to nothing but Prince Hussein’s carpet, or an Excursion to Brighton at half-a-crown,)—to old familiar Paris—to

“Other lips and other hearts,”

not to mention other cookery and other *cartes*—Paris with its narrow Seine, that divides, but does not separate its shores; its terraces, fountains, and statues; its sauntering and sun; its immaculate toilettes, and morals (occasionally) to correspond; its balls where people actually dance, and its conversaziones where talking is not unknown—Paris, where people go to the Opera merely because they like music, and yawn not, though a play be in nine acts; where gloves are carried to perfection; where it is not customary to consider any man a snob or a swindler because you have not been introduced to him; where nobody is so ill-bred as to blush, although many, perhaps, have reason to do so; where everybody is a great deal more polite to everybody else than anybody deserves; where all the children are men, and all the men are children, and where all the ladies are more important than the two put together; for the politest nation in Europe fully recognises the Right of Woman to govern—and to work.

The Père Nicolet ! The mention of his name recalls an eventful evening. Everybody who has been accustomed to sun himself occasionally in Paris has experienced the difficulty of dining. Not difficulty in a vulgar sense. That may be experienced elsewhere, even in our own happy land, where great men have been reduced to feed their horses upon cheese-cakes. I allude to the more painful embarrassment of prandial riches. In England, according to Ude, a man is troubled in the choice of a religious sect, because there are fifty of them ; but he has no hesitation as to his fish sauce, because there is, or was, but one. In France the case is reversed. The example of the English philosopher Hobson—proverbial for the ready adaptation of his inclination to his alternativeless condition—is readily followed in matters of faith ; it is in feeding (can alliteration excuse a coarse expression ?) that the Frenchman finds himself at fault. Thus it is that in Paris, I have found what I may call a cart-load of five hundred dishes an insuperable difficulty in the way of a dinner, compared to which the English embarrassment between a steak and a chop, or a chop and a steak, is felicity itself. What monotony in variety it is to go the round of the *restaurants* ! How soon the gilding is taken off the Maison Dorée ; how quickly the Café de Paris ceases to be distinguished from any other café—de Paris, or elsewhere ; what a disagreeable family the Trois Frères speedily become. Then Vachette, Véry, and Vefour—Vefour, Véry, and Vachette !—are ringing the changes in vain. The dinner which was probably prepared for the Sleeping Beauty previously to her siesta, and kept waiting a hundred years, may have been found somewhat behind the age when it came to be eaten ; but it could not have been more change-

less and unchangeable than those great conservative *cuisines*.

Be it observed, however, that I am not assuming to myself any particular claims to epicurean honours. I am not going to set up an ideal on so very material a subject, to talk about the spiritual and divine side of gastronomy; to fall into affected raptures at the traditions of Vatel or the treatise of Savarin; to talk of the rare repasts I used *not* to revel in before the old Rocher was ruined, and the wonderful old vintages which I must confess had *not* then come under my notice. Nobody raves in this manner but antiquated dogs, who have not only had their day, but who have been making a night of it ever since—except perhaps the comic *bon vivant* of some third-rate magazine, who has probably drawn his inspiration from a *restaurant*, in the Palais Royal, at two francs, *prix fixe*. Perhaps there is no subject upon which more nonsense has been written (inclusive of the lucubrations of the comic *bon vivant*) on both sides of the question, than upon French cookery. For my part, I am perfectly aware that the best dinners in the world are to be had in Paris, if you go to the right places. But the vaunted variety is all nonsense as far as the accidental diner is concerned. Deduct from the ten thousand *plats*, or whatever number the *carte* may profess to contain, the dishes that do not happen to be in season (always a large proportion;) those that never are, and never will be in season (a still larger number;) those of which, at whatever time you dine, the last *plat* has just been served (an equally large number;) those which require to be specially ordered in the morning (not a few;) and you will find that as to selection the remainder is not very bewildering—especially when it is remembered that two different names very often refer

to one dish or to two, with a difference so slight as to be scarcely distinguishable.

Having thus, I hope, justified myself for finding promiscuous dining in Paris monotonous after a few months of it, I need not farther explain how I came to test the resources of the Barriers in this respect, and how, in the course of not finding what I was looking for, I met with the Père Nicolet.

The Barriers, I may premise, are a grand resort, not only of dancers, (to whom I have already alluded in this journal) but of diners and drinkers of all descriptions and degrees. It is owing to their happy attraction that so few drunken persons are seen about the streets of the city; and not, as has been sagaciously inferred, because drunken persons are by any means rare phenomena among a Parisian population. The *octroi* duty upon viands and wine entering Paris, was diminished some time ago by a popular act of the President, but not sufficiently so to injure the interests of the *restaurants* outside. It is when the neighbourhood around becomes so thickly populated that the government find it desirable to extend the boundary and bring it within the jurisdiction of the city authorities, which has happened now and then, that these establishments suffer. Placed under the ban of the *octroi*, their wines and viands are no longer cheaper than in the heart of the city; and their customers forsake them for new establishments set up on the outside of the new Barriers, destined perhaps some day to be themselves subjected to a similar proceeding.

Meantime, on every day of the year, but on Sundays more especially, thousands upon thousands, attracted perhaps as much by the excursion as by other considerations, flock to these *restaurants* to transact the mighty

affair of dinner. Let us plant ourselves, that is to say, myself and two or three congenial associates, at one of the largest and most respectable. The place is the Barrière Clichy, and the time, Sunday, at six o'clock. The principal dining room, on the first floor, is spacious and lofty, with all the windows open to the air. Nearly all the long narrow tables, which look very white and well appointed, are occupied by satisfied or expectant guests. Yonder is a respectable shopkeeper at the head of his very respectable family. See with what well-bred politeness he places chairs for his wife and the elder girls; who hang up their bonnets, and adjust their already nicely adjusted hair in the mirror with perfect composure, not at all embarrassed by the presence of a couple of hundred persons whom they have never seen before. At the next table is a grisette dining with a young gentleman of rustic appearance, with red ears, who does not seem quite at his ease. Never mind, she does, that's very plain. They are waiting to order their dinner. The young lady stamps impatiently with her little foot upon the floor, and strikes a glass with a fork to attract the attention of a waiter, a practice that is considered underbred by fastidious persons; and which, to be sure, one does not observe at the Trois Frères. The *garçon* at length arrives, and the young lady pours into his ear a voluble order;—a flood of *Jullienne* soup and a bottle of anything but *ordinaire* wine, corking it down with a long array of solid matters to correspond. The young gentleman with the red ears, meantime, grins nervously; and indeed does little else during a very long dinner, making up, however, for the subordinate part he has hitherto played, by paying the bill. Round the room are scattered similar parties, arranged variously. Now a lady and gentleman, then a gentleman alone,

then a lady alone (who partakes of everything with great gravity and decorum;) then two ladies together, who exchange confidences with mysterious gestures, shew one another little letters, and are somewhat lavish in the article of curaçoa; then two gentlemen together, who are talking about the two ladies, exchange a glance with one of them, and depart.

Such is a specimen of the society usually to be met with at a dinner outside the Barriers. If you wish to exchange a little for the worse, you will not find the process very difficult. In the *restaurants* of a lower class, there is a greater preponderance of cold veal and fried potatoes among the viands, and of blouses among the guests. The wine, too, is rougher, and what Englishmen call fruity. You will be amused, too, during dinner, by musical performers (who walk in promiscuously from the street,) conjurors, and other ingenious persons, some of whom whistle duets with imaginary birds, which they are supposed to carry in their pockets, and imitate the noises of various animals with a fidelity I have seldom known equalled.

The sun is setting as I stroll forth with my friends along the exterior Boulevards, rather dull, as becomes inhabitants of our beloved island, and anxious for "something to turn up" to amuse us. One proposes a visit to a suburban ball; another, an irruption into a select wedding party, which is making a great noise in a large house adjacent, where dancing may be seen through the open windows. The last proposition is negatived on the ground that we are not friends of the family, and might possibly be ejected with ignominy. I had myself, by the way, assisted at one of these entertainments a few days previously. It had been given by my laundress, on the occasion of the marriage

of one of her "young ladies" with a youth belonging to my hotel. On that occasion I had been bored, I must say; and, moreover, had found myself compelled to contribute, in the style of a *milord*, towards setting up the young pair in life, for which purpose a soup-plate was sent round among the guests. It was next proposed to inspect the manners of the lower orders. With great pleasure; but how, and where? Somebody had heard of a great establishment, which could not be far off, where "the million" were in the habit of congregating to an unlimited extent, on Sundays especially. We would stop the first intelligent plebeian we came across, and inquire for such a place. Here is a man in a blouse, with a pipe in his mouth: a circle is formed round him, and six questions are addressed to him at once. He is a plebeian, but not intelligent, so we let him pass. The next is our man: he looks contemptuously at us for our ignorance, and directs us to the Barrière de Rochechouart—*le Petit Ramponneau*, kept by the Père Nicolet, whom everybody (sarcastic emphasis on everybody) knows.

The Barrière de Rochechouart is not far off; and the Barrier once gained, the *Petit Ramponneau* is not difficult to find. A long passage, bordered by trees, leads into a spacious court-yard, bounded by gardens. Round the court-yard, taking the air pleasantly, hang the carcasses of sheep and oxen in great, in astonishing, in overwhelming numbers. Not a pleasant spectacle, truly, to a person of taste; but, viewed with an utilitarian eye, magnificent indeed. Mr. Pelham would find it simply disgusting: Mr. M'Culloch would probably describe it as a grand and gratifying sight. Making our way across the court-yard, rather inclined to agree with Mr. Pelham, we pass through the most con-



spicuous door fronting us, and find ourselves at once in the kitchen, an immense hall, crowded with company, well lighted up, and redolent of

—— “the steam  
Of thirty thousand dinners.”

On the right hand, on entering, there is a bar, a pewter counter crowded with wooden wine measures, in the regular public-house style; but with something more of adornment in the way of flowers and mirrors. On the left, the actual *batterie de cuisine* is railed off, like the sacred portion of a banking-house. On the sacred side of the railing the prominent object is a copper of portentous dimensions; seething and hissing, and sending forth a fragrant steam, which, night and day, I believe, is never known to stop. Cooks, light and active, white-capped and jacketed, are flitting about, and receiving directions from the proprietor, the great and solemn Nicolet himself. To say that the Père was stout, would be, simply, to convey the idea of a man who has more than the ordinary amount of flesh upon his bones. To say that he was solemn and grand, would not be distinguishing him from the general notion of solemnity and grandeur, as associated with any heavy and stupid persons. Let it be understood then that he united all these qualities in their very best sense, and had, besides, a *bonhomme* and good humour that is not always found reconciled with them. As he stood there distributing his orders, and himself assisting continually in their execution, he looked like a monarch; and, probably, felt himself to be every inch a king.

Meantime, a crowd through which we had elbowed our way, are choking up the space between the counter and the sacred railing, all intent upon winning their

way to a little aperture, through which dishes of smoking and savoury ragout, or whatever the compound may be called, are being distributed to each comer in succession, as he thrusts in his arm. This great object gained, he passes on and finds a table where it pleases him. This, it should be observed, is no difficult matter. In the principal room itself long tables and benches are arranged on all sides; in the garden, in every direction, similar accommodation; up stairs, in several large rooms, extensive preparations are spread. Everywhere, up stairs, down stairs, throughout the garden, groups are engaged in the one great occupation. Conversation, here in whispers, there buzzing; now boisterous, anon roaring and unrestrained; on every side. Heartiness and hilarity predominant, and everybody at his ease. As we stroll through the place, our foreign, and, shall I add, distinguished appearance, so unusual at the *Petit Ramponneau*, attracts attention. I hear somebody stigmatize us as spies, but somebody else re-assures the suspector by a description a nearer the mark—that we were only English—a little eccentric. It should not be forgotten by philosophic persons who like to intrude into strange scenes, that a good-humoured word to the roughest and most quarrelsome-looking fellow has always a good effect; and that nothing stops the democratic mouth so effectually as wine.

Having “inspected,” as the newspapers call it, the resources of the place, we planted ourselves down stairs to see what it could afford us by way of refreshment. Here the proprietor himself was at hand, all bows and blandishments and expressions of “distinguished consideration;” and, through him, we duly made the acquaintance of some of the other people of the house, who were taking their own dinner, or supper, now that

the labours of the day were at an end. One of these, a lively, bright-eyed young lady, who went about like a benevolent countess, a youthful Lady Bountiful, great in ministering charities, I understood to be the daughter of the proprietor. We had succeeded in accomplishing a very satisfactory fraternisation in that quarter by the time our wine arrived. The wine, I may observe, was some of the best Burgundy—at the price—I ever drank, and we gave it due honour accordingly, to the delight of the Père, who prided himself especially upon his cellar. We invited him to partake, and he immediately sat down and grew communicative. The conversation turned naturally upon himself; then upon his house. He had commenced on his present system, he told us, a poor man, without a penny to bless himself with. By the exercise of industry and economy, which, I have since learned, approached to something like heroism, he became what I saw him. As I saw him, he was simply a cook in a white cap and apron. But he was, in reality, something very different. His wealth, I have since learned, was immense, indeed, he had the reputation of being a millionaire. Yet, with all his prosperity, he never changed his old habits, nor made the slightest attempt to set himself up higher in the social scale, which men of a tenth part of his means are accomplishing successfully every day. He might have married his daughters to bankers even; but he gave them to men of his own rank, and was satisfied so that they were happy. As for the business, it had increased by degrees to its present extent; and even now it augmented day by day. Nor did he gain his wealth by any undue contribution upon the poor: on the contrary, the *Petit Ramponneau* was the greatest blessing that they could enjoy. A dinner there, he assured me to my

surprise, cost the visitor but five *sous*, exclusive of wine, which, however, could be enjoyed at a proportionately economical rate. If any testimonial was wanting to the excellence of the system, it could be found in the number of persons who availed themselves of it, sometimes from three to four and five thousand in the course of the day. Of these, the majority were of the very poorest class, as I could see for myself; but among them were many of an apparent respectability that made their presence there a matter of surprise. The number of persons of the better classes who were reduced by "circumstances" to dine there, was by no means inconsiderable. He himself, the Père, had often recognised faces that had been familiar to him in far different scenes. And he was convinced that the establishment which, by good management, was so large a source of profit to himself, was an inestimable benefit to the poorer classes of Paris.

I thought of the many thousands in London who starve more expensively than they could dine at the *Petit Ramponneau*, and entirely agreed with the worthy Père.

While we were talking, the guests had been gradually moving off; plates and dishes were being carried away in huge piles; the tables and benches were being cleared and re-arranged; the copper had ceased to hiss, and the furnace to roar. Everything denoted preparations for closing.

Presently half-a-dozen men began to roll some huge tubs, nearly as high as themselves, into the court-yard. I asked the meaning of this arrangement. "They are the wine-barrels that have supplied the consumption of to-day," was the reply.

I was fairly astonished, and by a matter of the merest

detail. It gave me the best idea I could have formed of the large number of the frequenters of the *Petit Ramponneau*. But so it always is. Statistics tell us very astonishing things in calculations and total results; but they suggest nothing definite to ordinary minds. The sight of these huge empty wine-barrels gave me a more distinct idea of the enormous consumption of wine in one day, than the most skilful grouping or tabulating of figures could possibly have done.

Here we took our leave of our new acquaintances, and made the best of our way into Paris. As for the *Petit Ramponneau*, it flourishes still, I believe; but I regret to learn that the worthy proprietor is among the things that were. Poor fellow! he died, I am told, true to the last to his simple unostentatious system; in his white cap and apron, by the side of the great copper and the roaring furnace.

## XIV.

### A VISIT TO ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I AM not about to describe savage life, or uninhabited islands: what I have to say relates to most civilised society, and to no island whatever. My object is simply to "request the pleasure" of the reader's company in a short excursion out of Paris: an arrangement which secures to him the advantage of visiting a place which is beneath the notice of the guide-books, and to myself the society of that most desirable of companions, one who allows me to engross the entire conversation.

Imagine, then, a party of Englishmen in Paris, rising one morning with the general desire to "do something to-day." Having done nothing for several weeks except amuse themselves, having been condemned to continual festivity, the necessity for some relaxation became imminent. We had been to see everything that we cared to see, and everybody who cared to see us, with a little over in both cases. We had filled "*avant scène*" boxes until the drama became a bore, and had reclined in *cafés* until their smoke became a nuisance. We had scoured the Boulevards by day, and the balls by night; "looked in" at the monuments with patronising airs, and at the shops with purchasing propensities. We

had experienced dinners both princely and penurious ; fathomed mysterious *cartes* from end to end, and even with unparalleled hardihood had ventured into the regions of the *prix-fixe*. We had almost exhausted every sort of game, active and sedantry. At billiards, we had exploded every cannon, possible and impossible, and reposed upon every cushion, convenient and inconvenient. One desperate youth had even proposed that we should addict ourselves to dominos ; but, we were not far enough gone for that ; the suggestion was received on all sides with that sensation of horror which shipwrecked mariners manifest when one of the party proposes to dine off the cabin-boy. No : we must find materials of amusement less suggestive of tombstones, that was clear, even if we perished miserably without their assistance.

The fact was, that under the influence of the sunshine and flowers, the lustre and langour of the most bewildering of capitals, I was fast subsiding into a state of collapse. I felt a dash of the infatuation of the lotus-eater, in his

“ — land that seemed always afternoon.”

Though in our case, for we were all alike, instead of afternoon we seemed to be in a perpetual state of “the morning after.” It was at length agreed that we should enter the first public conveyance we could find that was leaving Paris.

The conveyance destined to receive us was, in appearance, a cross between the English omnibus of domestic life and the French *diligence*, that has, alas ! nearly disappeared ; a fat, heavy vehicle, drawn by a couple of strong little hacks, with a driver who gave himself

*diligence* airs, and cracked his whip and smoked his pipe most ostentatiously. .

The first thing we learned on taking our seats was, that we had better have gone by the railway ; that is to say, if we intended only going as far as Sceaux, and were pressed for time. We replied, that we were going wherever the omnibus chose to take us, and time was no object. These observations were elicited by a good-humoured old man, with a clear, hale, weather-beaten face, which he had contrived to shave to a most miraculous point of perfection, though it was as wrinkled as the boots of any groom. His dress was poor and threadbare in the extreme ; and in England he might have passed for a broken-down carpenter ; but he, nevertheless, wore the cordon of the eternal Legion of Honour.

The omnibus, he said, went as far as Longjumeau, a place which we were all anxious to see, as being associated with a certain postilion, with big boots, and a wonderful wig, who sang a peculiar song with immense rapidity, accompanied by jingling bells, a crackling whip, and a perpetual post-horn. To our great regret, however, we learned that this distinguished individual was not likely to be seen at Longjumeau, the natives of which had probably never heard of his existence. It was too bad, however, to allow the illusion as to the existence of our old friend to be thus dispelled ; so we easily succeeded in persuading ourselves that the popularity of the postilion doubtless kept him continually on the move, and that his native place was, after all, the place where, we should have remembered, it was least likely to find him.

We proceeded on our way in the most approved style of French omnibuses, with a great deal of clatter, a.



great deal of confusion, and very little speed. The country, anywhere within a mile or two of Paris, is not very inviting: level wastes of barren ground, with occasionally an oasis in the shape of a brick-kiln, or something equally ornamental; dusty roads, planted with rows of little trees, and bounded by high walls, covered with quack advertisements. The passenger gazes out of the window about once every ten minutes, hoping for a little variety; but as far as the waste, the trees, the walls, and the quack advertisements are concerned, he might believe himself still in the same spot. Accordingly, the wise tourist generally seeks amusement inside the vehicle, as we did on the occasion in question, by encouraging the passengers to sing country songs, and contributing ourselves something of the kind towards the general hilarity.

At last, after an hour's jolting and stumbling, and hallooing, and cracking, on the part of omnibus, horses, driver, and whip, something like open country begins to make its appearance, with occasionally an attempt at foliage and cultivation. We have just time to congratulate ourselves upon the change—with a slight regret at the absence of hedges and green lanes—when the omnibus stops at an accumulation of rustic restaurants, schools for young ladies, billiard-rooms, tobacconists' shops, and one church, which we are told is Sceaux. Here we alight, after an exchange of affectionate flat-teries with our fellow passengers, who are bound to Longjumeau, and make our way, as a matter of course, to the park. But previously a bell at the railway station announces the arrival of a train from Paris, and we have an opportunity of observing the perfect working of this pretty little line, the serpentine course of which is, at first sight, calculated to strike horror into the

engineering mind ; and to see how the carriages perform impossible curves in perfect safety, and finally accomplish something very like a figure of eight at the terminus, without any relaxation of speed. The manner in which this is effected is principally by providing the engines with small oblique wheels, pressing against the rails, in addition to the usual vertical ones. The carriages, too, are so constructed, that both the fore and hind wheels may turn freely under them ; and each carriage is connected with its neighbour by a kind of hinge, which effectually prevents a separation, while it affords every facility for independent motion. Thus almost any curve can be accomplished, and it is next to impossible that the train can come off the rails. But for this contrivance, the railway, condemned to a straight line, would probably never pay, and all the pretty places where it has stations would lose half their visitors.

The great lion of Sceaux is its park, where the *château*, built by Colbert, and subsequently associated with persons of no less importance than the Duc du Maine and Madame de Montespan, was flourishing before the first revolution. Art has here been somewhat ungrateful to nature. The one has furnished the tallest of trees and the thickest of bosquets ; but the other has clipped them with more than her usual want of taste, and, through the latter, has cut avenues ingeniously imitative of railway tunnels, of which the pastoral effect may be imagined. On Sundays and Thursdays, during the summer, crowds flock from Paris to the balls which are held in this park, where there is also a tolerable gathering of rustic simplicity from the country round. Then it is that all the coloured lamps, which now by daylight look so dingy, are brilliantly lighted up ; the dirty stucco statues gleam like ala-

baster ; the seedy drapery becomes golden and gorgeous ; the grimy decorations are festive and fairy-like ; and the smoky-looking glass column in the centre glitters like an immense diamond, reflecting the surrounding scene with a thousand flattering and fantastic variations.

But what about Robinson Crusoe ? All in good time. Robinson is now something less than two miles off, if the information of our decorated friend may be relied upon ; and perhaps the sooner we join him the better. Accordingly, with Secaux behind us, and the prospect of dinner before us, we proceed gaily on foot through roads as rustic in appearance as the inevitable brick walls and unavoidable quack advertisements will allow them to be, and arrive at last at our journey's end, without meeting on our way with any incident of travel more exciting than the sight of two countrymen and a windmill.

Here, then, we are, at last, at Robinson. Robinson, then, is a place, and not a person ? But what relation has this to De Foe's Robinson Crusoe ? Simply this ;—that the spot is the most romantic, the most picturesque, and *was* the most desolate within so short a distance of Paris ; and it has been called "Robinson," as a tribute at once to these united charms, and to the merits of a work which is as popular in France as in its native country. The surname "Crusoe" the French throw aside, as they do everything which they can either not pronounce, or not understand, refusing in particular to swallow anything like a name which does not become the mouth, on the wise principle which leads every animal but the donkey to reject thistles.

The fame of the place, however, has by degrees rendered its name inapplicable. Its romantic and picturesque qualities it still retains, but its desolation is no

more. It is Robinson Crusoe's island with the spell broken, the loneliness of thirty years profaned. It is Robinson Crusoe's island monopolised by common-place colonists, who have set up *cafés* and *restaurants*. It is Juan Fernandez captured by the savages, who appear there in the shape of the *bourgeoisie*, or as pert-looking young Frenchmen, in varnished boots, escorting transparent bonnets. It is Robinson Crusoe's island, in fact, with a dash of Greenwich.

In common with all those who land in any sort of island, civilised or savage, our first impulse was to secure dinner. For this purpose, we betook ourselves to the most imposing *restaurant* of the place. Gueusquin was the name, I think, of the Bois d'Aulnay. Here, in the midst of a rustic and not too French style of garden, laid out upon an eminence, stands a building which has all the aspect of the most primitive of farms. It is dedicated to Robinson Crusoe, as may be seen from the verses conspicuously painted up over the door:—

“ Robinson ! nom cher à l'enfance,  
Que, vieux, l'on se rappelle encore,  
Dont le souvenir, doux trésor,  
Nous reporte aux jours d'innocence.”

On entering, we see Robinson Crusoe on every side, that is to say, all the walls are devoted to his adventures. We see multiplied in every corner the well-known goat-skin costume, pointed cap, and umbrella. Here is Crusoe outside his hut, tending his flock; there he is shooting down the savages from behind a tree. In one panel he starts back at the sight of the foot-mark in the sands, in the attitude of the leading actor of the Gymnase, to express violent surprise at the important intelligence conveyed to his mind by that powerful

print. Over the window, he is feeding his goat ; close to the door, he notches his calendar, or, not inappropriately, cuts his stick. He welcomes to the lonely isle the astonished white men, beside the stove ; and once more steps on his native soil, just over the mantel-piece. Crusoe is everywhere. He is engraved on the spoons, painted on the plates, and figured on the coffee-cups. His effigy reclines upon the clock ; his portrait on the vases peers through the flowers. So completely do his adventures seem associated with the place, that we almost expect to see him in his own proper person, with his parrots and dogs about him ; discussing his goat's flesh at one of the rude tables, which might have been fashioned by his own hand ; or busy kindling a fire upon the tiled floor, which might also be of home manufacture.

We are interrupted in the midst of this inspection, by the question where we will dine ? Where ? Anywhere. This is the *salle à manger*, is it not ? Certainly ; but we can dine up a tree in the garden if we please. In that case we *do* please, by all means, provided the climbing is easy, and there are good strong branches to cling to. The *gargon* smiles, as he conducts us to the garden, and introduces us to the resources of the immense tree in the centre. Here we are instructed to ascend a staircase, winding round the massive trunk, and to choose our places, on the first, second, or third "story." This dining accommodation we now find to consist of a succession of platforms, securely fixed upon the vast spreading branches, surrounded by a rustic railing, and in some cases covered with a thatched umbrella, of the veritable Robinson Crusoe pattern. With the ardour of enthusiasts, who know no finality short of extremes, we spurn the immediate resting-

places, and ascend at once to the topmost branch. Here we find a couple of tables laid out, and seats for the accommodation of about a dozen persons. A jovial party of the savages before alluded to, in glazed boots, and transparent bonnets, are already in possession of one of the tables ; the other is at our disposal.

The soup now makes its appearance, not borne upwards by the waiters, but swung upwards in enormous baskets, by means of ropes and pulleys ; and we speedily bawl down, with stentorian voices, according to the most approved fashion of the *habitués*, our directions as to the succeeding courses, which are duly received through the same agency. Everybody now gets extremely convivial, and we, of course, fraternise with the savages, our neighbours. At this period of the proceedings, some of the boldest of our party venture upon obvious jokes relative to dining “up a tree,” a phrase which, in England, is significant of a kind of out-of-the-way existence, associated with pecuniary embarrassment ; but, I need scarcely add, that these feeble attempts at pleasantry are promptly put down by the general good sense of the company. The Frenchmen, bolder still, now indulge in various feats of agility, which have the additional attraction of extreme peril, considering that we are some couple of hundred feet from the ground. The tendency of the Robinsonites, in general towards gymnastic exercises is very sufficiently indicated by the inscription, “*Défense de se balancer après les Paniers,*” which is posted all over the tree. To my mind the injunction sounds very like forbidding one to break one’s neck.

The dinner having been duly discussed, the united wisdom of our party arrived at the opinion that we should descend ; an operation proverbially less easy

than ascension, more especially after dinner. The feat, however, was satisfactorily accomplished, after a pathetic appeal on the part of two or three of my friends for another quarter of an hour to sentimentalise upon the magnificent view, rendered doubly magnificent in the declining sun, of distant Paris, with its domes and towers, and light bridges, and winding river; and the more immediate masses of well wooded plantations, and well-cultivated fields. I should have mentioned that we had to drag away the youngest of these sentimentalists by main force, which rendered our safe descent somewhat marvellous under the circumstances.

We had now to decide upon our mode of return to Paris, a work of time, owing to the numerous distracting facilities. A short walk was pronounced to be desirable, and a walk to Fontenay-aux-Roses delightful above all things. So we set forward accordingly, our way lying "all among the bearded barley," like the road to "many-towered Camelot." At Fontenay-aux-Roses, which, strangely enough, does justice to its name, lying in a huge nest of roses, of all degrees of deliciousness, we were fortunate enough to find that vehicular phenomenon, in the existence of which I had never before believed, the "last omnibus." This was promptly monopolised; and my next performance, I fancy, was to go to sleep; for, on being informed that we were again in Paris, I seemed to have some recollection of a recent dinner on the top of a tree, with Robinson Crusoe, who was appropriately decorated with a pink bonnet and a parasol.

## XV.

### FRENCH HORSE-RACING.

THE sky is very blue and very bright ; the air is crisp, clear, and invigorating. Objects, both distant and near, seem more clearly defined, more sharp and full of corners, than usual. It is very cold in the shade, and very warm in the sun. You feel a chilling blast upon one cheek, that is the wind ; and, upon the other, something red-hot, the sun. The wind is in an eccentric and changeable mood, and seems bent upon putting the weather-cocks out of temper. Everybody who has not brought out an over-coat, wishes that he had ; and everybody who has, wishes that he had not. Some people go closely buttoned up ; others carry their cravats in their pockets ; and nobody is certain which is best, so frequent and so sudden are the alternations from heat to cold. Wherever there are trees, heaps of fallen leaves, ankle-deep, knee-deep, are drifting before the breeze ; occasionally furnishing food for "bonfires," and filling the air with clear blue smoke, and that peculiar warm fragrance so suggestive of health and rusticity.

In short, it is October, and October in Paris ; Paris,



that is bidding adieu to *al-fresco fêtes*, and beginning to find the inside of *cafés* preferable to the outside. It is still, however, a city of sunshine, and there is at any rate no prospect of rain to spoil its out-of-door diversions. Such was the comforting conviction at which I arrived the other morning, when I prepared, with true English ardour, to "go to the races," the last of the season.

I had a vague notion that "going to the races" in France, was not a very dissimilar proceeding from taking a trip to "the Derby" in England. I had prepared myself for rising at some unearthly hour in the morning; for breakfasting in a state of trance caused by the fear of being too late, in the midst of anxieties relative to the packing of hampers, and fears that the livery-stable keeper might have mistaken his instructions, and be very punctual in bringing round the phaeton and four in time for—the Oaks; for ultimately setting forth, amidst the applause of small boys, provisioned for the day, and with perhaps the additional luxury of a pea-shooter and a post-horn, to which, had I belonged to a "crack-regiment," I might have added flour-bags and rotten eggs.

But, alas! going to the races in Paris is a very prosaic proceeding. I grieve to say that my friends called for me at my hotel, on foot, after keeping me waiting about seven hours. Not even a stage-coach was practicable. There are, to be sure, Hansom cabs in Paris (they are among the most recent signs of civilization,) but we agreed that to ride in a Hansom in a foreign land would be something like profanity, almost as bad as drinking bitter ale, another grand and solemn pleasure to be reserved for London alone! Accordingly, we set forth as ingloriously as can be conceived, by way of

the old broken-backed *Pont Neuf* (which daily becomes more picturesque and less secure) in the direction of the "*Cham' d' Mars*;" in pronouncing which latter word, I must insist upon the English reader *not* dropping the final s.

On the road to Epsom, at Sutton, there is a celebrated hostelry, called "The Cock," where everybody stops, as a matter of course. On our road to the *Champ de Mars* there is also a place of refreshment, which no wayfarer, *viâ* the *Pont Neuf*, was ever known to avoid. This is the famous establishment of the "*Mère Moreau*," whose name is almost as well known in Paris as is that of a person called Napoleon. But what would the plump head-waiter at "The Cock" say to the French substitute, with its Arabesque front all blue and gold, its plate-glass, its pictorial walls, the lovely and accomplished ladies behind the counter (every one, for aught any of Mrs. Moreau's customers may know to the contrary, a duchess in her own right;) and, above all, the effeminate description of refreshments provided for the travellers? One can fancy the disdain with which that prejudiced and respectable person would regard the offer of a plum or a peach, floating in a little glass of perfumed and impotent liquid, that, in its normal state of barbarism, is believed to have been brandy; or his disgust at the discovery that a similar species of refreshment is known by the fanciful and mysterious title of a "*Chinoise*." Nevertheless, victims to the same fatal fascination (which reminds us forcibly of our childhood, and its dangerous excesses on hard-bake,) all classes may be seen at all times mingled in harmony at the "*Mère Moreau's*," the grandest of yellow gloves side by side with the humblest and most gloveless of *ouvriers*, forming, indeed, as motley a group as can be seen at any

"Crystal Palace" (of gin) in London, with the difference, that nobody here is drunk.

Before leaving the "*Mère Moreau's*," into which, it may be taken for granted, we had entered, it is as well to mention that a grand civil war has been waging for the last six months between that establishment and a rival establishment next door. The latter has the attraction of being lined on all sides, from floor to ceiling, with looking-glass; but it has no duchesses; that is to say, the young lady attendants must be classed simply as "respectable females." By this happy arrangement, ladies in one place, looking-glass in the other, the tastes of most persons may be gratified. The shepherd Paris of to-day may bask in the contemplation of beauty at the "*Mère Moreau's*;" while, next door, the modern Narcissus has no need of a brook to reflect his own charming image.

But meantime we are keeping the company waiting for us at the Champ de Mars, or what is worse, perhaps, we are *not* keeping them waiting.

Here we are, then, at last, on the course; and a very respectable course it is; at least a mile and a quarter round, so we are informed, and embracing the entire circumference of the large plain, which is dedicated, like most things in France, to the god of war. Planted closely against the ropes which bound the outside of the circle, with that evident determination to have their money's worth which is always manifested by "the people" at a gratuitous entertainment, are a miscellaneous collection of men and boys, women and children, bloused, bearded, paletôtéd, decorated, as the case may be, waiting, with the same patience that they manifested three hours ago, for the commencement of the race. In the middle of the field are the exclusives :

squadrons of gentlemen on horseback, who are evidently thinking of anything rather than their bets, if they have made any, and are looking, like men of taste, at the ladies, who stand up in open phaetons in the approved style. These gentlemen are, for the most part, remarkable for their tight brown baize trousers, hostlers' coats, square-toed boots, and square patches of whisker, with the other accessories which (as all Frenchmen know) make up the ordinary costume of an English nobleman. Some, indeed, have gone so far as to shave their upper lips, and encase their necks in bird's-eye cravats; but these are the enthusiasts. I believe that few of them bet much, or heavily; but their appearance gives them a tremendous character for experience and daring in all matters relating to the turf, a reputation which they certainly purchase at a cheaper rate than two or three knowing young gentlemen whom I have met with in England.

With the exception of these noble sportsmen, there is little enough in the scene that the disconsolate Englishman is accustomed to associate with races in his native land. At first sight he would imagine that he had mistaken the day, and had come to witness a review. Posted at regular intervals, all along the ropes on either side of the course, are sentinels, with loaded muskets and stern faces, evidently "on service." In the centre of the ring is a group of mounted officers, who have the appearance of a staff, and who clearly believe themselves to be in possession of the field, and allow the civilians to be there as a matter of favour. The adjacent barracks, too, where immense moustaches hang out of the windows, seem to favour the idea.

At the imminent risk of our lives, we cross the course, attended by a sentry, whose words are a little

sharper than his bayonet. Him, however, we defy, with valour; he is too well armed for the duty which he has to fulfil; and we should stand in much greater awe of the policeman in England, who *might* possibly use his staff. Here, among the outsiders, there is much more variety and animation. Here there are, of course, more soldiers, performing prodigies of prospective valour in quelling contingent outbreaks, heroic cavaliers in the cause of order which has not yet been violated. A picturesque group they are; some lounging in their saddles, or leaning against their horses' sides, whistling and singing, cracking rude jokes, and smoking short pipes. As an Englishman gazes on their bronze faces and martial bearing, it occurs to him that if the French army had been made up of such fellows as these, a celebrated person, now lying tranquilly in the Invalides, might possibly have made his way to Brussels on a certain occasion!

Leaving that important question still unsettled, we pass on to the Grand Stand, a hastily-constructed wooden edifice, where a very respectable selection of the nobility and gentry, *grisettes* and *gamins*, of Paris, are accommodated with seats at a cost of something less than a ruinous amount in sous. In this vicinity may be seen such important persons as the "promoters of the breed of horses," from whom the umpires are selected, like the Pope from the Cardinals. Here, too, are booths for refreshment, of which it does not seem fashionable to partake; they are apparently placed there to give an air of conviviality to the proceedings. Round the Grand Stand the crowd is, as usual, thickest; but there is no noise, no confusion, and above all, no thimble-rigging, or rigging of any other description; the crowd is patient and well-bred, like the audience at

a theatre. Stay, there is an exception out yonder, where there seems to be a struggle of some kind, and from whence strange oaths are borne upon the breeze. I ask an *ancien militaire* with a decoration in his button-hole, who has stopped me to take a light for his cigar, what is the matter? "Nothing at all," is the answer, simply "*deux messieurs qui se battent.*" The "*deux messieurs*" are presently led past me, and a pair of more horrible ruffians I think I never beheld, but the politeness of the old school has nothing to do with mere facts. Alas, that these fine courtesies should be passing away from us!

Another diversion in the crowd. They are evidently getting tired of waiting. This time the gentlemen of France are *not* tearing each other's eyes out, nor kicking each other in the face, proceedings inseparable from the pleasant French system of boxing. A professor of a great science is delivering a lecture, which he illustrates by experiments. He has placed his foot upon a little wooden bench, which he carries about with him for the purpose, and the first impression of the innocent spectator is that he is about to tie his shoe. Nothing of the kind. Observe, he takes from his pocket a neckerchief, with which he solemnly invests his leg, just above the knee, with as much care as ever dandy bestowed upon his throat. His object is to teach the public that noble art, the want of which has driven so many men into Coventry or despair, and the possession of which made the fortune of the late Mr. Brummel—the art of tying a cravat! See with what interest he is watched. Aspiring youth sees the gratification of its ambition, unsuccessful middle age feels that there is yet hope, as the professor, with a volubility of tongue and dexterity of finger equally difficult to follow, demonstrates every

variety of knot, bow, or tie, from the highly-respectable, uncompromising rigidity that says capitalist in every wrinkle, down to, or shall we say up to? the most graceful negligence that ever pleased the leisure, or embittered the working hours of an exquisite. I notice, by the way, that the Professor, though impressing upon others the importance of his art, has arranged his own neck most inartistically:—a seeming contradiction; but then bishops do not always practise what they preach, any more than doctors are remarkable for taking their own prescriptions. The lecture is immensely successful, and the lecturer makes his bow amidst a shower of copper. As my young friend Glum said the other day, when an English manager refused his tragedy, “France is, after all, the foster-mother of Genius!”

But surely it is time for the races to commence? Time? Yes; it is two hours after the hour appointed. The jockeys are, doubtless, being weighed, and found wanting, perhaps, in many qualifications, as French jockeys usually are. A loud roar, and shouts of laughter chorused all over the field. Here they come, that’s certain, but with a strange sort of welcome! No; it is only a dog running over the course; a dog of sporting appearance, who makes his way at once into the ring. At last the great opportunity has arrived for the military to assert itself. The army is not to be trifled with. A score of dragoons at once make an impetuous charge against the invader, whom they chase all over the field. But never since Abd-el-Kader defied the French legions in Algeria, have Frenchmen found so formidable a foe. An enemy making a steady resistance may be easily overcome by numbers; but an enemy who will not fight, nor altogether fly, is terrible. Now, he seems inclined to run for it; they will have him for certain!

Twenty hoarse voices are raised in concert, twenty sabres gleam in the sunshine, twenty steeds rebound from the pressure of forty spurs, and thunder forward with resistless fury. Nothing can withstand the charge, except the enemy, who is on a sudden seen very quietly twenty yards *behind* his pursuers. The troop now wheel round in admirable style, and attempt to cut the animal down with their sabres. Somehow, he is always under the horse's legs; and a horse, it is well known, is not the more manageable under such circumstances. The crowd laugh louder and louder, and the dragoons become more and more furious. Chasing one's own hat in a high wind is generally considered the most hopeless and bewildering object of human aspiration; but a troop of horse chasing a dog beats it hollow. The dragoons come to a stand, and seem to consult; a delay of two or three minutes takes place before they decide upon renewing the attack; meanwhile the dog has walked very leisurely off the field, to the great relief of everybody.

Now the real business of the day is beginning in earnest. The horses are coming on to the course. They come, led caressingly by the jockeys, who talk together in groups. But I am disappointed in their appearance. They are barbarous specimens, perhaps, of the jockeyship of that very young sportsman, France? No, they are most business-like, most orthodox, quite English, in short. Their jackets, pink, blue, yellow, white, party-coloured, are perfection; their boots have not a wrinkle that is not unexceptionable. As for the horses, they are slim and sleek, and tread the ground in the evident belief that they are at Newmarket or Ascot, where, in truth, they would not be very much out of place. I refer to my "*Entr'acte*," the little theatrical



journal containing the substitute for "Dorling's c'rect list," which is being sold everywhere on the course, and I discover that the simple reason why the horses and jockeys remind me of England, is, that they ARE English!—Flatman! Boldrick!! Chiffney!!! and a host of celebrities, whose names I have learned by heart from "Bell's Life," are before me. Now it is all over, I don't mind confessing that I *had* expected to see something like the French postilion, who rides six horses round the circle at Astley's. I had made up my mind to moustaches; and half believed that they would ride standing, and not sitting, on the saddles. As it is, the very Frenchman, of whom there are evidently some, for I see certain Antoinnes and Pierres down in the list, are distinguishable from their British brethren by little else than their colours.

And the horses? Are they English also? At this inquiry, a little English "gent" turns round, and with a good-natured smile of contempt, informs me that "most of 'em belong to Rasper and Pastern." Rasper and Pastern, evidently a notorious firm, and I had never heard of them before! The same authority further, informs me that they (the horses) are none of 'em first-raters, (which I believe I could have told him myself;) that it is not worth while to bring out really fine animals, on the chance of a prize of a very few thousand francs, but that these are well enough "as times go."

While we are talking, the jockeys are mounting, and arranging themselves for the start. There is some sort of signal given, for which, I observe, nobody seems waiting or watching, as in England: I, myself, am ignorant whether a handkerchief is dropped, or a gun fired, or a bell rung, or whether neither, or all, of the three operations are performed. With as little formality as

may be, some ten or a dozen horses make what in sporting eyes would be considered as bad a start as could possibly be accomplished. A few Englishmen, with sharp anxious faces and obvious betting-books, declare it to be "too bad," and "disgraceful;" but everybody else thinks it the right thing, or all the better for being the wrong thing.

After the preliminary stumbling and shying, however, they go gallantly; but, from what I see of the relative merits of the competitors, I should think that the contest might just as well have been between a couple of the horses simply; for no more than that number seem to have the ghost of a chance. However, not a man gives in; the "nowheres" are as hopeful as the "everywheres," to the very last. Now they make a great strain and turn the corner; the ladies in carriages all turn also; and the sporting gentlemen on horseback, as sporting gentlemen always do, and I suppose always will do, take the diameter of the field, and dash across to meet them coming round. Now they near the winning-post. Some feeble-minded persons declare themselves for Blue, but there can be no doubt that White will be the winner. White wins accordingly, not by a nose, nor a head, nor a neck, nor a length, but by numberless noses, uncountable heads, incalculable necks, and no end of lengths, perhaps, some dozen or two. In White's energetic exuberance, he flies so far beyond the flag that you think he is going round the field again. But this is only a jovial mode of asserting his triumph, which he has probably learned in France. By this time the crowd has become more dense. New arrivals clamour for the second race, and, in due time, for the third: which are all won and lost with the greatest good humour. The races themselves do not differ mate-

rially from similar displays in England. The grand difference is in the interest which they create. In England nearly all the spectators are excited by the *contest*: in France, the majority, who have no notion of betting, are simply amused by the *spectacle*. They go to a race, as they would go to the Hippodrome; and they wonder, perhaps, why M. Auriol, the admirable clown, is not engaged at both places.

It is all over: the people have been entertained, and that is sufficient. They do not trouble themselves about who has lost and who has won. They have nothing to say about "making up a book," "odds," "backing," "hedging," or "levanting." For them "settling day" has no terrors. They are thinking of dinner, unless attracted by a balloon ascent in the neighbourhood, an irresistible attraction to a Parisian, and one that can at any time make him forget everything else under the sun.

## V.

### MILITARY COLONIZATION IN INDIA—CLIMATE.

THE subject of Military Colonization in India has been discussed from time to time in that country, and the idea has found favour even among those who maintain the "Gorgeous East" to be unfitted for the permanent settlement of Europeans. In that Golden Age known as "before the mutinies," it was the opinion of some of the ablest writers in India, including the late Sir Henry Lawrence, that it would be both politic and practicable to establish colonies upon the slopes of the Himalayas, where soldiers, upon retiring, either through age or the expiration of their period of enlistment, might be induced to settle down in peaceful pursuits. The policy of the arrangement was unquestionable. It would cause a large class of Europeans to take root in the country, and encourage the growth of some more useful institutions than the empty beer-bottles which the old sarcasm declares would be the only remains of British rule if we were turned out of India to-morrow. It would be a source of strength, too, in a possible hour of need; and who, after the experience of 1857, shall say when that hour may not be at hand? As a compact mass of men trained in the use of arms, the aid of the

colonists as volunteers would be of much value. But a better use might be made of them even than this. Upon the condition of receiving a grant of land, or perhaps some small pecuniary aid, these men might be rendered available for military service, upon a footing similar to the Militia or Yeomanry at home, and so form a permanent reserve force, to be employed in enriching the country whenever not called upon to defend it.

At present a large number of men upon obtaining their discharge, remain in India instead of returning to England. But a soldier who has been accustomed to be looked after all his life, is a helpless being when he has to look after himself. He is as much out of his element as a sailor on shore, and too frequently falls a victim to his own passions, and the sharks who prey upon his class. He is like an old charger, who wants the trumpet and the word of command, and does not understand kicking up his heels by himself; with the rest of his troop he will go through his work with credit, but once alone he falls into bad paces, and discovers weaknesses of which he never dreamed. An organization of the kind suggested would be free from any of the objections made by the most sensitive official to the presence of the British "adventurer" in India. Instead of that exciting career of liberty, which is too apt to end in *delirium tremens*, the soldier would find a future before him imposing but few restraints beyond those of order and decency, and offering a prospect equally calculated to serve both his inclinations and his interests. If he happened to have a trade he could practise it. If he had no trade, and wished to learn one, nothing could be more easy. If he had a little capital, he could speculate with it. If he had none, he could, probably, get some land and employ himself in its

cultivation. He might have a pension to help him on, but in any case there could be no doubt of his being helped on in some manner, and finding out that there are worse trades than soldiering, when the soldier has the good fortune to be sent to India.

With regard to the practicability of the scheme, the main objection offered to European settlement in India is the climate. This objection has been much exaggerated, principally from political motives; but whatever the force of the opposing arguments as regards the general question, they can have no application to the present case. Nobody would think of establishing Military Colonies in the plains. Regiments on service must be quartered there for the sake of the position, and of these the sick have frequently to be sent to the Sanatoria in the Himalayas. The part of the country best adapted for Military Colonies would be on the slopes of those mountains, or hills as they are irreverently designated in India, where the climate is healthy and bracing, the soil rich, and admirably fitted for many kinds of cultivation, that of tea being already pursued in several parts with signal success. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any spot in the world could supply a more pleasant retreat for the old soldier than the Himalayas and their slopes.

The advocates of Military Colonization, whose voices were hushed by the din of war, are once more making themselves heard in India. The organization which they propose, always admitted to be desirable, has now the additional claim of being urgent. If ever there was a time for it, it is the present, when the local European army has been amalgamated with that of the line, and placed upon a new footing. That European army, as our readers are aware, was enlisted exclusively

for Indian service. Few of the men composing the old regiments, when they embarked in the transport, ever thought to set foot in England again. They belonged to some extent to the same class of men as form Her Majesty's army proper. Drunkenness or destitution may have led them in many cases to take the shilling, without any care whether the recruiting sergeant was a "Queen's" or "Company's" man. But a considerable portion of them were persons of a higher stamp. They were men of good family, who had lost fortune, caste, or it may be even character. They sought service in India as a country where they would be unknown, and as a land of adventure, in which they might hope to retrieve their position. That they were not wrong in their calculations is proved by the fact, that at the present time, there are many men in high position in India, who have gone out to that country in the ranks of the army, and the proportion of those who have been granted commissions is far greater than in the line. Among the gunners of the Artillery, the favourite branch for such adventurers, I once heard of a baronet, and scions of noble houses have been far from unfrequent. Of the "Company's Europeans" a large portion took their discharge after the "white mutiny" of 1859, in which the new regiments were mainly concerned; but most of the remainder have accepted the amalgamation of the armies, and are now available for general service. Their condition, however, is certainly less favourable than the old; and these men would, when their period for retirement arrives, eagerly accept any prospect, such as that afforded by the scheme proposed for settling down in the land of their adoption. Moreover, it is highly desirable to popularize the Indian service with the troops of the line. One of the great evils of the

amalgamation measure, is the absorption which it effects of a body of men trained for special service in India, who have become acclimatised and accustomed to intercourse with the natives, whose language they learn, and whom they generally treat with kindness. How much good might be effected could the soldiers of the line feel that they might have a similar tie to the country, must be at once apparent. The knowledge that they had an opportunity of settling therein when their period of service expired, would exercise a most beneficial effect upon their conduct and habits, besides preventing that frightful waste of life and strength which, without some provision of the kind, cannot fail to be entailed by the maintenance of 70,000 European troops in India. It does not appear that the local government is taking any steps in reference to this object; it is, therefore, the more desirable that the attention of the home government should be directed towards it.

There is no need in India, in the hills or elsewhere, for the settlement of mere vagabonds and outcasts, though such men usually settle themselves, in a different sense of the term, before they have had time to do much mischief in the country. The cashiered officer who, on the strength of having once been a gentleman, takes a high rank in low society, and whose life is passed in the irrigation of his grievance with brandy and water; the ex-bandmaster, who is such a musical genius that he has never been able to keep either a band or a salary when he has had the opportunity; the dismissed kerannee, whose hatred of the tyranny of his superiors has caused a defalcation in his accounts; the promiscuous European, who came nobody knows whence, and is going nobody can guess whither, and who has tried his hand at everything with only the result of "putting



his foot in it ;"—the classes of which these men are representatives, are nowhere considered useful members of the state, any more than they are agreeable members of society. In India they are simply public enemies and private pests. Yet it is among such men that persons having useful employment to bestow are usually compelled to bestow it ; and even in the public departments, especially such as the Electric Telegraph and the Post-Office, as well as in connexion with the Railway, it is frequently found necessary to fall back upon the assistance of men whose characters will not bear the closest investigation, such is the want of respectable European agency in the subordinate class experienced by all employers in India. It appears plain, then, that it should be the object of a wise government to render both the state and private speculators independent of such disreputable and mischievous material, the growth of which is moreover increased by the impression, too prevalent, that any European is of so high a value in India that he is certain to be able to earn his living, whatever may happen. Let but a respectable and sober humble class be established, and the drunken vagabonds will have no chance ; and drunken vagabondism itself will soon diminish when this fact is made fully apparent. Towards this object nothing can be better adapted than the encouragement, in every possible manner, of European soldiers to settle in the hills. They are ten times more likely to succeed than men going out straight from England, an arrangement open to objection, and hazardous in many respects. They are accustomed to the country, and cannot have an insuperable dislike for it, or they would prefer to go home. They must know something of the language, notwithstanding that the gentlemen consulted upon the subject have somewhat

gratuitously assumed that they know nothing at all. And with regard to their supposed dislike of the natives, it should be remembered that a soldier living in barracks, and a citizen engaged in industrial occupations, are very different persons; and that to live among and mingle with the people of the country, is the way of all others to remove old prejudices and promote good feeling. If the object cannot be accomplished in this manner, it can certainly be accomplished in no other. It may also be safely assumed that the settlers would belong to the better class of British soldiers, and that they would therefore be susceptible of better influences than the majority of their comrades.

With regard to the facilities for employment, I am aware that the range is not very extensive. If a man has capital, the matter is easy enough. Whether large or small, it can easily be turned to account, either in European goods, or commodities of the country—among which, as Mr. Dunlop points out in his interesting work, "Hunting in the Himalaya," the common wool growing upon nearly every animal in the hills, has been strangely neglected. But even without capital to cultivate tea or purchase commodities on his own account, surely the settler has a fair chance in the employment of others, or even in that of the government itself; for, as Mr. Cust observes, in a report upon the subject, European soldiers might be employed as jail daroghas, thanadars, road surveyors, &c., in the hill tracts, with great advantage. Even granting that the success of the experiment is questionable, surely that is a matter for the settler himself to determine, and one that will soon arrange itself. If any number of men make the attempt and fail, it may be safely assumed that they will have no followers, and the authorities will be

relieved from all further anxiety on the subject. It can scarcely be supposed, that the Indian government will continue to have any morbid dread of the increase of the lower interloper class, who, however, it must be admitted, give so much trouble to the district officials, that we can scarcely wonder at these gentlemen, if consulted on the subject, thinking that they would do better in some other part of the world. But if the government really cling to their old prejudice against the most difficult class with which it has to deal, such prejudice should surely lead it to encourage men of a better stamp, who, as we have said, would to a great extent supersede their less reputable brethren, and drive them from the field. The days have long since gone by when the natives of India entertained the idea that every Englishman was a *Sahib*; and they can now behold the vagaries of the vagabond, without confounding him in any way with the more respectable classes of his countrymen. We are not, therefore, afraid of any evil being produced in this respect. It is upon other grounds that the British blackguard is a nuisance; and the only way of absorbing him is by a strong infusion of respectability.

I have already touched upon the subject of climate. It is so intimately connected with that of European settlement as to deserve special consideration.

The Indian climate has never borne a good character in this country. In the best of times it is supposed to have a bad effect upon the liver, to say nothing of the complexion and the morals, of those long exposed to its influence. And in the present day there are many who expect to find in the Anglo-Indian all his traditional peculiarities. They are astonished, in fact, if he is not yellow as to appearance, peppery as to temper, and cor-

rupt and extortionate as to his dealings with the world. But never has the Indian climate been in less favour than of late. So fatal have been its effects upon public servants, that candidates for places have been frightened away, and even high appointments are said to have been going a-begging for want of men to fill them. I allude, of course, to the right men; the wrong men are charmingly accessible, and are always ready in any number to go to any climate, on any service, and on any salary.

But the mere adventurer, though useful enough in India, when left to his own resources, is not precisely the sort of person to send out in an office either of trust or of dignity. And if no other men are to be found willing to seek a career in that country, what is to become of it? True it is that we have still the members of the regular Civil Service, who, from having an opportunity of becoming acclimatised when young, enjoy, of course, greater advantages. But it is only for a portion of the work of administration that these gentlemen are henceforth to be employed, and if the present dread of the climate becomes a settled conviction in the public mind, it follows that not only may the supply from this source be diminished but its quality deteriorated.

But before finally condemning the Indian climate upon the evidence advanced against it, let us try what a little cross-examination will do. I will suppose myself counsel for the defendant, for the nonee, and see whether the testimony be not capable of refutation. The prosecution brings its dead men in terrible array in support of the indictment. There they are:—Commanders in Chief and Governor Generals, Members of Council and Officers on the Staff; not only men in high

place, but women of high rank, without counting persons of inferior note, who had their spurs to win, all cut down by the same remorseless hand. The dead tell a terrible tale; but let us appeal from the dead to the living. Among these we find men who have faced the climate for thirty or forty years, and who maintain it to be the healthiest in the world. The old Indian in these days is no longer the yellow old gentleman that we are acquainted with in novels and on the stage. His inward man has changed as well as his outward man. He is not only of good heart, but of good liver; his pugnacity has disappeared with his pigtail, and neither his face nor his pantaloons are of the nankeen hue. He moves in the mass like other men, in town and country, and no passing observer would dream that his constitution had been tempered to the tropics. Take a younger man, home on furlough, who has still five-and-twenty years more in him that will "count as service." That man, in nine cases out of ten, is as hale and hearty as if he had lived all his life in Leicestershire, with nothing to do except in the hunting season. As for the Indian invalid—home on a holiday varying in duration from nine months to three years, for the benefit of his health—his appearance is simply insulting to men in the hard-worked West, who, if they have to make their way in a profession, think themselves fortunate if they can secure a month's run on the Continent, in the long vacation, without being tripped up by the electric telegraph, and sent for on one pretext or another back to the old weary grind. To such men it is perfectly disgusting to see the Indian invalid courting about Europe, with no other care than to keep up his credit with his agent; the picture of health and ease, with months and perhaps

years before him ere he be recalled to duty, and enjoying life with the freshness of a boy from school. But even this comparison is inadequate to convey a sense of the contentment of this creature; for boys generally do not like returning to school, while the Indian invalid is delighted at the prospect when the time comes. Indeed, if he has ever been a bore to his friends during his home and continental career, it is when he has indulged in glorification of the luxurious langour of Calcutta, the frenzied, exhilaration of Simla, the glorious excitement of tiger hunting in the Terai, or of pig sticking in the Mofussil anywhere. It is some satisfaction to his friends at home to think that, although his pay be fabulously large, yet he is cut off in a great measure from the civilization of Europe. But when he tells them how near an approach to a good dinner may be got at the Bengal Club; how the Madras Club has no parallel on the face of the earth for curries and companionship; how the Himalaya Club is associated with every enjoyment that can be derived from fresh air, good health, billiards, and balls, with first-rate racing in the season on the prettiest course in the world down in the Doon—then it is that the jaded “man about Europe” gets seriously annoyed with him, and feels more envy than he cares to express. It is certain, indeed, that most persons who have lived in India praise the country and recommend it to their friends, and many make it their home for life, not only from necessity but choice.

Dropping the position of the advocate, I will take a judicial view of the *pros* and *cons* of the case. Granted that there is a great deal of heat and ennui to be encountered, it seems clear that there are many compensating advantages; that the climate is not unfriendly to

*all* Europeans, and that the *camaraderie* spirit in society must have a certain charm. The real state of the case I believe to be this: that the Indian climate is not suited to some persons at all—it simply kills them off; that to an equal proportion, perhaps, it is particularly well suited—they thrive in it better than they would in England; that as far as the rest are concerned, they need be under no fear if they take proper precautions. And these proper precautions are, after all, only such as prudent persons take in Europe. They consist only in economising strength as much as possible; in keeping early hours; in taking invigorating but not fatiguing exercise; in abstaining from heavy dining and convivial excess; in not being exposed too much to the heat of the sun; keeping the mental system at the same time under similar discipline by not over-tasking it, as men are too apt to do in India, owing to the long hours during the day, in which at certain seasons they are confined to the house. I believe that, under such conditions, all medical men of experience agree that life in India is not quite so much like the brink of a precipice as people are inclined to suppose. And this may surely be taken for granted, that however bad the climate may be, it is no worse than it was, while it is certainly much better understood and guarded against.

All favourable circumstances being admitted, the question remains—what is the reason for the alarm which has of late seized upon our countrymen? I believe it to be caused by the simple fact that conspicuous men have been carried off instead of obscure men. The latter die and nobody notices them. That which is only a choleric thing in the climate when it kills a subaltern, is, when it kills a General, rank devastation. Yet, among the well-to-do Europeans in India, the

chances of life or death are tolerably equal. The lamented Lady Canning was not able to command better protection against bad air in her journey from the hills than could the wife of a junior Ensign under similar circumstances; and if, in place of the wife of the Governor-general, the obituary had announced, "the wife of Ensign —, —th Regiment, N.I.," who except her immediate friends would have bestowed on her a second thought? It was well remarked the other day, *àpropos* of the proposed removal of the seat of government from Calcutta, upon the ground that the climate is not suited to men in high places, that, after all, only one Governor-General has died in India during a hundred years, and he was worn out when he went back. Surely this fact should have some effect in dissipating the popular delusion. Moreover, it is certain, as was pointed out by the same writer, that Calcutta, the place dreaded of all others, is undergoing a sanatorial regeneration through a system of drainage which has already been commenced, and promises to be one of the healthiest cities in India. As regards the climate of the North-West, there are few dangers even alleged; and in the Presidencies the means of escape to the hills are being so facilitated that no rational man, with a knowledge of the chances in his favour, need for the future fear committing himself to a career in the East.



## VI.

### PARIS\*—A BALL AT THE BARRIERS.

THE visitor to Paris who has only seen the lions, has seen nothing. Though he hunt them with the avidity of Mr. Gordon Cumming, it is with this difference, that he kills nothing but time. For all the knowledge he gains of his own species, he might as well remain by his own fireside, cramming Murray's Guide for his facts, and cultivating his French accent by means of a pronouncing dictionary. Let him who would gain a knowledge of national characteristics, seek it—not in the English hotels—not even at the "best houses" in private society; for, in the first, he will find himself in only a transplanted Piccadilly; and in the second, as among the better classes of all European nations, he will observe no very perceptible difference of manners and customs. Indeed, these places are in what the author of "Eöthen" would call a state of "utter civilization;" the knives, for instance, are positively fit for use, and even salt-spoons are not absolutely unknown. Let the student of character betake himself, then, to the haunts of the "common people," with whom, if it be in the Quartier Latin, the students are usually associated. Here, in the

\* The following sketches relating to Paris were written some few years ago, and refer to many things—including a Republic—which have no longer any existence.

quarter in question, the aborigines unite with a few civilized customs the charm and simplicity of savage life. The contaminating influence of railroads and steamboats, and the diffusion of knowledge, have been scarcely felt. The people talk, walk, and—shall we say?—dress, as if they had never heard of the Champs Elysées, or even of the Palais Royal. The conventional is unrespected or unknown. Human nature falls back upon itself; lives in seventh stories; keeps its hands in its pockets; spurns pomade; and addicts itself to short pipes. The general characteristics of the neighbourhood, in short, are those of an Arcadia, with gas-lights and a dash of slang.

The mention of Arcadia, is suggestive of the pastoral amusement of dancing; and dancing, by an association of ideas inevitable in the Quartier Latin, leads us direct to the outside of one of the Barriers, whence, leaving the last taint of the city behind, we emerge into a paradise of rustic simplicity and cheap wine. Of these two attractions, by the way, it must be confessed that the latter has the greatest number of votaries in the quarter: certain it is, that while deriving equal benefit from the *ordinaire* wine and *extraordinaire* simplicity of the locality, the visitor generally brings home with him a larger amount of the one than of the other.

Let us suppose the particular paradise to be the *Barrière du Mont Parnasse*, and the particular occasion a ball-night. The inevitable impression of the Englishman who passes through what he conceives to be a turnpike turned into a barrack, is that Greenwich Fair is not abolished, and that he is in the midst of that festivity. To be sure, there are neither booths nor beer (in an English sense,) and the majority of the persons are not intoxicated. But there are the same

sweet scents of oil, sawdust, and tobacco; the same streaming coloured lamps; the same vendors of curious condiments for the temptation of the appetite; and the same opportunity for the purchase of everything that one doesn't want, at ruinously low charges to the buyer. The rival bands of musicians, too, are as energetic in their performance of opposing galops as the most devoted Greenwichite could desire.

In one respect, however, there is no resemblance whatever, and this is one in which the barrier has decidedly the advantage. While there is as much noise and confusion as would satisfy the most medical and musical of students, there is scarcely any quarrelling, and, perhaps, no fighting whatever. This is easily accounted for. The swaggering and ostentatiously defiant demeanour so popular in London—and, moreover, that verbal raillery which meets with such a ready exchange there among all classes—are entirely unknown in Paris. This is, of course, a severe annoyance to the fast Englishman, to whom habit is so dear, and leads him to believe that the French have no sense of humour.

Having made these useful observations, the wise visitor will now leave reflection for after the ball; lounging for the Champs Elysées; and *ennui* for that distinguished London society in which he doubtless moves; and plunge at once *in medias res*—that is to say, into either “Grado’s” or the “*Mille Colonnes*”—prepared to be natural and good humoured, though Baker Street should frown, and Bloomsbury shed tears of respectable despair.

Suppose him to choose the “*Mille Colonnes*.” He will see before him a large hotel, with a dancing-room on the first floor; windows everywhere brilliantly lighted up, through which he will behold the dancers.

vigorously at work, though it is scarcely seven o'clock. Some very pretty costumes may be observed (if it be carnival time) on the large stone balcony overlooking the garden—cooling themselves after the last quadrille, and exchanging perhaps some eccentric-comedy dialogue with their friends below.

The visitor, if he be an errant philosopher, a true, observant, metaphysical, vagabond—which is of course to be desired—will not be surprized if, while making these observations, he finds himself forcibly seized by two men, whose blouses and moustaches give them the appearance of butchers about to enter a dragoon regiment; nor will he be seriously alarmed when he finds his feet firmly planted upon a little wooden bench; although it must be confessed that under the circumstances it is excusable if one's thoughts wander towards the Inquisition; and not altogether imbecile to apprehend some diabolical species of torture. The fact is, however, that instead of suffering the punishment of the boot, you find your own pair superbly polished; and that the application of the "screw" is extremely mild; extracting from you nothing beyond a few sous to the shoeblack.

This polishing process is one that it would be a signal breach of barrier decorum to omit, even though the visitor be equipped in the most spotless of patent leathers, to black which is suggestive only of painting the lily, or putting slang into a burlesque.

The philosopher in question, unless he be too rapt in the contemplation of his faultless feet, will now see before him a couple of wide staircases, extending on either side, and united by the first-floor landing, where, guarded by *sergents de ville*—who guard everything, down to

the pewter spoons—he arrives at last at the entrance to the ballroom.

Here, the first objects that a dull person expects to see, and the last that the philosopher dreams of beholding, are the “*Mille Colonnees*,” which is the playful name, plagiarised from a famous *café*, and given to some thirty iron pillars supporting the ceiling, and dividing the promenade at the sides from the dancing-ground in the middle of the room. Across this important boundary are placed narrow tables devoted to refreshment, and above these, countless candelabra branch forth from the “*Mille* [in this instance, French for thirty] *Colonnees*.” The tables are occupied by various articles belonging to the dancers—their bonnets, mantles, mammas and papas, &c. ; the two first-mentioned articles being piled up promiscuously in the midst of bowls of wine, rich with slices of lemon, of which the latter are partaking. There is a greater proportion, too, of children in arms, than one usually observes at balls in London society ; and these infants seem to enjoy themselves as much as the grown-up people, to judge by the wine which they drink, and the noise which they diffuse.

Regarding the dancers themselves, it must be confessed that the men are of extremely plebeian appearance, and present as great a contrast to the female portion as can well be. The latter, though seldom handsome in face, and never so in attire, are nearly always graceful and attractive. If nature has been niggard in its gifts of actual beauty, it has been most bountiful in its bestowal of the neatest of figures, the smallest of feet and hands, and a good taste that does more for the toilet than all the milliners of Bond Street and the Boulevards. Fancy costumes, too, of a kind

not very costly, but always pretty and effective, are very numerous on *fête* days and extra occasions; and many of these would do no discredit to the Opera ball itself. One would scarcely believe that these young girls, with their little airs and graces, their ease and self-possession, are nearly all gaining their own livelihood by the work of their own pretty little fingers. Some are employed by the milliners and artificial flower-makers; some of the best class, perhaps, assist behind counters; and a very large number are merely laundresses, with a sprinkling of professors of the higher branches of clear-starching: all are industrious, all independent, and all poor.

Except in rare cases, these young girls are accompanied to the ball by their parents or relatives, to whom, after dancing, they immediately demand to be restored. As may be supposed, an introduction is quite unnecessary as a preliminary to obtaining a partner; but it must not, therefore, be supposed that a partner is always obtainable: some are too exclusive to dance with strangers at all, and many are savagely monopolized by their friends and admirers. The great opportunity of the stranger is when, towards the close of the evening, the friends of a young lady have become tired of repeating the five sous which it is necessary to pay for every dance. Then it is that the more opulent aspirant may be seen leading off the beauty in triumph, to the mortification of her *prétendu*, and the satisfaction of her family.

The dances most in vogue at the "*Mille Colonnes*," are scarcely remarkable for novelty or variation. The first dance is invariably a quadrille—so is the second—so is the third—so is the fourth—so is the fifth—and so probably would be the hundred and fifth, if some

energetic persons did not, about three times in the evening, call out vigorously for a polka or a waltz. These figures, do not, however, flourish at the Barrière. Many will not attempt them; many who do, should not; and the consequence is, that after an occasional change, the quadrille resumes its supremacy, more popular than ever. The style of dancing is nearly always quiet and orderly; and as for the exaggerated and grotesque movements for which the French have so wide a reputation, they are here almost unknown. The only deviation from the usual order of things, is when you see a *Cavalier seul*, in the midst of *Pastorale*, performing frantic gestures while searching in his pockets for the inevitable five sous (which the Master of the Ceremonies will not apply for until the middle of the dance,) or another, pursued through the *Chaine des Dames* by his remorseless creditor.

Should those "social wants that sin against the strength of youth," prevent any youth so sinned against from dancing, he usually consoles himself with a cigarette. This annoys the nearest *sergent de ville*, who requests that it may be extinguished. The usual custom in such a case is to put the cigarette in your pocket, say something about ignorance of the customs of the place, and pass on—commencing again, and repeating the same ceremony at every interruption by every *sergent de ville*. The fact that it is *défendu de fumer* being announced conspicuously on every wall, and even that you are known to be the oldest of offenders, does not at all interfere with the success of this plan.

Except on state occasions, the balls conclude invariably at twelve o'clock, when everybody goes home, except perhaps some of the choice spirits among the men, who linger in the later wine-shops, drinking

bad *ordinaire* or worse brandy, and eating interminable hard eggs; or playing for glasses of *liqueur* with all sorts of rolling and revolving contrivances. Meantime the fathers of families take their elder children by the hands, and drag themselves, heartily weary, towards their dwellings; the mother following behind with the inevitable baby, who, having of course had too much wine, has been long since fast asleep.

In half an hour all the lights are extinguished; the conjurors, fruit and sweet-meat vendors, and vagabonds of every description, including the philosophic one already alluded to, have all past away; the last lingering customer has been stealthily let out from the latest of the closed wine-shops; and all is profoundly still—or would be so, but for some occasional student (who has probably fraternised with a hideous-looking ruffian in a blouse) giving vocal expression of his intention to *mourir* for his *patrie* (I am writing of days when that composition was the *môde*)—which very handsome offer seems to be received with the deepest ingratitude by sundry nightcaps at the windows, who intimate that his country would feel it an additional obligation if he carried out his views before the song rather than after; or, at any rate, that his exit would be more effective with the accompaniment of the softest possible music.

Such is the usual course of an ordinary ball. The *fêtes* are principally remarkable for the presence of a greater number of persons, and a multiplication of the same kind of amusements. Many of these extra festivities are held in honour of particular classes. Those of the *blanchisseuses*, which occur several times in the year, are perhaps the most extensive. Then it is that for four-and-twenty hours some twenty thousand per-



sons are supremely happy, and for a week afterwards there is scarcely a clean shirt seen in Paris !

The Barriers at all times are the favourite resorts of the humbler classes, and especially of the students, to whom untaxed wine, at five or six sous the litre, (cheaper than the cheapest of London beer,) is an irresistible temptation. Every day the hotels where the balls are held are thronged with diners and drinkers ; and wedding-parties, especially, muster here in great force. In every *café* may be heard the familiar click of the billiard ball ; and personages, with strange beards and strange attire, who would make their fortunes at the Adelphi as cut-throats, may be seen wasting their sweetness—that is to say, their ferocity—upon the desert dominos, from morning till night. Whether, in fact, it be to dissipate *ennui* or display merriment, to find a wife, or to keep a wedding, to celebrate good fortune or to forget bad, it is to this land of the very free that the populace of Paris betake themselves. And, truly, nowhere can they be seen to greater advantage, because nowhere are they more at their ease.

## VII.

### STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.

THE first impression of the Student of Students in Paris is one of curiosity. "When do the students find time to study?" is the natural inquiry. The next impression solves the mystery, by leading to the satisfactory conclusion, that the students do *not* find time to study. To be sure, eminent physicians, great painters, and acute lawyers, do occasionally throw sufficient light upon society to render its intellectual darkness visible. And the probabilities are that these physicians are not born with diplomas, as children are, occasionally, with caul; nor the painters sent into the world with their pencils at their fingers' ends; nor the lawyers launched into existence sitting upon innate woollucks. The inference, then, is, that education has done something towards their advancement, and that they, necessarily, have done something towards their education.

But the lives of great men are the lives of individuals, not of masses. And with these I have nothing now to do. It is possible that the Quartier Latin contains at the present moment more than one "mute inglorious" Moliere, or Eugene Sue, guiltless, as yet, of his readers' demoralization. Many a young man who now

astonishes the Hôtel Corneille, less by his brains than his billiards, may one day work hard at a barricade, and harder still, subsequently, at the galleys! But how are we to know that these young fellows, with their long legs, short coats, and faces patched over with undecided beards, are geniuses, unless, as our excellent friend, the English plebeian, has it, they "behave as such?" Let us hope, at any rate, that, like glow-worms, they appear mean and contemptible in the glare of society, only to exhibit their shining qualities in the gloom of their working hours.

It is only, then, with the outward life of the students that I have to deal. With this, one may become acquainted without a very long residence in the Quartier Latin—that happy quarter where everything is subservient to the student's taste, and accommodated to the student's pocket—where amusement is even cheaper than knowledge—where braces are unrespected, and blushes unknown—where gloves are not enforced, and respectability has no representative.

If the student be opulent—that is to say, if he have two hundred francs a month (a magnificent sum in the quarter) he lives where he pleases—probably in the Hôtel Corneille; if he be poor, and is compelled to vegetate, as many are, upon little more than a quarter of that amount, he lives where he can—no one knows where, and very few know how. It is principally from among this class, who are generally the sons of peasants or *ouvriers*, that France derives her great painters, lawyers, and physicians. They study more than their richer comrades; not only because they have no money to spend upon amusement, but because they have, commonly, greater energy and higher talents. Indeed, without these qualities they would not have been able

to emancipate themselves from the ignoble occupations to which they were probably born; unlike the other class of students, with whom the choice of a profession is guided by very different considerations.

It is a curious sight to a man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge to observe the poorer class of these students sunning themselves, at mid-day, in the gardens of the Luxembourg—with their sallow, bearded faces, bright eyes, and long hooded cloaks, which, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, “circumstances” have not yet enabled them to discard. Without stopping to inquire whether there really be anything “new under the sun,” it may be certainly assumed that the garments in question could not be included in the category. If, however, they are heavy, their owners’ hearts are light, and their laughter merry enough—even to their last pipe of tobacco. After the last pipe of tobacco, but not till then, comes despair.

The more opulent students resemble their poorer brethren in one respect:—they are early risers. Some breakfast as early as seven o’clock; others betake themselves by six to their *ateliers*, or lectures—or pretend to do so—returning, in two or three hours, to a later meal. This is of a substantial character, consisting of two or three courses, with the eternal *vin ordinaire*. When living in a *hôtel*, the student breakfasts in the midst of those congenial delights;—the buzz of conversation, the fumes of tobacco, and the click of the billiard-balls. By means of these amusements, and sundry *demi tasses* and *petits verres*, he contrives to kill the first two or three hours after breakfast. Cards and dominoes are also in great request from an early hour, and present to an Englishman a curious contrast with his own national customs. In England, he is accus-

tomed to find card-playing in the morning patronised only by the most reckless ; in France it is the commonest thing in the world to see a pair of gentlemen with grey hairs and every attribute of respectability, employed at nine o'clock upon a game of *écarté*, enlivened by little glasses of brandy and the never-failing pipe. If a young Englishman in London, instead of an old Frenchman in Paris, was to addict himself to such untimely recreations, he would probably be cut off with a shilling.

When the heat and smoke of the *café* become too much even for French students, they drop off by twos and threes, and seek the fresh air. The Luxembourg gardens are close by, and here they principally congregate. Amusing figures they look, too, in their present style of costume, which is a burlesque upon that of the Champs Elysées, which is a burlesque upon that of Hyde Park. The favourite covering for the head is a very large white hat, with very long nap ; which I believe it is proper to brush the wrong way. The coat is of the *paletôt* description, perfectly straight, without shape or make, and reaching as little below the hips as the wearer can persuade himself is not utterly absurd. The remainder of the costume is of various shades of eccentricity, according to the degree of madness employed upon its manufacture. As for the beard and moustaches, their arrangement is quite a matter of fancy : there are not two persons alike in this respect in the whole quarter : it may be remarked, however, that shaving is decidedly on the increase.

The Luxembourg garden is principally remarkable for its statues without fingers, almond trees without almonds, and *grisettes* without number. Its groves of horse-chesnuts would be very beautiful if, in their cropped condition, they did not remind the unprejudiced

observer—who is, of course, English—of the poodle dogs, who in their turn are cropped, it would seem, to imitate the trees. The queens of France, too, who look down upon you from pedestals at every turn, were evidently the work of some secret republican ; and the lions that flank the terraces on either side are apparently intended as a satire upon Britain. However, if one could wish these animals somewhat less sweet and smiling, one could scarcely wish the surrounding scene more so than it is, with its blooming shrubs and scarcely less blooming damsels, gaily decorated parterres and gaily attired loungers, the occasional crash of a military band, and the continual recurrence of military manœuvres.

Just outside the gates, near the Boulevard leading to the Barrière d'Enfer, there is always something "going on"—more soldiers, of course, whom it is impossible to avoid in Paris, besides various public exhibitions, all cheap, and some gratuitous. On one side, you are attracted by that most irresistible of attractions—a crowd. Edging your way through it, as a late arrival always does, you find yourself, with the body of students whom you followed from the hôtel, "assisting" at the exhibition of a wonderful dog, who is doing nothing, under the direction of his master, in general a most repulsive-looking rascal, bearded and bloused as if hot for a barricade. The dog, by doing nothing, is not obeying orders ;—on the contrary, he is proving himself a most sagacious animal by having his own way in defiance of all authority. This the master attributes, not to the stupidity of the dog, but to the absence of contributions from the spectators. A few sous are showered down upon this hint ; which proceeding, perhaps, brings out the dog's talents to a slight

extent; that is to say, he is induced to lie down and pretend to be asleep; but it is doubtful, at the same time, whether his compliance is attributable to the coppers of his audience, or the kicks of his spirited proprietor. This is probably the only performance of the wonderful animal; for it is remarkable that whatever the sum thrown into the circle, it is never sufficient, according to the exhibitor, to induce him to show off his grand tricks, so high a value does he place upon his own talents.

Who, among a different class of the animal creation, does not know what is called a "genius," who sets even a higher value upon his talents, who is equally capricious, and who certainly has never yet been persuaded to show off his "grand trick?"

You are probably next attracted by a crowd at a short distance, surrounding an exhibition, dear to every English heart—that of "Punch." The same familiar sentry-box, hung with the same green baize, hides the same mysteries which are known to everybody. But the part of "Hamlet"—that is to say, "Punch"—though not exactly omitted, is certainly not "first business." His lurch has lost its fulness; his nose its rubicundity; and his profligacy its point. He is a feeble wag when translated into French, and has a successful rival in the person of one Nicolet—who, by the way, gives its name to the theatre—and who is chiefly remarkable for a wonderful white hat, and a head wooden enough, even for a low comedian.

Nicolet is supposed to be a fast man. His enemies are not policemen and magistrates, as in the case of "Punch," but husbands—for the reason that his friends are among the wives. This seems to be the "leading idea" of the drama of Nicolet, in common, indeed, with

that of every other French piece on record. If it were not considered impertinent in the present day to draw morals, I might suggest that something more than amusement is to be gained by contemplating the young children among the crowd who enjoy the delinquencies of this *Faublas* for the million, with most precocious sagacity. It is delightful, in fact, to see the gusto with which they anticipate inuendos and meet improprieties half way, with all the well-bred composure of the most fashionable audience.

It is not customary amongst the students to wait for the end of Nicolet's performances. The fashionable hour for departure varies ; but it is generally about the period when the manager's wife begins to take round the hat.

Any one who accompanies a party of students in their morning rambles, will most probably find himself, before long, in the "Closerie des Lilacs," which is close by the same spot. The "Closerie" is associated in name with lilacs, probably from the fact that it contains fewer flowers of that description than any other place in the neighbourhood. It is a garden resembling the now vanished Vauxhall; and at dusk there is an attempt made at lighting it up, especially on certain evenings in the week which are devoted to balls. These balls do not vary materially from any other tenpenny dances, either in London or Paris ; but as a morning lounge, the place is not without attractions. One of them, is the fact that there is no charge for admission, the proprietor merely expecting his guests to consume something—a regulation which is generally obeyed without much objection.

Throughout the whole day may here be seen numerous specimens of the two great classes of the quarter—



students and grisettes; some smoking, and drinking beer and brandy in pretty little bosquets, others disporting themselves on a very high swing, which would seem to have been expressly constructed for the purpose of breaking somebody's neck, and to have failed in its object, somehow, like many other great inventions. *Ecarté* is also very popular; but the fact that its practice requires some little exertion of the intelligence, so very inconvenient to some persons, will always prevent it from attaining entire supremacy in a place so polite as Paris. To meet this objection, however, some ingenious person has invented an entirely different style of game; an alteration for which the Parisians appear deeply grateful. A small toad, constructed of bronze, is placed upon a stand, and into its open mouth the player throws little leaden dumps, with the privilege of scoring some high number if he succeeds, and of hitting the legs of the spectators if he fails. At this exciting game a party of embryo doctors and lawyers will amuse themselves at the Closerie for hours, and moreover exhibit indications of a most lively interest. The great recommendation of the amusement, I believe, is, that the players *might* be doing something worse; a philosophical system of reasoning which will apply to most diversions, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

A few hours of this amusement is scarcely necessary to give the student that sometimes inconvenient instinct—an appetite. Accordingly, at about five, he begins to think about dining; or rather, he begins to perform that operation, for he has been thinking about it for some time.

Dining, in the weak imagination of conventional persons, usually induces visions of Vefour, and is suggestive of Provençal fraternity. But the student of the Quartier Latin, if he indulges in any such visions, or is

visited by any such suggestions, finds their end about as substantial as their beginning. His dreamy dinners have, alas! no possibility of realization. Truffles to him are tasteless, and his "trifles" are literally "light as air." Provence provides him, unfortunately, with more songs than suppers, and the fraternal associations with which he is best acquainted are those of the Cuisiniers in the Rue Racine or Rue des Mathurins.

It is, very probably, with one of these "*Associations Fraternelles des Cuisiniers*" that the student, unless he lives at an hôtel with a *table d'hôte*, proceeds to dine. These societies, which are fast multiplying in every quarter of Paris, are patronised principally by Republicans who are red, and by Monarchists who are poor. The former are attracted by sympathy, the latter are driven by necessity. Indeed, a *plat* at six sous, which is the usual price at these establishments, is a very appropriate reward for the one, or refuge for the other. At these establishments—which had no existence before the last revolution—everybody is equal; there are no masters, and there are no servants. The *garçons* who wait upon the guests are the proprietors, and the guests themselves are not recognized as having any superior social position. The guest who addresses the waiter as "*garçon*" is very probably insulted, and the *garçon* who addresses a guest as "*monsieur*" is liable to be expelled from the society. In each case, "*citoyen*" is the current form of courtesy, and any person who objects to the term is free to dine elsewhere. Even the dishes have a republican savour. "*Macaroni à la République*," "*Fricandeau à la Robespierre*," or "*Filet à la Charrier*," are as dear to republican hearts as they are cheap to republican pockets.

A dinner of this kind costs the student little more

than a franc. If he is more ostentatious, or epicurean, he dines at Risbec's, in the Place de l'Odeon. Here, for one franc, sixty centimes, he has an entertainment consisting of four courses and a dessert, inclusive of half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. If he is a sensible man, he prefers even this doubtful dinner to that of the Associated Cooks, who it must be confessed, even by republicans of taste, are not quite what might be expected, considering the advancing principles they profess.

After dinner, the student, if the Prado or some equally congenial establishment be not open, usually addicts himself to the theatre. His favourite resort is, not the Odeon, as might be supposed, from its superior importance and equal cheapness, but the "Theatre du Luxembourg," familiarly called by its frequenters—why, is a mystery—"Bobino's." Here the student is in his element. He talks to his acquaintance across the house; indulges in comic demonstrations of ecstasy whenever Mademoiselle Hermance (it was Hermance in my time at least) appears on the scene, and, in short, makes himself as ridiculous and contented as can be. The popular actress for the time being, it is necessary to add, is the goddess of the quarter, and has nightly no end of worshippers. The theatre itself is everything that could be desired by any gentleman of advanced principles, who spurns propriety, and inclines himself towards oranges.

After the theatre the student probably goes home, and there I will leave him safely. My object has been merely to indicate the general characteristics of his ordinary life, from which he seldom deviates, unless tempted by an unexpected remittance to indulge in more costly recreations, afforded by the Bal Mabille or the Chateau Rouge.

## VIII.

### THE TRUE BOHEMIANS OF PARIS.

THE present Bohemians of Paris are not the Bohemians of Victor Hugo, or of Borrow; nor are they the clever scamps of the modern melo-dramatist. They do not number among their order, fascinating damsels who perform necromancies with goats and gilded horns, and turn the heads of an ardent public, from Captains of the Guard and Archdeacons, down to bell-ringers. They no longer swallow swords, balance coach-wheels on their chins, play at catch-ball with the rapidity of fireworks, or dance hornpipes on dessert plates. They are innocent of thimble-rig; and, being only dexterous enough with the cards to play at picquet, cannot predict the future, or pronounce on the fate of a lover by turning up the ace of hearts, or cutting the queen of diamonds. They have ceased to steal fowls, change children, (after the manner of their Egyptian brethren,) or to tell fortunes: for *their* hands are seldom crossed with silver. The true modern Bohemian is not the wild, wandering, adroit, unprincipled, picturesque vagabond, who has been the delight of the poet, the novelist, and the painter, for ages; because, being an artist himself, he does not see his own excellencies as a model for art;

yet he presents many points of resemblance to the Bohemians who have been immortalised by Hugo, Borrow, and at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. Although neither a gipsy nor a mountebank, he is wild and wandering; occasionally mysterious, often picturesque, and not seldom, I am afraid, unprincipled. He does not beg; he merely borrows: he never robs; but his skill in creating debts, and his powers of "owing," are transcendent. The shopkeeper shuns him, but the loungee loves him. He is the terror of the counter, but the delight of the *café*.

In a word, the Parisian Bohemians of to-day are a tribe of unfortunate artists of all kinds—poets, painters, musicians, and dramatists—who haunt obscure *cafés* in all parts of Paris, but more especially in the Quartier Latin. They have been unsuccessful in their professions, and many deservedly so—aspersion being too often the substitute for inspiration, and inspiration not unfrequently wasted or misused. They are, in some respects, what our "Grub Street" authors were in the last century.

The *café* where the Bohemians most do congregate is a quiet, pleasant place enough, when these distinguished persons are not present to make it noisy and disagreeable. It is distinguished from fashionable *cafés* by the scarcity of chance-comers, and the various signs, not difficult to observe, of its being mainly supported by regular frequenters. Call in on any evening, and you may always see the same hats on the same pegs, and the same pipes—which have hung all the morning in little numbered niches against the wall—in the mouths of their respective owners, who take great pride in smoking them until they have become as black as negroes, and nearly as valuable to dealers and con-

noisseurs. The owners of these hats and pipes are, for the most part, Bohemians. They congregate in an inner room by themselves, removed as far as possible from the shopkeeper, with his moderate opinions and white cravat; for they hold him in supreme contempt. They form what, in time-honoured phrase, is known as a "motley group"—so diversified are their toilettes, so strange and unconventional are their beards and their bearing. Some of them are playing at billiards in the middle of the room; others are consoling themselves with cards in the corners. All are talking, and with a volubility of tongue known only to Frenchmen and Mr. Charles Mathews. But their conversation has no reference to the games in which they are engaged; these they seem to conduct mechanically. Listen to them, and you will gain, perhaps, some useful ideas on the subject of Grecian art, mixed up with comments on the *Charivari's* last caricature of M. Thiers; the merits of the early Christian painters, as compared with a friend who has just made his *début* as a posturer; how far the eminent young Bohemian Jules—who has just been caught revoking at *écarté*—falls short of Raffaele; and how the same Jules owes a duty to himself and the public, to give his genius fair play, and to surpass that master. The literary discussions—which range with great impartiality between the heights of transcendentalism in poetry and philosophy, and the depths of some feeble *bon mot* in some feeble satirical journal—are conducted in much the same manner. That thoughtful-looking young man, with the bright eye and the blonde moustache, is the author of a tragedy, in five acts, in verse—and unhappily still in manuscript—which accounts for the gloomy state of affairs at the Odéon, where it was refused. Adolphe appeared for the first

time in print only yesterday, and now stands responsible for an "Epitaphe Anticipée" upon a popular journalist in the "Tintamarre." He is occupied in playing at billiards, and holding forth upon the respective merits of the Classical and Romantic schools, with regard to which he does not seem to have any very settled opinions: it is probable that his tragedy belongs to some new school of his own discovery. He covers his cue with chalk while covering a Classicist with confusion; makes a cannon—and leaves a Romanticist no head to stand upon. In the same manner will embryo Handels and Mozarts hold forth upon the great masters of their particular art; but you may observe that nobody gives specimens of his own compositions, literary or musical: it is a strict rule in the order, that its members are neither to be *read to* nor *sung to*; such assaults being directed only against the common enemy, society in general; except at certain solemn *séances* of the Bohemians themselves, when every man has an allotted period of the evening for the gratification of his own idiosyncrasy.

As for politics, you will scarcely hear them touched upon among the Bohemians—certainly never unless suggested by a subject of art. "Art before all," is their creed; morality and the virtues they hold in high estimation—as elements without which poetry could not exist; and they have the greatest reverence for what is sacred—as furnishing inspiration to the painter. They bend themselves—it is to Dante; they adore—it is before Raffaëlle.

So much for the aims and aspirations of the Bohemians. For the rest, you may listen sometimes to no inconsiderable amount of their conversation without being very much edified. Their muse is associated with

something like mockery, and their transcendentalism has a dash of slang. They speak, in fact, in a style of literary metaphor, which is somewhat puzzling to the uninitiated. But this is a habit common to all thorough *artists*—using the word in its general sense—who live isolated from general society—surrounded by nothing but art and its associations—until one might almost believe, from outward appearances, that familiarity had produced its proverbial effect.

Listen to that group in the corner of the *café*. That young man with the Vandyke beard, who sits under the peg which holds the broad-leaved felt hat, is evidently a painter. He is telling his friends the life and adventures of the grand historical picture on which he has now been engaged for several years. The picture originally represented the "Passage of the Red Sea," under which title it was duly refused admission into the Exhibition. The artist, however, unwilling to have lost his time entirely, altered some of the details without changing the general composition, and called it the "Passage of the Rubicon;" but Pharaoh, we are told, ill disguised under the mantle of Cæsar, was recognised on the following year, and summarily repulsed. The third year came, and with it came the picture, once more a candidate for exhibition. This time greater changes were made—in the Egyptian especially, who now appeared in the uniform of the Imperial Guard. This time the piece was called the "Passage of the Bérézina." The committee, however, not only saw through the artist's design, but through his colours also. The work was, accordingly, again returned upon his hands. "Never mind," said the artist, in recounting this last mishap—"next year I shall call it the '*Passage des Panoramas*.'"—Next to the artist is a



personage, a little older and more careworn. He is beginning to compromise, to some extent, with his ambition, and condescend to task-work. He has recently produced a *vaudeville* at the *Variétés*—that is to say, he has written the dialogue, under the direction of two established authors, one of whom has furnished the “idea” of the piece, while the other has sketched out and arranged the scenes, and given the principal “points.” The names of the two established authors have appeared in large letters in the playbills; that of the Bohemian follows in small typography; and, as may be supposed, his share of the spoils has been proportionate. This division of employment is almost universal in French dramatic writing, and the least important author, who figures last, in *small caps.*, is usually a Bohemian. Perhaps the successful authors, who now reap all the honours, have passed through the ordeal in their time, and the subordinate will have his day. Perhaps fortune will do no more for him, and he is able to do no more for himself. In the latter case, supposing that nothing worse happens to him, he sinks into the traditional “literary hack,” and will write anything for which he can obtain the most miserable remuneration—from a History of the Universe, to an epitaph or a tradesman’s puff.

But while the young ambition which spurns the lower walks of art, is not likely to be at once recognized and at once successful, the less aspiring or more experienced—who condescend to plod along wherever a finger-post points in the direction of a dinner—are not always certain to secure that refreshment at the end of their journey. If on the one road the fruits hang too high—on the other, where they are more accessible, there are too many gatherers. Accordingly, the path of the

Bohemians is nearly always one of hardship and difficulty. To be assured of this fact, it is not necessary to penetrate into their cheerless chambers, and watch their struggles—for struggles they very frequently are—for existence. Sufficient is it to meet them in their moments of relaxation at the *café*, where the general complaint of the proprietor is, that they do not “consume” enough. That is not their fault, they answer, but simply the fault of the infamous ready-money system upon which the house is conducted. Here you will learn how a celebrated musician (celebrated in the Bohemian sense) was, on the previous day, obliged to sponge upon somebody for a breakfast; and how a great painter, of transcendental tendencies, spent the morning in intriguing for a dinner—with much matter of the same suggestive kind. The subject of borrowing—its uses and abuses—is frequently brought under grave consideration. Among the Bohemians, it is said, there are some who have reduced the practice to a science. They keep an alphabetical list of their acquaintances, with the days on which they are known to receive money, and the sums which may be expected from each, according to his means. These they tick off from the list as they are used up one by one. They are a deadly class to meet with, whatever be your clime or condition; for it is reported that they know how to request the loan of five francs in every language under the sun.

But throughout all this battle for existence the Bohemians never lose their gaiety, nor their steady fidelity to Art; which communicates its influence to all around them. Such an effect, indeed, has their mingled facetiæ and transcendentalism had upon the unprepared mind of a waiter at the *café* which they frequent, that I hear he has become an idiot in the flower of his youth.

Another *garçon*, under the same corrupting influence, has been detected writing amatory verses to the barmaid.

If the Bohemian never loses his gaiety in the darkest days of his distresses, the effect of an occasional gleam of sunshine, in the shape of a remittance, can scarcely be conceived. A member of the fraternity will appear one morning among his brothers with a five hundred franc bill in his hand. Perhaps it is the fruit of some lucky speculation; or, perhaps, he is an *amateur* Bohemian, whose parents are wealthy. Of this class, it should be observed, there are many: with means at their command to live in respectable competence, they prefer the life of the Bohemian from love and sympathy, and are quite contented to take their chance of its pains and pleasures. However that may be, there are the five hundred francs, to be devoted to the public good, or the public detriment; and, as long as the money lasts, there is no end to the most frantic festivities. The last penny expended, the Bohemians settle down into their former state of hazardous enjoyment and contented care.

It may be asked what is the ultimate destination of the majority? Do they ever emancipate themselves from the fatal fascination of this mode of life? Certainly, they do; that is to say, most of them who have any real claims to distinction, attain it in the end. These are no days of "mute inglorious Miltons," especially in France, where talent must eventually make its way. The Bohemians are continually losing old, and as continually gaining new, members. One of the tribe will suddenly disappear from the old familiar scenes, and will be given up as lost. A few months elapse, and his companions find themselves invited to a banquet in a fashionable quarter. Here they find their

old associate emerged from his chrysalis condition, and winging his way among the fruits and flowers of high life. He has in the meantime been thinking and working; has made a success, and has become a popular author, with an audience of his own—a constituency that elect him to a permanent seat among the honoured of the land. From his proud position he looks back to his Bohemian days as perhaps the most happy, and certainly not the least useful portion of his experience. For the rest, there are many to whom such honours are but idle dreams; they live on in the old way, unnoticed, unknown, and, worse still, unprinted. They abuse "the world" in their own little coteries, and imagine themselves martyrs. Instead of being great lights of the age, they flicker futilely, or burn themselves prematurely out by over-excitement. In the meantime, it is not the public that is to blame—and scarcely they themselves—poor fellows: it is their misfortune that they have not discovered their true vocation in the beginning, or taken warning in time; that they have not condescended to clerkships, or apprenticed themselves to respectable cheesemongers.

"There is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know;" there is also a pleasure in authorship which one need not be successful to experience. The struggle to ascend Parnassus has its fascination, futile though it be. One taste of the waters of Castaly is too intoxicating for many; yet who, at its fountain, would wish to be a moderate drinker? Perhaps, then, some of my readers, who may have had a drop too much of that celebrated beverage, will make some allowances for the poor, blind, flattered, and fascinated Bohemian.

## IX.

### PAINTING THE LILY.

ALL the world—that is to say, myself and about fifty of my acquaintances—were in Paris. It was Easter, and a great gathering of the idleness of all nations was making an exhibition of itself in the *Champs Elysées*, assisting at the *fête* of Longchamps. This festivity—it is as well to say, for the benefit of the “general reader,” who is never supposed to know anything—is an assemblage of the *élite* of society, or of anybody, in fact, who can make a show of belonging to that favoured class—at which the fashions for the ensuing summer are understood to be settled and arranged. Feeble-minded persons never dream of giving orders to their tailors or milliners until Longchamps has passed. Those who are more bold appear, during these glorious three days, in the style which they believe to be most unexceptionable, according to the prevailing taste of the most distinguished of their acquaintance. These, tested by a yet higher standard, very often find themselves miserably deceived; and, as may be supposed, an immense amount of admiration, envy, disappointment, and general disgust, is given and exchanged. The only persons who really seem to enjoy Longchamps (with the exception of

the satirist, who, for obvious reasons, is in his element) are the common people, who, at a respectful distance from the principal promenade, divert themselves with shows, billiards, and congenial buffoonery, with a degree of indifference to public opinion almost dignified.

I was "assisting," then, at the *fête* of Longchamps, having become tired of student life, and, changing my lodgings with my taste, taken up my residence in a more civilized quarter. Having also bestowed two hours of time and two years of anxiety, that morning, making as unimpressive a toilette as possible, I felt a secret pride in my appearance. In order to appear the more careless and indifferent, I took possession of the dirtiest and most weather-beaten of those little chairs which are such friends to flirtation and such foes to costume; and prepared, not to make a voyage round the world, but to let the world make a voyage round me.

The first half-hour of the Englishman at Longchamps is inevitably employed in wondering what would be thought of the French equipages in Hyde Park—where the French gentlemen get all their broken-kneed nags—and why, while adopting the costume of the celebrated Mr. Chifney, they do not now and then emulate his horsemanship. I had disposed of all these speculations, and had been further amused by the contemplation of some more than usually absurd imitations of English attire among the men, when my eye fell upon a young Frenchman whom, I thought, I had met before. As he was dressed like an English groom, I knew him to belong to the most fashionable classes; he was, besides, indulging in a very unequivocal yawn (Frenchmen do yawn now and then;) and, further, evinced sufficient

good taste to be tired of his own society. Our eyes met; we recognised one another, and he seated himself by my side. I had known him well in London, where he had been attached to the French Embassy, and had not seen him for more than a year; having myself, during that time, been figuring among the blest in what, according to Mr. Emerson, is a "Paradise of Fools"—in other words, I had been travelling.

My friend having inquired after my health, in which he took no interest, and I after his family, whom I had never seen—having, in short, achieved the remainder of the amiable untruths necessary upon such occasions, we fell back upon nature, and by becoming mutually egotistical, contrived to throw some earnestness into the conversation. Amongst other things of which my friend (whom I will designate only by his baptismal name of Auguste) was anxious to tell me, was an adventure that happened to him immediately after my departure from London, and which had nearly made him a married man.

Interested in any event that could have led to so serious a catastrophe, I pressed him to tell me "all about it," being additionally desirous to hear when he informed me that his story would occupy but a very short time. Moreover, Auguste did not, like many story-telling Frenchmen, talk like a newspaper *feuilleton*; indeed he was half an Englishman in language and turn of thought.

"It was not two days after you left London," he commenced, "that I first made the acquaintance of the celebrated English beauty, Miss Walsingham, whom I remember you had been vainly attempting to meet for some two or three months. As a general rule, one is of course disappointed with celebrated beauties; but this

one surprised the other way. She had every grace that the fairest of complexions, the bluest of eyes, and above all, the most golden of all golden hair, could bestow. Her hair, in fact, was her great attraction, as much from its peculiarity, as from its extreme beauty. There were more verses written about this same hair in the course of a fortnight, than the magazines could publish in a twelvemonth—even if they had all editors as insane as ——’s; and more, therefore, than the concentrated blockheadism of a century could be persuaded to read. Our acquaintance was commenced at a ball, and the mutual impression seemed favourable. Isabel was most grateful that I did not talk about even the weather, the opera, or the hippopotamus; and, above all, that I did not flatter—mark the last, for it has a fatal significance. I certainly did not flatter, not being addicted to painting lilies, or perfuming violets. Half-an-hour’s conversation made me her friend—a quadrille, her admirer—a polka, her adorer—and a waltz, her slave.

“Obtaining permission to call the next day was an easy matter; and I found it not very difficult to gain a satisfactory response to my first whispered wishes. When, however, these wishes passed beyond that sacred boundary, and openly assumed the form of ‘intentions,’ our course of love assumed its proverbial aspect: from a bowling-green it became a race-course, and from a race-course, a steeple-chase, with the church almost invisible. It was necessary, in the first place, to persuade my father-in-law elect, that all Frenchmen are not of necessity either beggars or swindlers; and these facts were not established, as far as my own case was concerned, without the production of certain satisfactory title-deeds, and the sacrifice of a no less satisfactory



moustache. Nor were these arrangements facilitated by the circumstances that my notary was innocent of English, and that the French language had apparently been given to Mr. Walsingham (to pervert the saying of Talleyrand) for the purpose of concealing his thoughts.

"These difficulties, however, were at length overcome; and everything was settled with as much certainty as is possible in a case where a young lady has yet a chance of changing her mind. In an affair of the heart a sensible man would of course be ashamed of behaving otherwise than as an idiot; and accordingly, for the next six weeks, I indulged in every ecstatic absurdity demanded by my situation; I made myself as ridiculous, in short, as could be desired by the most exacting of *fiancées*, or the most satirical of friends.

"Matters were thus proceeding pleasantly for all parties, when an unfortunate accident—that is to say, a maiden aunt of my Isabel's—came to interrupt our felicity. Miss Diana Walsingham, the lady in question, was ill-tempered, and seventy—therefore she was disliked; but Miss Diana was rich and rheumatic—therefore she was caressed. Miss Diana was going to Paris—nobody knew why, probably not herself. Miss Diana felt, naturally, the responsibility of travelling alone, and was looking about her for a companion. She appeared to be literally running up and down stairs in search of one, and as fate would have it, fastened like a vulture upon Isabel, who was reading Tennyson in the back drawing-room. Isabel must be her travelling companion. There should be no excuse. The marriage could easily (easily!) be postponed for a few weeks. If it *was* inconvenient for Isabel, surely she might be amiable enough to yield *sometimes* to her aunt, who had never asked her a favour before; and especially as

Isabel had reason to be especially grateful in that quarter, as the lawyer, who had recently drawn up a certain will, could testify—and a great deal more to the same effect. In the end, then, despite my remonstrances and Isabel's tears, and our joint surrender of all expectations—which we devoutly wished at the bottom of the sea—it was agreed by the unanimous prudence of the remainder of the family, that the despotic old lady should be obeyed. At this point, rather than be taken by storm, we wisely resolved to surrender, and my next endeavour was to find an excuse for proceeding to Paris myself. Accordingly, I gently insinuated my wishes to our secretary, who breathed them in a mild whisper to his principal, by whom the proposition was received in a spirit of as profound disapprobation as a diplomatist can venture to indulge in. What could Monsieur be dreaming of? and what attention had he been bestowing upon the political events of the last few weeks? At a period when a hostile fleet was in the *Ægean*, when Athens was in a state of blockade, and notes couched in the most hostile terms of diplomatic courtesy were being daily exchanged between the agents of the two powerful European courts, the withdrawal of Monsieur from the scene of his official labours could admit of but one interpretation, and might lead to most disastrous results—no less than lighting the flame of war from the Baltic to the Bosphorus, &c.

“Now, I entertained a private opinion, that the official labours in question might, possibly, be conducted without my assistance, considering that I never performed any duties much more arduous than being civil to female diplomatists, and waltzing with the twenty-second cousins of persons who were acquainted with others who were supposed to be likely, some day, to

attain political influence. Nevertheless, I had had too much experience of official life to have an opinion of my own, and yielded the point accordingly.

“Everything must have an end—even a young lady’s preparations for a journey. Accordingly, after a trance of about ten days, I was aroused to consciousness by a rough voice observing that ‘if that party didn’t make haste and land, he would be carried across.’ It seems I was at Dover, bidding a last adieu to my Isabel on board the boat, which was a few minutes after cutting its way into deep water, leaving me disconsolate on the pier, forgetful in my grief of friends, home, religion, or the Foreign Office—forgetful even that I had been called a ‘party’—an insult which, under other circumstances, would be alone sufficient to drive me to despair.

“I now waited—I need not say impatiently—for the announcement of her safe arrival—for the sweet little illegible note that was to convey such glad tidings. To my astonishment, I received not a line, not an intimation. In vain did I write to an address in Paris which had been left me—I received no reply. The Walsingham family were all out of town—had gone I knew not whither—so I could gain no information in that quarter. It happened, however, that political events—as you may remember—took a certain turn which removed the restriction hitherto imposed upon me, and left me a free man. I need not say that I availed myself immediately of my freedom, and hurried over to Paris. The very first persons whom I met in the *Champs Elysées* (without counting some ten thousand strangers) on the day of my arrival, were the very ladies I sought. They were sitting very composedly in an open carriage, and, close by the little refreshment house up there, looked

me full in the face. I ran towards them—that is to say, I hastened my steps a little more than is considered correct in the *Champs Elysées*—expecting the carriage to stop. What was my surprise to see them pass on without honouring me with the slightest look or gesture of recognition! I must have looked somewhat absurd for a few seconds—standing with my hat in my hand, gazing at Isabel's golden hair, as it set, like a sun, behind a cloud of vehicles. I thought at the time that Isabel looked somewhat agitated, but I have since remembered that ladies *can* be sullen, and that the carriage had a pink lining.

“What did I do then? you ask. I did not scamper after the carriage and throw myself under the wheels; such proceedings belong only to the rites of Juggernaut, and the writings of fashionable novelists. I did what most sensible men, who entertain any respect for their pantaloons and social position, would have done. I ate an ice, and wondered what the deuce it all meant. Returning home, however, I addressed a letter—full of point and passion—to Isabel, demanding the cause of her conduct to me in the morning. The next day I received a ‘correctly cold’ epistle from the elder lady, informing me, that, ‘as it was impossible to mistake my very mischievous pleasantry for anything short of an intentional insult, it was the wish of Miss Walsingham to cease any further correspondence,’ &c. Mystery upon mystery. I wrote again, and this time—and the next, and the next—received no reply.

“In despair—that is to say, very much puzzled and annoyed—I quitted Paris, and took up my quarters in a pretty little village a few miles off, for the double purpose of indulging my grief and allowing my moustache to grow again. While lingering over a late

breakfast one morning, I took up a number of 'Galignani,' and my eye at once fell upon a paragraph in which I could not doubt myself to be interested.

"The writer set forth in an impertinent sort of style, which he doubtless considered very lively and clever, that 'considerable amusement had been created in high circles, both in London and Paris, by the eccentricity of a young Frenchman, not very remotely connected with the Embassy of the Republic in London;' that this gentleman was betrothed to a young English lady, who, having occasion to visit France, was, on landing in that country, discovered to have no resemblance to the person described in her passport (which was a special document from the French Embassy in London, intended to secure the bearer every respect and attention;) that, in consequence of this fact, and the unsettled state of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, the lady had been arrested, under suspicions of a nature to which it was unnecessary (in the opinion of the writer) more particularly to allude, and was released only after considerable delay, and the establishment of her identity through the mediation of the English Ambassador.

"But the most amusing part of the whole affair, according to 'Galignani,' was the personal description which had been the cause of the *contre-temps*. The eyes of the lady, upon paper, were '*bleus comme le ciel*'—upon her face, they were a very ordinary grey. The written authority gave her a Grecian nose—the authorities of the Custom-house were inclined to think it *retroussé*. In the one case her mouth was '*très petite*'—in the other it was generally considered a moderate size. Nor would the matter-of-fact *gendarme* be persuaded that the neat little figure of the lady was a '*taille*

*superbe*;' and as for her hair being '*dorés comme celui d'un ange*,' he pronounced it, at once, to be a clear and unmistakable red.

"The mystery was revealed, and I never felt so ridiculous in all my life. I need scarcely tell you that in my enthusiasm I had taken upon myself the subordinate office of filling up the passport; and there is even less reason to add that I had better have left that department to the clerk. The fact is, that a lover does not—nor is it desirable that he should—see with the same eyes as a Custom-house official."

Auguste concluded with this wise reflection.

"If you had told me in the beginning," said I, "that the young lady's hair was red, I might have given you an interesting piece of information long ago—that she is again in Paris, and will probably drive past us in a few minutes. A dozen men have been telling me this morning of an amazing English beauty, with most delightful scarlet locks, who must be identical with your heroine. See, she is coming now."

As I spoke, an open carriage and pair rattled past us. It contained a lady and gentleman—the former all smiles, the latter all admiration.

"'Tis she," cried Auguste, "but not *quite* so handsome, I think, as I once believed her. But who is that hideous-looking person by her side?"

"I should have told you," I answered, "that Miss Walsingham is just married to the richest and ugliest Englishman in Paris. He is forty-five, and—never flatters!"

## X.

### MY AUNT IN PARIS.

It was not long after Longchamps that I found myself taking considerable interest in Mademoiselle Delphine, the only daughter of the dirty little tailor who officiated as the *portier* at my lodgings. Mademoiselle Delphine was not in the literal meaning of the term beautiful; but she compensated, better even than most Frenchwomen, for its absence, by insensible charms and graces, that defy equally criticism or classification. I was sallying forth one morning as usual to *transact*—if I may be allowed the expression—my idleness, when, after several fruitless calls upon the *cordon*, I entered the *Loge du Concierge*. I found Delphine “desolated,” as she informed me, and in tears, as I could see for myself. I was not long in eliciting the secret of her sorrow, which was communicated to me in the strictest confidence. She had a lover, which is not unusual in other countries besides France; and this lover was a soldier, which in France is particularly usual. Like many other gallant young fellows, this soldier had a soul above five sous a-day, and lived as much above that moderate income as kindness and credit would permit. His regiment had been lately ordered into the provinces, and pre-

viously to his departure, Delphine, it seems, had administered to some pressing requirement by a timely loan. He was to return on the morrow, and Delphine did not know how to meet him, because—because—she at last said, reluctantly—because she had been compelled to borrow the money in question upon the security of her only valuable possession—a bracelet—the love-gift of the soldier himself. To meet him without wearing his gift, and in silence, would be impossible; to confess that she had parted with it, although it had been devoted to his use, would seem mean and mercenary; or, what was immeasurably less to be endured, common-place. She had no other means of redeeming the gift or accounting for its loss, and was *desolée* accordingly.

This dismal tale called, of course, for consolation. That the kind of consolation I administered was speedy and effectual, may be gathered from the immediate disappearance of all traces of desolation. Delphine was *enchantée*, and expressed herself in the superlatives which only a Frenchwoman can muster on the shortest notice. I had roused her from desolation to ecstasy. She was enchanted and enraptured. I was noble and generous; my bounty would be forgotten never!

“But,” I asked, “where am I to find this bracelet, which is so necessary for the preservation of tranquillity between you and your *fiancé*?”

“It is at my Aunt’s,” was the reply.

“Your Aunt! Mercenary old lady! Surely she does not take security when she helps lovers and relations out of their little distresses?”

Delphine smiled, and enlightened my innocence by some explanations, which I will here enlarge upon for the benefit of the reader.



My Aunt, it appears, belongs to a very large family in Paris—a family, in fact, as large as the entire population of that city, and increasing year by year with the census returns. Her relatives are of every grade; from the Montmorencies—who are at the present moment glowing again under ancestral titles of at least six weeks' standing, down to Monsieur Gougon, the eliffonnier, condemned to "pick up a livelihood," with no other title than his prescriptive title—to whatever he can find. It must not be supposed, however, that all of this numerous family are on the same degree of intimacy with the respected lady: the Montmorencies are a little too high, and the Gougons scarcely high enough, to take much notice of her. She is principally cultivated by classes, ranging somewhere between the two extremes—a medium, certainly, but one which can scarcely be described as the golden. To say that they have "expectations" from the old lady, would be saying little enough, considering the uncertain nature of human hopes; but the fact is, there is no occasion to say anything of the kind. My Aunt, though she has a very large capital at her command, is certainly not generous. She was never known to leave anybody anything in her will, nor to ask them down into the country on a visit, nor out to dinner on a Sunday, nor to behave handsomely at Christmas-time—like the amiable aunts of most persons. All she will do for her relatives is, to lend them money; and then she takes very good care to be the gainer by the transaction, for she lends only on the very best security—the deposit of some article, of four times the value of the sum advanced. In a word, My Aunt in Paris is the very faithful and appropriate spouse of My Uncle in London. Like My Uncle, she is visited by her relatives only when

they want money; and, like My Uncle, she contrives to make a very good living by lending it to them. There is this difference, however, in what we may call the "constitution" of this worthy couple. My Uncle, in England, speculates on his own account, and flourishes or fails, as the case may be, without responsibility to anybody but himself. My Aunt, in France, on the other hand, is set up by the Government, who takes upon itself the risk of the speculation.

While noting the fact of My Uncle holding an analogous position to the lady in question, it is as well to state that My Aunt is no fanciful designation, induced by that circumstance. It is not a mere piece of pleasantry on the part of Delphine alone. Ask the student of the Quartier Latin—who has just accomplished the popular feat of spending his month's allowance in ten days—as he marches gaily along towards the Mont de Piété; his watch ticking its *adieux* in his waistcoat pocket—"Where are you going?" "To my Aunt's!" will be the inevitable reply, delivered instinctively, and without any determined intention to be humorous. Cross the path of the *grisette*—who stitches ten hours a-day for a franc, and who every now and then finds herself, like her betters, living beyond her means—as she trips composedly (for no Frenchwoman, under any circumstances, was ever known to be embarrassed), and address her with a similar question: "*Chez Ma Tante!*" she will answer, with a slight shrug of the shoulder, and twinkle of the eye—in recognition of the playful nature of the designation, but with no idea of being understood literally.

*Ma Tante*, in fact, is the great popular impersonation of this most popular institution. Her origin, as

an impersonation, is equally uncertain with that of My Uncle. It is not improbable, to be sure, that the two illustrious personages were the creation of some "mad wag" of the Medici family—some needy cadet whose relations kindly lent him money at fifty per-cent. The designations, considered as facetiæ, have decidedly a mediæval look; and, as a joke, My Uncle, at any rate, is most certainly middle-aged.

I had engaged to procure the bracelet for Delphine; and half-an-hour after our conversation found me on my way to our mutual relative. I had been duly supplied with the necessary authorisation—a large official form, printed upon yellow paper—not unlike a passport, but rather more important in appearance, and guaranteed authentic by one of those imposing signatures which none but Frenchmen can execute, and not all, even of Frenchmen, can read. The address indicated upon this portentous document was that of a branch office, where I speedily presented myself. It was not a shop, but strictly an office, having very much the appearance of a bank—that is to say, of a French bank. Behind a screen of wire-work, which separated the public from the private portion of the room, were seated the officials, grave, dignified, military-looking men, writing at their desks, and apparently in no hurry to attend to the wants of several persons who were patiently waiting to transact business with them. These last were principally women, old and young; some with mysterious bundles and anxious looks; others of a better (or perhaps worse) class, selecting rings from their jewelled fingers, carelessly humming snatches from vaudevilles, and quite at their ease.

After taking a brief survey of the group, I, by good

chance, caught the eye of one of the clerks, or field-marshals, or whatever they may happen to be, who advanced with a military step across the room. Six words on either side settled the business. Monsieur could have the article he desired on the morrow, by application at the office. The morrow! if Delphine was already *desolée*, the morrow would find her *désespérée*! But why could not the bracelet be reclaimed on the spot? Because every article deposited was sent to the central office, and could not be reclaimed without certain formalities; but if Monsieur liked to go to the central office himself, the business could be arranged in a few hours. In that case, Monsieur would certainly go.

The most important formality required, was the payment of the sum of money originally advanced, in return for which, and my original yellow document, I received another official form, even more imposing and portentous than the last—combining the solemnity of a will with the importance of a passport. This was signed, countersigned, and pushed towards me through the little gate in the wire-work, with an air which impressed me with a terrible sense of responsibility. I had not, indeed, quite recovered my self-possession, when I turned suddenly round, to find a musket, with fixed bayonet, presented at me. I started back. Had I done something wrong? Oh no! The assailant, innocent of any sort of attack upon me, was a woman. She marched into the place I had left, and placing her finger on the trigger, demanded of the official, in a gruff, your-money-or-your-life tone of voice  
“Ten francs!”

I thought the official decidedly prudent, when he at once acquiesced in the demand. The Amazon instantly

surrendered her arms at discretion, and the money was paid over to her, after she had duly satisfied the official that her husband was simply a gunsmith, and was not a soldier pawning the property of the State.

Leaving both sides satisfied with this honourable capitulation, I made the best of my way towards the central office, situated in a cross street somewhere between the Rue de Seine and the Rue du Bac. I had no difficulty in finding it. The first person I addressed, directed me to a conspicuous building guarded by two sentries, surmounted by a tri-colour ensign, and blazoned with the famous inscription—“*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*,”—which has since been shown to mean so very much. Over the Mont de Piété they had a certain suggestiveness, of the benefit of which the philosophic borrower in these days is most tyrannically deprived.

French sentries, unlike English ones, *do* know something about the buildings they mount guard over; and are not too sulky to communicate their knowledge. Accordingly, I was not surprised, when, in answer to my inquiry, one of the sentinels directed me across the court-yard to the left, where a large door stands hospitably open. All who enter here leave, not necessarily hope, but certainly comfort behind. The staircase is of rough timber, inconvenient, precipitous; dirty and crazy, from constant use. Above stairs there is a slight change for the worse. A suite of rooms all opening into one another, all dirty, all close, and all crowded.

In the first room two men are peering through two pigeon-holes in the wall, like those of the money-takers at the theatres; and to prevent the confusion which would be caused by the rush of the miscellaneous mob, a space is barriered off, just sufficient to allow one person to pass at a time—an arrangement similar to that at

the pit of the London Opera on a crowded night, and such as is in use at the entrance to nearly all the French theatres.

Notwithstanding this wise regulation, there is a great deal of confusion, caused by the efforts of everybody (everybody includes, perhaps, a couple of hundred) to be first. Yellow gloves are clutching convulsively, to check the ambition of blouses; rags and tatters, in their turn, are asserting the principle of equality, which has here—and scarcely anywhere else, except at the Morgue—a real practical existence. But, although there is confusion enough, there is no quarrelling; everybody is good-humoured, and, if he cannot force his way, is contented to bide his time. Many a bloused and bearded operative may be seen pausing, perhaps, in his hot endeavours, and with a courtly bow, worthy of the old Court of Louis the Fifteenth, making way for “a lady.” If these fine courtesies are really the “cheap defence of nations,” France should be impregnable.

For myself—not having the hardihood, in the first instance, to thrust myself into the mass—I waited patiently, thinking to let the crowd become thinned, and to transact my business at my leisure. But, after half-an-hour’s pursuance of this policy, the idea began to dawn upon me—as I watched the new comers, increasing in numbers and diminishing in patience—that, at this rate, I stood a chance of desolating Delphine four-and-twenty hours more. Seized with a sudden impulse, I made a dash for it; dislodged several free and independent citizens, with most determined and exasperating courtesy; and, finally, gained a place inside the barriers. Here I scrutinised those before me, in their negotiations with the officials; saw them stop at the first pigeon-hole, and exchange the grand yellow docu-

ment for another of smaller dimensions, after the former had undergone a careful examination; then I followed their movements to the second pigeon-hole, where an exchange of the second paper for a piece of card, bearing a number, was effected, each transaction being conducted with military precision, and by a person assuming all the grandeur of a General of Division, and the administrative dignity of a Lord Chief Justice.

Having gone through these formalities—which included the payment of a certain small sum (at the first pigeon-hole), as interest on the loan—I was once more free of the barrier. The number on my ticket was the number of the article which I had to reclaim; but, before presenting it in the room devoted to the jewellery department, I pause to observe the proceedings in that dedicated to habiliments and miscellaneous articles.

In the latter apartment, behind a counter, stands a person, who calls aloud various numbers in rotation, as the corresponding articles were brought up to him from some mysterious place at the back. "*Quarante-cinq!*" he shouts, at the top of his voice. The person representing forty-five steps modestly forward. She is a young girl—a *grisette*, wearing a little cap. She approaches the counter; on presenting her ticket, she receives some article tied up in a handkerchief, having all the appearance of a bonnet. To-morrow is Sunday. She is probably going to some *fête*, or to the theatre, and is about to commit the hazardous impropriety of appearing like a grand lady, in a bonnet—an offence which a grand lady never forgives in a *grisette*; and for which all *grisettes* who cannot get bonnets will become her enemies for life.

"*Quarante-six!*" cries the official, calling the next person so suddenly as to cause forty-five to drop her

bundle, with its precious contents. Forty-six comes tottering up; has nearly trodden forty-five's bonnet into a misshapen pancake; but, though an old man, steps adroitly aside, and blunders against the counter to receive a pair of boots. Poor fellow! will he ever wear them out? As quarante-six moves off, quarante-sept takes his place, almost before he is summoned; a lively young gentleman, most probably a student, who does not whistle, as an Englishman would, but hums the *stretta* of Bellini's Chorus of Priests; he receives a paletôt, which he carefully removes from its wrapper, and puts on, amidst the admiring smiles of the spectators. He is followed by a middle-aged woman, who "retires" a warming-pan—the aspect of which domestic utensil draws fresh smiles from the bystanders. More persons follow—men and women, of all ages, of all degrees of poverty and of every scale of pretension; the careworn and the timid, the reckless and the profligate; reclaiming articles of every possible description, of wearing apparel or household use; varying in value from some very minute number of francs up to a hundred, beyond which latter sum My Aunt has no dealings.

Meantime the expectants—careless, eager, anxious, hopeless, according to the respective numbers which they hold, and their consequent chances of satisfaction, speedy or remote—are awaiting their turns; some sitting tranquilly on the benches round the walls of the several rooms, others talking in groups; some few, strangers evidently to the place, and perhaps to the necessities which led them there, shunning observation in shy corners, or moodily pacing the corridors. In the next room, that devoted to jewellery, and that which more particularly concerns myself, there are fewer persons, and those are, for the most part, of a better class.



There is no jostling ; no calling aloud of the numbers : the persons present transact their business whenever the opportunity arises, decorously, without haste and without noise. Ladies of elegant carriage and gesture—contrasted with stained and worn apparel—may be seen, closely veiled, as if shrinking from notice or recognition, claiming some trinket of a fashion long since out of date : heirlooms, perhaps, and marriage gifts, and pledges of friendship ; records of past scenes and sensations, feelings flown, and givers dead. There is an old man with white hair. His great-coat has fallen open and revealed the cordon of the Legion of Honour. He has just concluded his negotiation with the official at the counter, and bears away with him a little locket, with a ribbon attached.

A young lady, clad in deep mourning, comes next. She steps hesitatingly up to the counter. Her eyes are fixed on the ground, and she turns her face from the general gaze. I can scarcely catch a glimpse of her features, and her figure is concealed in heavy and disguising garments. But her motions are full of grace, and even her voice excites at once the respectful attention of the man to whom she addresses herself. I do not hear the few words which are exchanged between them ; but I observe that she receives a small morocco case, and, as she opens it for an instant, that it contains a cross, set with diamonds, the cross of some foreign order.

How vulgar, compared to the manner of this young lady, is the demeanour of the flippant fashionable who follows her ! The ring which she reclaims, set dazzlingly with diamonds, she places on her finger with a triumphant air, as so much added to her decorations.

Meantime I am forgetting all about Delphine's deso-

lation, and the bracelet which is to be its cure. Musing and moralising, most unjustifiably, I twist and tear my ticket. Never mind, it is still legible, and the official is disengaged. I assume a business air, and step up to the counter. Two minutes more, and my mission is accomplished. I pocket the bracelet, and descend into the street.

Musing on my way home upon things in general, including bracelets, and soldiers, and desolated porters' daughters, I came to the conclusion that I might have passed my morning less profitably than in paying a visit to My Aunt.

My visit, however, had not altogether satisfied my curiosity respecting the old lady. Mademoiselle Delphine had told me something of her characteristics, and I had learned something more on my own account. Mademoiselle Delphine had a general notion that our mutual relative was a very convenient person to borrow money from, and—*voilà tout!* She judged of her simply as an individual, and from personal experience. And Delphine was in the right. She very properly considered that she was not called upon to interest herself in any matter of mere public utility, especially when her so doing involved the comprehension of anything so distressing as statistics;—that her mission upon earth was merely to look pretty and to be amiable.

“To what good uses can we put  
The wild weed-flower that simply blows ;  
And is there any moral shut  
Within the bosom of the rose ?”

—except, indeed, as Mr. Tennyson goes on to say, such a moral as people may find out for themselves, according to their minds and moods.

For myself, however, not being so anxious as Delphine to preserve my bloom, and to keep off crows-feet, I did not scruple to inform myself as to some facts concerning the working of the system established by My Aunt.

In the first place, I learned what I should certainly have had no chance of learning from Delphine—that the profits arising from the transactions of the Mont de Piété are devoted to the aid of the public hospitals of Paris, which realise no inconsiderable sum from this source. During the financial year of 1850, the amount was four hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred francs; being an increase of nearly sixty-two thousand nine hundred francs over the preceding year.

The profits of the two years, 1849 and 1850, amounted to eight hundred and seventy-four thousand francs; a sum which constitutes a new fact in the annals of the institution—there being no previous instance of the profits of two *consecutive* years amounting respectively to four hundred thousand francs. Indeed, during a long period this amount has been attained only three times, in 1823, 1829, and 1841. Since the re-organization of the Mont de Piété, in 1806, the year 1850 had, after making every compensation, yielded the largest amount towards the benevolent objects to which its profits are devoted.

The capital necessary for the maintenance of the institution is raised on debentures, bearing a small rate of interest. It appears that this capital had become considerably reduced in consequence of the death of several of the largest holders, whose heirs were not willing to continue the investment. To repair this deficiency, it was found necessary to raise the rate of interest paid to the holders, successively from three to

three-and-a-half, and subsequently to four per cent. This arrangement has been found successful.

Loans from the Mont de Piété may be effected, either directly at the central office, at the *succursale*, a sort of addition to the central office, established to meet the requirements of an overflowing *clientelle*—a “Pawn-brokers of Ease,” in fact—or at the auxiliary offices. The business may be negotiated personally, the most prevalent custom, or through the agency of *commissionnaires*. During the period under review, the number of articles deposited were eight hundred and eighty-nine thousand four hundred and thirty; upon which, sums were advanced exceeding thirteen millions six hundred thousand francs. Including renewals, however, the number of transactions were upwards of one million one hundred, which increased the sum total to twenty millions and a half of francs.

This last amount exceeds by nearly a million and a half of francs the products of the preceding year; and this increase of original transactions is accompanied by a proportionate decrease in the number of renewals. Both of these facts are considered cheering signs by French political economists. From the increase of original transactions, they infer that the great bulk of the population are in possession of a larger amount of personal and available property; and, from the decrease in renewals, that they have better means at their command for the redemption of their pledges. There is, certainly, no reason to argue from an increase in the number of loans an increase in the necessities of the people; for, anybody who knows anything of the habits of the more humble classes of the Parisians, will easily believe that in, perhaps, the majority of cases, the loans are obtained merely for purposes of luxury and

amusement; that an *ouvrier* who should find himself without any effects available as pledges, would not, in all probability, be deprived of anything so serious as his dinner; but of his wine, perhaps, his fête, or his theatre. It is fair, therefore, to assume that these classes possess more property than hitherto. With regard to the decrease of renewals, the fact speaks for itself. The average amount of the separate sums lent, taking in the renewals, was seventeen francs thirty-three centimes—a slight increase over the average of the preceding year.

My Aunt's balance sheet exhibits encouraging results, and these are attributed to the favourable\* terms on which the directors, during the last ten months, have been able to maintain their capital. The rate of interest which they have paid to the holders of their securities during that period has not been more than three per cent.—a fact which they consider signally indicative of the degree of public confidence enjoyed by the institution.

The amount lent upon goods deposited is thus regulated, in proportion to their value:—for goods that can be preserved, two-thirds of their estimated value are advanced; on gold and silver articles, four-fifths. In making the estimate, however, in the latter case, workmanship is not taken into consideration; the positive weight of the metal being the sole guide. Articles not redeemed within the year are sold, subject, however, as in England, to a claim for restoration of the surplus, if made within three years.

My Aunt's constitution partakes more of a benevolent nature than that of My Uncle. My Uncle sets up in business for his own benefit. My Aunt is set up for the purpose of benefiting her borrowers; out of whose

necessities she, nevertheless contrives to make no inconsiderable sum, which, we are bound to say, she does not spend upon herself. How far My Uncle would find it practicable or expedient to follow her example, is a question open to discussion. It is certain that in Ireland an institution after the model of that of My Aunt has not been attended with unmixed success.

# THE GANGES AND THE SEINE.

## I.

### THE BOULOGNE OF THE EAST.

IN Calcutta there are persons who do not pay their debts. In other places besides Calcutta there are also persons who do not pay their debts; but I think Calcutta has a pre-eminence in this particular. Taking those who are born to indebtedness, those who achieve indebtedness, and those who have indebtedness thrust upon them; those who would pay if they could, and those who could pay if they would; those who don't care how much they owe, and those who do care, but still manage to owe as much as those who don't;—taking every variety of debtors, I fancy that the non-paying class of the community will be found in greater proportion in Calcutta than in most other cities of the civilized world. That a great number of these do not pay, is simply the fault of their creditors; and the latter seem to thrive so well through being kept out of their money, that it is difficult to pretend to much pity for them. As for cash payments, so mechanical an arrangement appears to be generally spurned. Tradesmen do not desire it, and the public, to do them justice,

accept the contrary arrangement in the same spirit in which it is tendered, and not only meet the tradesmen's wishes half way, but, in a pleasant spirit of exuberance, go even beyond them. To carry money about with one in this liberal city is considered decidedly *mauvais ton*, and it is wonderful how few are found to infringe the laws of good breeding in this respect. The consequence is, that not many purchases are paid for on the spot, unless it be by some person of abject prudence or unknown position, who won't take or can't get credit, as the case may be. In the majority of instances, a book is produced in which the purchaser scrawls his name to some mysterious entry, and the transaction is concluded until the end of the month. It may be a glass of "flash" at an hotel; it may be a set of electro-plated dishes for the dinner table; it may be some such item as a horse. Whatever it be, down goes the name, and home comes the article. The beginning of each month is the period assigned by general consent for sending in the bills, if the tradesman so pleases. Very often he does so please, but very often he does not. If he does, the customer perhaps pleases to pay, and perhaps does not. In the latter case, whether or not the bill be delivered, a nice little per centage, amounting to from ten to twelve per cent per annum, is added to the original amount; so that tradesmen who are either careless or confident, generally prefer to say nothing about the "little account" until it becomes a large one. This is all very well—or very bad, perhaps, I should say—so long as the purchaser remains in the country. Should he ever show any symptoms of taking his departure, his bills find him out, like his sins, and the apparently simple process of getting on board ship becomes one of the utmost elaboration, and it may be even difficulty. A



man once told me that he never owed but one bill in India. It was upon his first arrival in Calcutta, when he walked into the shop of one of the local Truefitts to have his hair trimmed. The operation performed, he bought a walking stick, and then a cravat or two for his neck. Scrawl went his name in the book, and he walked out, thinking no more of the transaction. The bill was never sent to his hotel, and it never entered his head until seventeen years afterwards, when he was again at the City of Palaces on his way home. Two days before his departure the bill was sent to him in a matter of course way, as if the purchase had been of yesterday. Under a certain statute he might have refused payment, but this he did not deign to do; so he paid some preposterous amount for an accommodation which he had not sought and certainly did not require. It would be well for trusting tradesmen if all purchasers were equally punctual. That many of them are not may be easily supposed. What happens in such a case may be easily supposed also. The machinery of the law is put in force, and the defaulter is, if possible, arrested. In that event, if he cannot pay, he proceeds to a place which is usually known as "No. 1 Chowringhee," that being the address of the jail in which debtors as well as delinquents are confined. It may be that he acts upon the philosophic principle that he who owes and runs away may live to pay another day. If, with a laudable feeling for his creditors, he arrives at this conclusion, the question arises, whither shall he run? To get away to the sea is a difficult performance; and there are many reasons, moreover, why a man may not choose to make a disappearance altogether on account of a possibly temporary embarrassment. To proceed "up the country" is more easy, especially in these days of

railways; but the expedient is very apt to be ineffectual for the end in view, if he remain within Her Majesty's dominions. Fortunately there is a place not far off where—to use the pathetic language of Fielding—"profane hands are forbidden to contaminate the shoulders of the unfortunate;" that is to say, if the profane hands be armed with authority only by the British law. This place is a French settlement—one of the few in which the clumsy colonists of Ganl have managed to retain standing room in the East—and it is called Chandernagore. The name is not uncelebrated in the early history of the English in India; but of late years the place has not attracted much attention, except upon two or three occasions, when the question of its cession in exchange for other territory has been brought upon the political *tapis*—with no result as yet, and with no prospect of one, according to the general opinion.

Chandernagore is within an easy distance of Calcutta, supposing the traveller to be able to pay the railway fare. Counting even the journey to the station, across the Hoogley, it is under twenty miles. It lies on the banks of that river, above the City of Palaces, has a river "frontage" of about a mile and a half, and as its depth is not very great in proportion, you may suppose that its area is by no means extensive.

One way of seeing Chandernagore is, as I have said, to get into debt. But it may be seen, perhaps, from a more satisfactory point of view by paying your bills and visiting the place *en amateur*. He who runs may read, perhaps, but he who runs away has very little time to observe. Taking to one's heels is a process that requires undivided attention, and leaves but little employment for the head. The owner of the heels, under the circumstances, has his heart at his journey's end.

and his only business with the road is to get over it. That traveller alone can be "faney free" who is free in every other respect. Let such a traveller take a trip to Chandernagore, and if he be a tolerably intelligent person, he will most likely make the following observations—whether he takes the trouble to put them upon paper is another matter.

In the first place he will remark that it is extremely unpleasant, or a great bore, or a disgusting nuisance, or a confounded shame—according to his temper at the time and general mode of expressing himself—that there is no bridge over to Howrah where the railway station is situated. That there is not is undoubtedly a great public inconvenience; but I am not quite sure that it is so "disgraceful to the authorities" as I have heard some enthusiasts remark. The idea has been entertained "time out of mind," and by persons not quite in the same condition. But there are natural difficulties in the way, which engineers have not hitherto been prepared to grapple with, when brought to the point: whether these are ever likely to be overcome still remains a question. However, there is a convenient-enough substitute in the shape of the steam ferry, which is a great boat as big as a small town, with the advantage over the latter, that the inhabitants are not kept long enough together to quarrel, talk scandal, or want a mayor and corporation. The river is very broad at this part, but the boat is very long, so that the principal portion of the voyage is occupied in turning round. There is interior as well as exterior accommodation on board, so that nobody need be broiled in the sun unless he pleases; and on the whole the steam ferry is an immense improvement upon the native *dinghee*, which used to be the popular mode of conveyance.

The railway station at Howrah had a small hotel when I knew it, but now I believe has a large one. In all essential features it is as like an English station as need be. The engines and engineers are British to a fault; the carriages are perhaps an improvement: they seem larger and more lofty, but are built strictly upon the home model. One difference the traveller will not fail to note when he arrives with his traps: instead of the porters who wheel off his luggage upon their trucks and get them labelled out of hand, he will find nobody available for the purpose but a crowd of native coolies, clad, or rather unclad, in their usual light and airy manner—a few inches of cloth round the middle being considered a liberal arrangement. Two or three would be amply sufficient for the work required; but the service is a competition one, and there are generally about twenty of them, pushing, squeezing, and howling at once for the appointment. If you do not take care and have traps enough, the whole twenty will each seize an article and run with it in a different direction. I know less embarrassing positions in which to be placed than this, especially if time is short, the train likely to be punctual, and you have yet to get your ticket. But a judicious traveller will anticipate the onslaught, and defend his baggage tooth and nail until two or three of the “competition wallahs” have selected themselves from the rest and taken possession of the post of looking after it. You have then nothing to do but to get out of the dispute, which you are sure to have with these on the subject of their *baksheesh*, as well as you can, and to see your baggage safely labelled and stowed away. This is supposing that you take any baggage at all, which of course you will not do if you are only on an excursion for the day.

If you travel first class, you are not likely to meet with any but European fellow passengers. Natives are not prohibited from travelling by that class; but there appears to be a tacit understanding that they should prefer to go by the others. This, be it observed, is not on account of any exclusive spirit on the part of our countrymen, but is rather the fault of the natives themselves. The English are very often blamed for not mingling more freely with them, but more often than not it is the natives who make the mingling impossible by their unwillingness to conform to European ideas. It may be said, why do European ideas not conform to those of the native? I believe they do in most matters which admit of the concession; but in some cases the concession is simply impossible. Take that of railway travelling for instance: the difficulty was experienced immediately on the opening of the line from Calcutta to Raneegunj. It happened that an English traveller, a merchant, entered a first-class carriage in company with two ladies. To them came a fat *baboo*, who took his seat opposite one of the latter. The day was warm, nevertheless, I need scarcely remark that the merchant and his friends were decently clothed. The *baboo*, however, though born in the country, could not endure the discomfort of such restrictions; and he had no sooner taken his seat than he proceeded to remove the only covering—which was light enough, being of thin muslin—that he wore above his waist; and, exposed in this manner, he tranquilly betook himself to his hookah to enjoy himself for the journey. Now I think the most liberal-minded reader must admit that a fat *baboo*, in a semi state of nudity, is not a very pleasant person with whom to be shut up in a railway carriage on a hot day in Bengal, more especially when

the baboo smokes a hookah, and addicts himself at intervals to *pān*, the eating of which is attended with rather more unpleasantness to the eye than the mastication of tobacco. In the presence of ladies, moreover, the whole proceeding amounted to a wanton insult; and even supposing that it was meant as a mark of respect, surely no man could expect a lady so to accept it. Accordingly, our chivalrous merchant requested the baboo to put on his vest, and I rather think to put out his pipe, but am not quite sure as to the latter. But the baboo only grinned, and when the Englishman reinforced his request by observing that he was dressed more like a coolie (native labourer) than a gentleman; the baboo responded by saying, "*Tum coolie hai*," (you are a coolie) the form of expression (through the use of the second instead of the third person) being as offensive as its meaning. Upon this the Englishman seized the astonished baboo and turned him forcibly out of the carriage. The baboo charged him before a magistrate for the assault, and the offence was visited with a tolerably heavy fine. So strong was public opinion upon the subject, however, that the fine was at once paid by subscription, and a large additional sum collected *for the expenses of the next prosecution*. This significant determination seems to have had its effect; for I have not heard of another rencontre of the kind occurring; and the natives, as a general rule, avoid the first class, except in the case of a great man, who takes a carriage to himself when he does not happen to want the entire train.

"The Great Shoe Question," which arose at the same time, involved a less important consideration; but it illustrates the difficulty which exists in assimilating European with Asiatic manners, except to the degrada-

tion of the former. Orientals remove their slippers before entering a room, as we remove our hats. The courtesy in either case has precisely the same value and signification. Certain natives who were received at the levées of the Governor-General, appeared in their slippers, for the reason, as they alleged, that the British appeared in their boots. It was intimated to them that if they desired to conform to European usages they could retain their slippers, but they must doff their turbans. As the latter proceeding would involve disgrace, they declined to comply, and the pros and cons of "the Great Shoe Question" were hotly discussed all over the country. Ultimately it was settled, by a sufficiently liberal concession on the part of the local authorities, that any native gentleman choosing to wear his slippers at the levées must doff them at the door, according to Oriental custom; but that any who might choose to wear European boots might retain them if he so pleased. That he would so please may be easily imagined, as the British boot usually requires certain ingenious machinery to enable the wearer to get it on or take it off; and he would not be very likely to find boothooks and bootjacks in the verandah to assist him in a struggle with that article of costume upon arrival and departure. The order appears to have satisfied all parties, and we heard nothing more of the Great Shoe Question, until it was revived the other day in Bombay, to be settled again, it is to be hoped, as amicably as before. A great many of the natives in Calcutta—principally belonging to the class of "Young Bengal," who eat beef, drink champagne, and read Shakspeare and Milton—now wear the British boot, and are as proud of the privilege of stamping about in it at Government House as

the Spanish grandees of wearing their hats in the presence of the sovereign, or the solitary nobleman may be who enjoys the same privilege in England.

It would be well if a great many of the obstacles to intercourse between natives and Europeans in India could be as easily overcome; but in the majority of cases it is the native who opposes the impassable bar. No man can become very intimate with another whose domestic relations are on so different a footing, who will not eat with him, and who in many cases considers that his dinner would be defiled by the shadow of a Christian passing over it.

But I am detaining the reader all this time at the station.

One of the most characteristic sights which the traveller is likely to meet with while waiting for his train, is the arrival of another traveller from the North-West, with all his bags and baggage. Having been journeying downwards by *dâk*, for a long distance it may be, he is very unlikely to be as clean and neat in his appearance as if just starting from Calcutta. If I said that he is very likely to be quite unfit to be seen, I should not perhaps be exaggerating. Some persons do the *dâk* journey in decorous costume enough, but there are many who reduce themselves to a *toilette de nuit*, and as they lie at full length in the carriage, and bring sheets and blankets and pillows with them, the whole proceeding is as much like "going to bed" as can well be. I do not mean to say that they appear at the railway station precisely in the costume indicated above, but their *toilette* is of a very hurried character, and is decidedly more picturesque than polite. However, it is scarcely wonderful that people should not care much about their appearance when there is nobody to see them. What



is more worthy of remark is the amount of baggage that they carry, and the extraordinary variety of articles of which it consists. Half of these are not packed up, having been disposed loosely in the *dák* gharry, an arrangement which, as the traveller has the gharry all to himself, is as convenient as any other. I have seen a gharry unpacked at the railway station, from which the contents have been extracted in the course of three quarters of an hour, in something like the following manner :—

First, five coolies come toiling in with a little portmanteau that one could carry with ease. They are followed by two coolies staggering under the weight of a large trunk which would be a fair load for double their number. Then come half a dozen coolies bringing two or three *pittaraks*, (native boxes made of tin, secured in a wooden framework,) which they carry as they can between them. They are followed by a single coolie, dragging after him an immense portmanteau which he cannot manage to lift at all. These, it may be, include all the heavy baggage which has been piled on the top of the carriage; and the miscellaneous articles have next to be dealt with. One man brings a hamper which has held soda water, &c., and may hold it still. Another follows with a box of cheroots. A third comes laden with the responsibility of a corkscrew. A fourth succeeds him, bending, not under the weight but under the bulk, of a huge *rezai*, a warm covering stuffed with cotton, not quite so thick as a featherbed. A fifth comes bearing an English railway rug, blankets perhaps, and pillows, forming the rest of the bed. A sixth brings a stray pair of boots which have been left loose for contingencies. A seventh succeeds with three or four stray coats, also kept loose in case of being wanted. An

eighth accommodates himself to the burthen of a box of Reading biseuits, or one or two ditto of potted meats. A ninth solemnly inducts a volume of Railway Library appearance, with a blue and yellow picture outside. A tenth carries the oak case of a Colt's revolver, the weapon being probably at the traveller's waist. In the same manner half a hundred other more or less considered trifles are brought into the station, and piled up in a heap on the ground; after which the traveller himself follows, bearing, perhaps, a sword in its leather case, and most certainly some fifty or sixty walking sticks, of every possible variety, bound together with a strap. These articles being contributed to the heap, he has nothing to do but to have his "row" with the coolies on a subject to which I need not more particularly allude, which diversion is sure to occupy him until the arrival of his train. If a lady be the occupant of the carriage, of course the confusion of traps is doubled at least. Workbaskets and such matters increase the miscellaneous character of the collection; handboxes are inevitable; two or three birdcages are more than possible; with very likely a parrot on a perch, and may be a monkey. Among the inanimate portion of a lady's luggage which there had apparently been no time to pack up, I once saw a mysterious thing shaped like a figure of eight, which I was informed was a crinoline in a state of collapse. Travellers truly see strange sights!

But away to Chandernagore. The train does not take one very quickly; at least the pace is not so fast as in England, though a tearing one for the languid East. The second and third classes are filled with natives, who take to this mode of conveyance with an avidity never expected from them; for it was supposed that

they would stand upon their *antiquas vias* even though condemned to traverse them by the bullock train. As the event has proved, however, the natives are the main support of the line, and even the poorest among them are so anxious to avail themselves of its advantages that not long ago they were clamouring for the establishment of a *fourth* class.

There are but few places of interest *en route* to Chandernagore, with the exception of Chinsurah, famous for its cheroots, which nobody smokes who can procure Manillas instead. The railway does not (or did not a short time ago) take us quite into the French territory, but drops us at Serampore a short distance off, the seat of a celebrated mission and a successful newspaper, both of which are still flourishing. A *theeka gharee*, or hired vehicle, will soon take you to the hotel at Chandernagore, which is the usual destination of the traveller.

Here we expect to find everything French, but on the contrary find nothing that is not English. The landlord is English, so is the landlady; the latter I may mention in passing, having a decided advantage over her lord in the articles of youth and ringlets. The house is as much like an English—that is to say Anglo-Indian—residence as can well be, and the entertainment is of a similar character. There is a *table d'hôte* to be sure, and a billiard room, but both of these have become British institutions. The company includes, most probably, a few Frenchmen, but they seem to consider themselves in the way, and to lead a life of perpetual apology for being where they are. They affect British manners too, and may be seen drinking beer, for which proceeding there is not the smallest necessity, as French wine at Chandernagore does not, I believe, pay even

the duty exacted for it at the Indian ports. I must confess that I expected to find French *cafés* and places of amusement, such as "our lively neighbours" almost invariably manage to get round them wherever they go. But nothing of the kind meets the eye, and, I believe, very little of the kind would be found upon the minutest investigation. You might live in the hotel for a month and not be aware that you were out of British territory, but for the tri-colour flag which waves from every available point, and a few Sepoy sentries, in particularly French uniforms, who mount guard at Government House and the principal or only public buildings.

The Government House is a moderately sized mansion, where dwells of course the Governor. This functionary is a French gentleman, who consents to represent the Emperor Napoleon in the locality for the modest sum of four hundred rupees (£40) *per mensem*. I am not sure whether he has to pay house-rent out of it, but it is not impossible that he has. His salary is, however, like a great many things in this world, "not so bad as it seems;" for, as is usual where Frenchmen most do congregate, everything is wonderfully cheap in Chandernagore, which is the reason, I suppose, why so few of the French frequent the hotel, where British prices prevail. In token of the latter fact, I may add that the landlord alluded to has made his fortune since my visit, and was last heard of in London. The Governor, besides being Governor, is also Commander-in-Chief, the pay of the two offices being consolidated in the four hundred rupees. But I should fancy that the duties of the military post were not very fatiguing, for the army numbers only thirty men—just sufficient for the guards. It is a small army to be sure, but its dimensions have one compensa-

ting advantage—it may mutiny as much as it likes and do no particular harm. The other machinery of government at Chandernagore is on the same small and simple scale. The only high official besides the governor is the *juge de paix*, and the general establishment of the settlement, is that of an ordinary *prefecture*. I believe it works well, and pays itself out of the revenue collected in the district; and Gallic vanity is doubtless greatly gratified at the possession of the place in the midst of British territory.

Those travellers who do not expect to be entertained at Government House, Chandernagore, on the same scale as at Government House, Calcutta, are very fortunate persons, for they will not be disappointed. The Governor is very courteous to English visitors, and when they take the trouble to call upon him he asks them “to tea.” But few put him to this hospitable test, as the majority of our countrymen who sojourn at Chandernagore do so under circumstances which make them too diffident for conspicuous society. They incline rather to the romantic retirement of a third-rate boarding house, and such modest consolations as can be derived from billiards and Bengal cheroots. Like Boulogne *sur mer*, in fact, Chandernagore is the “home of the stranger who’s done something wrong,”—that is to say so long as the “wrong” does not mean something exactly criminal, in which case the stranger is given up to the British authorities, as were also political offenders during the rebellion.

It is to the student of men and manners that Chandernagore presents its most interesting features. The society proper of the place differs but little from the best European society in other parts of India. The French residents who are of pure blood, and who have

come out from France, have very little to distinguish them from the same class among our own countrymen. The one, like the other, accommodate themselves easily to the circumstances of the climate. They rise early in the morning, live as temperately as may be, dress themselves according to tropical exigencies, learn as much of the native language as is necessary for their social comfort and convenience, and treat the natives, if not upon an equality, at any rate with some kind of consideration and good feeling. They will become Parisians again when they go back to Paris, without doubt. In the meantime they are content to be colonialized, as all sensible people will in a similar position. Not so, however, their half-caste countrymen. These are generally quite ignorant of the mother country as far as personal experience is concerned; but they boast of their blood as if they had been born on the Boulevards. Not having any chance of gaining dignity from the native element in their origin, they ignore it altogether, and affect not only French, but profoundly Parisian ideas and airs. They will tell you, if you encourage them to confidence, that they do not live, but only vegetate, in the *triste* country in which they find themselves, and that the desire of their hearts is to "return" to *la belle France*. Pending the arrival of the, in most cases, impossible period, they take care to carry about with them as much of France as they conveniently can. They wear shiny French hats, ditto boots, and the most preposterously cut coats and trousers, which seem to have been made from the designs one sees in caricatures. As for the ladies, you may suppose that they are not a whit behind their lords and masters in these little failings. They have heard that ladies in France are given to coquetting. They must coquette also, and to do them justice, it is

not their fault if they do not succeed. They have learned that ladies in France are gay and spiritual. Ah, how gay, how spiritual will they be also! In millinery they are of course a great deal more French than the French are themselves. English fashions are barbarous, are horrible, are not to be thought of, in fact, without the putting on of a certain little shuddering manner, understood to be not less French than fascinating. It is rather a pity that they take all this trouble; for considered as oriental beauties, some of the *Chandernagoriennes* would be decidedly effective; but many a face that would look beautiful in a veil becomes utterly vulgarized in that curious concoction known as a bonnet—even the ladies of Spain can seldom stand the test, though they are beginning to court it with great enthusiasm.

I am afraid too that the French language, as spoken at Chandernagore, would scarcely pass muster much nearer France than Folkestone. It has become mixed like the blood, and would require a long sojourn in Paris before it recovered herself. I was once really deceived for a time by a young lady whom I met in the railway carriage, who did not appear to have any of the local colouring, whose toilette was admirable, and whom I took to be purely French. She passed wonderfully well until she began to talk. It was then apparent that—in something like the language of Chaucer—

“She spoke the French of Chander at Nagore,  
The French of Paris she did all ignore.”

Like all persons of mixed blood, the Franco-Chandernagoreans have a profound contempt for the darker portion of it—not in their own persons, but in those who possess it solely. Upon the natives they look

down as upon members of a lower class of creation ; and they are far more exacting in the attention they require from their servants than are the pure whites, who, having been better bred, know better how to treat their inferiors. I need scarcely add that the natives, who are particularly discriminating between the real and the spurious human article, return the contempt with interest, and not the less intensely because it is a little disguised.

But perhaps the least respectable of the Chandernagorcans are the English residents—the majority of them at any rate, who are driven into the place by stress of pecuniary weather. There are some few of the English who have a voluntary residence there, being in commercial or other employment in Calcutta, and whom the railway tempts to live under the French flag for the sake of economy. There are also occasional travellers who go up the river for change of air, and who give the hotel a turn for two or three weeks at a time. But the greater number are of the refugee kind, and they form a jovial little society, the characteristics of which are a combination of those of Boulogne and the Queen's Bench. In this "land of the free" the cashiered officer mingles affably with the impecunious *kerannee*, or clerk, and both lead a kind of life tending to the detriment of their morals and the improvement of their billiards. To them comes also the occasional bankrupt trader, who has made a failure of "failing," instead of rendering that operation a success, as is more frequently the case in the City of Palaces. Altogether they make up a very pleasant community, having a common and collective soul above conventional restraints, and an individual and general tendency to "plant themselves upon their instincts"—an agricultural process which, in their case, seems



highly favourable to the growth of ill weeds. It is a curious fact that, like the British exile at Boulogne, they are always, according to their own account, going to leave the place next week ; but somehow a great many seem to stay for years, and never dare face the jurisdiction of the Calcutta courts. I don't know that they are much worse off than the same class of loose fish in Europe, at any place where loose fish are not quite out of water. At Chandernagore there always seems sufficient of the disreputable element to keep them from drying up ; and I can fancy that they might be worse off than in a place where cheroots may be had for next to nothing, where billiards appear to be indigenous, and where there is no compulsion to mix in respectable society. For the class in question, indeed, it is a real blessing—the existence of such a refuge as “The Boulogne of the East.”

## II.

### TROUBLOUS TIMES.

ALTHOUGH resident in India during the mutinies and the rebellion by which they were followed, I do not pretend to have met with many very exciting adventures in those troublous times, although of danger and anxiety I had my share in common with others. I was in Calcutta when the news of the outbreak at Meerut was first flashed along the telegraphic wires, and I remained there until after the capture of Lucknow, when the roads were once more open to travellers up-country.

The situation of Calcutta for some months after the outbreak was one of imminent danger. Until the arrival of reinforcements from England, and the final acceptance of the services of the Volunteers, there was not a night when a massacre might not have taken place, attended by all the horrors of those perpetrated in the provinces, upon a far larger scale. The native police were worse than useless ; and although there was a European regiment in the fort, it could not have been got to act upon the town until too late, had there been an organized rising. That there was not an organized rising must be ascribed, not to any forbearance on the part of the agents of the rebels, who did their best to effect the object, nor to unwillingness on the part of

thousands in the city to take advantage of the difficulties of the government, but to a succession of fortunate accidents—if I may so call them—which prevented the plans of the conspirators from coming to a head. It is now known that plots were set on foot for the capture of Calcutta and the massacre of its European inhabitants upon several occasions; but some providential circumstances always occurred to prevent them from being carried out. The first attempt, it is now generally understood, was to have been made upon the occasion of a ball given by Scindiah, the Maharajah of Gwalior, to the Governor-General and the society of Calcutta in March, 1857. Not only the Governor-General and his lady, but all the principal officials, and nearly all the officers from the fort, as well as the principal non-official residents, were invited. The scene of the entertainment was the Botanical Gardens on the opposite side of the river; and it was during the absence of half Calcutta that the city was to have been taken. Communication being then cut off, the rest would have been easy. Fortunately, however, a great storm, greater than Calcutta had known for years, occurred on the day appointed. The ball was therefore postponed, and the plans of the conspirators defeated. A few days later, when the fête took place, the plans were all disorganized; and it was not until some time afterwards that the brilliant party which responded to the Maharajah's hospitality became aware how many chances there were against their acceptance of another invitation.

At this time the mutinies had not yet broken out, but the affair of the greased cartridges was exciting active discussion, and the sepoy were burning down bungalows in the North-West; while in Oude there were still more threatening signs of discontent, hushed up as far as

possible, but sufficiently known to add to the general feeling of uneasiness.

During the hot season which followed, and even after the taking of Delhi in September, the conspirators were not idle, as was proved by papers afterwards discovered by Government; and I gained a glimpse of what was going on from a private source. A native, with whom I had some acquaintance, belonging to the suite of one who may be here described merely as "an illustrious personage," called upon me one day, bringing with him a "muzzur" of no ordinary value: it was a handkerchief filled with gold mohurs, amounting, I suppose, to some hundreds of pounds. I know it made a great pile upon the table, where he set it down with a pleasing clink. It was impossible under the circumstances to accept his present, and I soon sent him about his business. He pretended to demand no service in return; but I soon found, by a little pardonable intrigue, that he had an object in view. A paper, in fact, came into my possession which he wished to have conveyed to his master, then a state prisoner in the fort. The document was in Persian, but it puzzled some Persian scholars to whom I submitted it, to find its precise meaning. At length, through a very accomplished officer who was called in to the conference, we gained some inkling of its contents. It was written, it seems, in a kind of patois, or slang, and was intended to convey to the person to whom it was addressed the fact that some fabulous number of armed men were only waiting a word from him to rise; and in conclusion came the vague but suggestive words, "*The world is rotten.*" Of course this note was communicated to the proper authorities, and I have good reason to believe that it threw light upon certain treasonable designs.

That there was special danger from time to time may be inferred from the fact, that so late as February, 1858, a report of a meditated rising was thought so well founded by the authorities that the Volunteer Guards were called out on a sudden at ten o'clock one night, and remained under arms until morning in different parts of the town. The present writer upon that occasion was one of a detachment that was very pleasantly quartered at the Bengal Club.

Considering the imminent peril to which Calcutta was exposed, as is now admitted on all sides, I think the supporters of the trusting and *laissez faire* policy of the local government were unjustly severe upon the general body of British residents for showing a disposition to take care of themselves. Without wishing to enter into the merits of the quarrel between the European community and the Government,—except to note my belief that the European community were in the right and the Government in the wrong,—I may venture to assert that when a man's neck is in danger the affair is his own, and he cannot justly be accused of interfering with other people's business if he evinces some anxiety with regard to it. After the massacres which had taken place up the country, men with wives and families could scarcely be expected to believe all the cheerful things which they heard from authority of there being nothing but "a partial disaffection of a portion of the native troops," and of the particularly friendly character of the native rabble which thronged the bazaars. These attempted assurances were almost daily falsified by events; and the authorities themselves could not have believed what they wished to impress upon others; for it soon became known that eminent personages, who professed to have the greatest faith in the

fidelity of the sepoys and the loyalty of the *budmashes* (blackguards) took the not unpardonable precaution of sleeping on board the ships in the port every night; and that although Government House was nominally guarded by natives, a company of a European regiment was added *sub rosa* for the protection of the inmates. Doubtless it was most desirable that there should have been every appearance of confidence; but there are times when the appearance is worse than useless without the reality, and the British residents were naturally not encouraged by the doubt suggested of their loyalty by the "Arms Act," and the restrictions placed upon the press.

That the panics which seized upon Calcutta from time to time were undignified must certainly be admitted; but it would be unfair to blame any one class for a weakness which was shared by all. Men of the highest military rank and of the longest experience in the country were among those who most mistrusted the native troops; and while the civil authorities continued to repose confidence in them, those persons must have been sanguine indeed who could believe the city to be safe even for a day. Calmness is a very fine thing during a period of peril; but there is no reason why the public security should be hazarded for the cultivation of that virtue; and there are times and seasons when it may be far better that the responsible authority should lose his head and save his country.

The first approach to a panic took place upon the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday, a fortnight after the first outbreak of the mutiny at Meerut. It was whispered about for a week before—of course nobody knew upon what ground—that this happy anniversary was the day fixed for a general rising of the disaffected, and a massacre of the European inhabitants of Calcutta.

There were persons who made no scruple of telling you that they knew all the plans, which they had learned, as usual, from the highest authority. It is wonderful how often this highest authority was cited in those distracted days, and how curiously the information derived from it became magnified in the course of twenty-four hours, without any reference back to the original source. Everybody who heard anything felt bound to add some exclusive intelligence of his own ; and there were *gobemouches* of both sexes who passed their entire days apparently in going from house to house, circulating, with the most fantastic additions, every scrap of a report or rumour that reached their ears. When two persons met, the general question was, "Have you heard anything?" Then followed a discussion of the items of news in the morning papers, and a general comparison of notes, both figuratively and literally ; for everybody who had friends up-country were sure to hear from them so long as the post was not stopped. Some of the correspondence was sure to find its way into the papers on the following day ; and in this manner public curiosity gained increased appetite from what it devoured.

It is usual to celebrate the Queen's birthday by a ball at Government House ; and this year, notwithstanding the reports which were in circulation, it was wisely determined that the festivity should take place in the ordinary course. Some persons, I believe, declared that it was wicked to indulge in any such vanity, and talked of Nero fiddling, &c. But these objections emanated principally from those who did not receive invitations : the remainder were strongly of opinion in favour of the "moral effect" of such a proceeding. The ball accordingly took place, and was very well attended.

That there was a great deal of uneasiness among the guests during the evening was apparent enough ; there being a vague idea prevalent that the gathering would come to an end in the same manner as the ball of the Duchess of Richmond before Waterloo, according to popular belief—notwithstanding repeated contradictions—when the Duke is supposed to have been “surprised” while eating an ice by the fire of the enemy’s cannon, and to have immediately taken to horse in his dancing shoes. But all passed off quietly, contrary to general expectation ; and next morning everybody said how foolish it was for everybody else to have indulged in such absurd fancies.

The next day fixed upon for the outbreak was a celebrated one in the annals of India. It was the 23rd of June following, when the centenary of the battle of Plassey, which established the British power in that country, became complete. Upon that day, it was decided by common report, the natives were most surely to rise, and drive those of us whom they did not massacre to our ships, putting an end to the British Raj from that exact period. The number of persons who “happened to know” from native and exclusive sources, that such was the precise nature of the arrangement, was very great indeed ; though they never explained how it came to pass that their loyalty had gained over to such an extent the confidence of the conspirators. I am inclined to think that whatever design may have existed for a rising on that day, the authority for the current report was founded only on the poetic justice of the idea, and the dramatic effect involved. Be that as it may, it is certain that large numbers of our countrymen in Calcutta fully made up their minds that the 23rd of June was the date of the great crisis, and that



they laid their plans accordingly. I am not sure that some did not go so far as to sell off their movable possessions, and put themselves in light marching order in expectation of the event. I know that many seriously prepared themselves for flight, and on the preceding night, as well as on the night itself, sought sleeping accommodation on board some of the ships in the port. The morning of the 23rd dawned at last, and there was a general expectation of something about to happen. But nothing happened during the first few hours, and it became plain that whatever was to happen was postponed until later in the day. So people took courage, went about their business, made calls upon one another, exchanged congratulations or misgivings as the case might be, but managed to keep up the general anxiety in anticipation of the night. The night came, but still no signs of the outbreak. People managed to dine as usual, and some I believe made up parties to be massacred in company; for towards the close of the day popular opinion had fixed the hour of attack for twelve o'clock. You may be sure that very few retired to rest before that period, and that those who did kept their weapons at hand, and themselves ready for immediate flight. But twelve o'clock came in due course and found things still unchanged. The night wore away; but although the long hours were counted from many a sleepless pillow, they brought no symptoms of fire and sword, of attack and massacre. The next morning dawned, and the daylight brought fresh life to the affrighted residents of the city. Gaily they rose, and gathered together in the ride or walk, and everybody as before laughed at everybody else for entertaining such foolish fears. Yet was anxiety far from being at an end. It was now the general belief, that the rising had

been postponed merely because the plans of the conspirators had got abroad, and that there was no chance of a surprisc. That the attempt would be made on a future day was not to be doubted. When was the day to come?—that was the question.

I believe that nobody pretended to have any good grounds for fixing another day ; but a happy suggestion gained currency that the one for which we had all waited so anxiously, was not the centenary of the great battle according to native computation, and that the terrible event might yet happen within the same week or so. Some persons who had been most positive in their prophecies were set up once more as authorities by this discovery, and it really appeared that they were anxious for the worst to happen in order to save their reputations. By dint of one suggestion or another they took effectual means to prevent their friends from falling into any foolish idea of security ; and by a judicious system of rumouring, reporting, and “happening to know”—by some general agreement, it would be difficult to say how arrived at—another day was fixed upon by popular consent for the coming catastrophe.

Affairs by this time had arrived at a point when it became less easy than before to affect jocularity at the prevalent anxiety. Some particularly clever persons tried the experiment ; but it was a ghastly attempt, exposed itself miserably, and failed ignominiously. There were few in Calcutta, I fancy, who, whatever they may have chosen to affect, did not feel uneasy as the appointed day arrived, when the massacre was really to take place. Those who had been hitherto among the most incredulous now took the precaution to supply themselves with arms, which indeed by this time were to be obtained from the Government upon application,

for the defence of all places where any large number of persons were congregated. The principal hotels in particular were supplied with these defences, as well as with guards composed of sailors belonging to the ships in the port, who were welcome visitors wherever the pleasure of their company could be obtained. Of course private individuals were not behind hand in getting themselves into fighting trim, and the difficulty indeed was to prevent them, by their not unnatural ardour, from meeting the anticipated insurrection half way, and creating the disaster which it was their desire to avert. In anticipation of the expected crisis, many persons living in adjacent houses arranged plans for mutual defence, barricaded the entrances, and devised means for escape over roofs, &c. I am not aware that the precaution was generally adopted, but I know that at the largest hotel in Calcutta provisions were laid in as if for a siege, and arrangements were made by which the inmates could have held out upon the roof for any length of time that the sun would permit. There was such a rush for revolvers on the part of private individuals about this time, that their price rose in the market to an alarming extent, and by the eve of the appointed day, the largest capitalist would have been puzzled to purchase one in the shops. The relative merits of Colt, of Deane and Adams, and of Tranter, were discussed as if the votaries of the weapons were going into immediate action, and each man was expected to "polish off" half a hundred of foes at least. You may depend upon it, that whatever may have been the fears of our countrymen at the crisis, not one of them feared fighting; what they did object to, as they frankly told you, was being killed off like so many sheep.

A curious idea appeared to prevail as the day ap-

proached, that everybody would be safer in everybody else's house rather than in their own. Accordingly people made up parties to see the worst together. Some went to the hotels to pass the eventful eve, as affording the best security, and others as before slept on board ship. Nobody knew exactly when the enemy was to come, or from whence; but as there was a general impression that his advent would be very early in the morning, there were few who ventured to "go to bed" in the full sense of the term. Many contented themselves with snatching hurried rest at intervals in their clothes; and there were hundreds I should think who sat up all night, in verandahs and on roofs, waiting and watching for the slightest sound or sign which could indicate the approach of danger. The distant noise of a tom-tom, or a moving light in the native quarter "sent light horror through their pulses"—though these were the commonest of sounds and sights. In this manner the night wore on, until the first streak of dawn brought relief: not that there was any reason why it should bring anything of the kind, but the light of day is always reassuring. I am bound to say, however, that there were persons who whatever the anxiety they felt, made no exhibition of it; and there were dinner parties and high festival held in several houses whose inmates professed to treat the prevalent alarm with contempt.

The next morning was Sunday, known as "Panic Sunday" still in Calcutta, and ever memorable under that name. The relief inspired by dawn was unfortunately not of long duration. There appeared to be an irresistible tendency on the part of the majority of the Europeans and Eurasians to rush out of their houses to hear what was "going on." Even actual danger appeared preferable to

suspense. Some went to church as usual; others refrained, under the impression that the churches would be the first points of attack. Many drove about in a state of distraction, without any apparent object, except to frighten their friends by exhorting them to "fly." But by this time others were getting reasonable, and began to ask themselves whither they were to fly and from whom, which consideration led them to the conclusion that the safest course was to stay at home and wait for the danger whatever it was, instead of rushing about to meet it half way.

I should have mentioned before that most of the Europeans who were able had provided themselves with accommodation in the Fort; of these some had taken up their quarters there beforehand, and others now sought that retreat, creating I am afraid unnecessary alarm in the minds of those who were denied the same privilege. I may here add that "we" were offered, through the kindness of a friend who volunteered to give up his quarters for us, some apartments in this place of safety, but declined to avail ourselves of them, as there really seemed to be no sufficient reason for abandoning our home.

As the day wore on the excitement appeared to revive, and nearly all Calcutta turned out to see what was to be seen. The number of vehicles in the streets was immense, and one might have fancied that some great fête was in progress. In the course of the afternoon a rumour flew about, as if by magic, that the Sepoy regiments from Barrackpore were marching upon the city, and the excitement reached its height when it was known beyond a doubt that native troops were at hand. The general anxiety, however, was relieved when it was found that they had not

mutinied, and were accompanied by their European officers. The fact now transpired that a portion of the Barrackpore garrison had been ordered down early in the morning, by the advice of General Hearsey, for the purpose of being disarmed. Of course they were unaware of the object for which they were sent to Calcutta, and so they obeyed without a murmur. They were marched at once into the court yard of Government House, where every preparation had been made for their reception—the principal preparation being a detachment of British infantry with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. I had the pleasure of being a spectator of the scene which followed. The Governor-General came out upon the verandah with the principal members of the household, and a seat was placed for him at the top of the steps in regal state. The British troops were drawn up on one side. On the other the native troops were marched up in companies, and in obedience to orders even then unexpected, laid down their arms without the slightest attempt at resistance. The thing was very well done, and gave general satisfaction.

But the panic was not yet at an end. It was well that so many teeth had been drawn; but it was considered that the act might cause exasperation and even precipitate the crisis. The impression went abroad that the night then coming on was the time selected for the attack. Accordingly everybody retired to their homes, or to the retreats which they had chosen, and once more awaited the course of events.

That night passed like the last. There was nothing to disturb the serenity which reigned everywhere, except in the breasts of those who waited and watched. The next morning, however, brought real relief this time. The report of the rising had been allowed every chance

of substantiating itself. It was now completely blown upon. It was held to be a mere hoax and invention, and people were ashamed of having been its dupes. It is wonderful how cheerful and incredulous everybody now became. All things were seen with new eyes, and there was scarcely a man or a woman among us who did not appear to have entered upon a brighter phase of existence.

Thus passed "Panic Sunday," a day which will not be readily forgotten by those who passed it in Calcutta. I have heard very severe comments made upon the delusions of that and the preceding days; but I am of opinion that they were undeserved. As for charging our countrymen with cowardice, the idea is mere nonsense. There was not a man among them who was not willing and even eager to face any peril that might have presented itself. It was the invisible enemy that they were unable to cope with, and whose supposed presence deprived them to some extent of their judgment and discretion. Moreover it is by no means to be supposed that Calcutta was in a state of security either upon that or the former occasions. I believe that we were all in imminent danger whenever we were thrown off our guard; and that the panics may be considered to have done good by keeping the public mind in a healthy state of apprehension. It should be remembered, too, by those who are inclined to treat the Calcutta people with utter scorn in the matter of the panics, that the latter, however little disposed themselves to entertain forebodings, were incited thereto in a great measure by their native servants, who were continually assuring their masters and mistresses that the bazaars were full of conspirators, and that a general massacre of the Europeans was to take place at the first opportunity. Whether

their apprehensions were real or affected may be a matter of question ; but they most certainly professed to be alarmed for their own safety, as their lives they declared would fall a sacrifice to the rebels, who would not spare even their own countrymen if in the service of the Feringhees. I am bound to add, too, that many servants gave practical proof of being in earnest by running away from their employment without even the fifteen days' notice required by law.

It was after "Panic Sunday" that the local government accepted the services of the Volunteers, which had been previously declined, as well as the separate offer of the French residents, who were even more disgusted than the English at their assistance being spurned. In the meantime, too, the China force had been intercepted, and the Madras Fusileers had arrived. All available troops were of course despatched up-country ; but the enrolment of the Volunteers alone would have been sufficient to restore confidence in a considerable degree ; and after that event nothing more was heard of panics. The effect of the delay in the North-West was simply that neither Lawrence nor Wheeler were relieved, and that history has to record the siege of Lucknow and the massacre of Cawnpore. Both of these calamities would have been averted, had timely measures been adopted, even with the limited force at the disposal of the Government. In Calcutta there now came a time when nothing could be more rational than the anticipation of disturbance. I allude to the two Mahomedan festivals the Buqr Eed and the Mohurram. The first occurs about the middle of July, and lasts for two days ; the second about the beginning of August, and lasts for ten days. Upon these occasions the minds of the Mahomedans become so inflamed with fanaticism that riots are of



common occurrence, and the authorities never fail to keep on the alert. At the time in question greater danger than usual might naturally be anticipated; and many indeed who had been hitherto incredulous, were now persuaded that we should have some sharp work. Day after day the most disastrous news was received from up-country, which had of course an encouraging effect upon the disaffected in Calcutta; and that they would take one of these opportunities to try their strength appeared probable enough.

The Volunteer Guards were by this time in a state of organization. When first enrolled, they numbered two hundred and fifty Cavalry and about five hundred Infantry; and there was afterwards some Artillery added. There were available persons in Calcutta sufficient to have formed a far larger force; but the first refusal of their services had, as I have hinted, rather wounded the public sensibilities; the call, therefore, when made, was not nearly so generally responded to as it would have been at an earlier period. But despite this disadvantage, a very fine body of men were got together. The Cavalry in particular formed an imposing force, being for the most part magnificently mounted. Both arms, it must be said to their credit, were in a state of discipline in a very short time; and they acquitted themselves with such marked credit, even when brigaded with some of the finest regiments in the service, as to call forth the highest commendations from a person not much given to flattery—the late Sir Colin Campbell and present Lord Clyde.

During the Buqr Eed and the Mohurram the Volunteers formed the main defence of the city. The Cavalry patrolled the streets all night, and the Infantry were picketed in different parts for forty-eight hours together.

Owing to these wise precautions the dangerous period passed over without an outbreak, confidence everywhere prevailed, and beyond the arrest of suspicious characters here and there the Volunteers had nothing to do. That they were disappointed at having had no better opportunity of distinguishing themselves may be easily supposed; for they had not been made the pets of the public like their comrades in England in the present day. When once their services were accepted they were treated with courteous consideration by the Government; but they were a small body after all, and were utterly swamped by the regulars in society, where the military element naturally prevailed; and the native papers moreover poked all kinds of wicked fun at them, which they need not have minded at all, but which they could not help minding just a little. That their value and importance, was appreciated by Government, however, is attested by the fact that a magnificent pair of colours was presented to both cavalry and infantry by the lady of the Governor-General, and these were duly borne by those corps until the first broke up through want of numbers, and the second, upon the restoration of tranquillity, was rather unceremoniously disbanded.

It was a great day for Calcutta when the first reinforcements arrived from England. The first British soldier who stepped on shore—a Highlander—indicated in a very summary manner the prevalent belief among his comrades that they were sent to India in order to fight the entire population of the country—a belief which was subsequently found not a little embarrassing. No sooner had he set his foot on the strand than he seized a harmless Bengalee who stood gaping by, and began to pummel him with all his might. The unfor-

fortunate wretch was promptly rescued from his clutches, and the comrades of "our gallant defender," who were making evident preparations to follow his example upon other stray natives, were informed that such demonstrations were decidedly premature. But as fresh troops continued to arrive—burning with indignation at the accounts which had gone home of the atrocities enacted by the rebels—the task of restraining their ardour was not the least of the difficulties that the authorities had to encounter. The criticism of the non-official Europeans was embarrassing enough. But the ease of men with whom it was absolutely necessary to keep on good terms, was infinitely more perplexing. The British soldier is a very delightful person when he is fighting our battles, and the Calcutta authorities were glad to get as many representatives of his class as possible for that purpose. These were sent up-country as fast as means for their conveyance could be found; but while waiting in Calcutta they were a decided nuisance. All honour to the brave! But the brave are apt to be difficult to keep in order when they think they deserve the fair, and set to work to give themselves their deserts in defiance of all laws of propriety, and to the damage of our amicable relations with the people of the country. All honour to the brave! But the brave are rather dangerous friends when they dash into the bazaar and drink raw arrack until they go stark mad, or until they lose all consciousness, and it may be never wake up from the sleep into which they are thrown. Some of these difficulties—it must be said with all respect for the British soldier—we had to endure in Calcutta at this time; and I am afraid that many of the scenes enacted might be classed by unprejudiced persons as disgraceful. To blame the military authorities for not exercising

proper control would be unfair. The circumstances were peculiar; and these may be sufficiently indicated by the fact that the British soldier knew his value at the time, and was by no means disposed to place his privileges upon the same footing as would have contented him in country quarters in England. There were rebel emissaries about, too, who were not indisposed to take advantage of his weakness; and money was sometimes found in the possession of men, to an amount which precluded the supposition that it had come from the regimental paymaster. One night an officer on the garrison staff, (who himself told me the story,) having his quarters in the fort, was aroused from sleep by hearing an unseemly noise in the drawing room. Descending to that apartment he found a drunken artilleryman seated upon the sofa, who in reply to a natural remonstrance upon the subject of his intrusion, informed the "master of the house" that he was as good a man as any officer in the service and could show as much money—displaying at the same time a handful of gold. Nobody wanted to make severe examples at such a time, and the drunken artilleryman was let down as gently as possible; but the gold was decidedly suspicious, and the supposition was that it had been supplied with a view of obtaining the release of a certain state prisoner to whom allusion has been already made. It is not to be supposed that any of our men were likely to have assisted in such a design; but the drink is an almost irresistible temptation to nine soldiers out of ten, and money is therefore a doubly dangerous article when placed in their way in a hot climate.

In noticing the eccentricities of the military service, that of the naval service should not be forgotten. If the soldiers knew their value, the sailors knew theirs

also, and made the most of it. There was no harm in either, only their manners were not quite adapted to the prejudices of a peaceful city, aspiring to be fashionable also. On the "course" for instance, where the gay world never failed to drive out, even during the panics, the spectacle of a tumble-down vehicle a hundred times more wretched in appearance than the worst "grinder" in London, filled with a party of sailors, each with a pipe in his mouth, and each contributing his share to a sea song roared in chorus, while bottles of more than suspicious character passed gaily from hand to hand, was not a cheering spectacle, yet it was not an unfrequent one; and the sailors and the soldiers were allowed to have their own way in such matters, for all the world as if they were on "Fiddler's Green"—to which service-paradise, indeed, many of them, upon such occasions, expressed a wish to be taken, after a judicious wrapping up in a tarpanling jacket. With such tenderness, indeed, were these delinquents treated by the Calcutta people, that a drunken "gallant defender," lying incapable in the streets, generally found a friend to take care of him. I remember for instance a high legal official \* finding a soldier in an absolutely unconscious condition, bringing him home in his buggy and reviving him with hot tea, making the man very grateful and very much ashamed of himself, and inclined, it is to be hoped, towards reformation. This piece of good Samaritanism in all probability saved the man's life; for had he passed the night on the *maidan* where he was found, the jackals would have made short work with him before morning, or a chance native would have knocked him upon the head. Jackals consider every recumbent body legitimate prey,

\* The lamented Mr. Ritchie, whose death is announced while these pages are passing through the press.

and even peaceful and loyal Bengalees were apt at that time to be spiteful if they caught a British soldier insensible and in the dark. There were several instances of men being found dead through both these agencies.

As the English in Calcutta grew more assured of their own safety, they became more apprehensive on account of others. There was scarcely a family among them that had not relatives and friends up country; and these were the objects of the greatest anxiety. After a time many of those who survived the massacres made their way to the Presidency, sometimes hazarding the journey two or three together; at others coming in large parties escorted by troops, either by the road or on board the river steamers. These of course consisted mainly of women and children; and as they generally arrived almost without clothes, and entirely without money, it was absolutely necessary that some provision should be made for them. Accordingly a subscription was set on foot in Calcutta, nobly responded to in England as soon as the want became known; and the "Relief Fund" soon became sufficient for all emergencies. As it was found impossible to receive all the fugitives in private establishments, a number of houses were taken in different quarters for their accommodation; and the arrangements were placed under the superintendence of committees of both sexes. Clothes were provided from the general fund, and liberal allowances in money made to the sufferers, according to their position in life. Some distinction of this kind was of course necessary; as it would have been slightly ridiculous to have provided exactly the same kind of accommodation for, say, the family of a small clerk, and that, say, of a colonel in the army. But the distinction involved no little difficulty, and the attempts of many

persons to gain brevet rank through their misfortunes was not a little amusing. Even in the most serious affairs there is usually a comic element, and the vagaries of some of the refugees afforded, I am afraid, a legitimate food for satire. Complaints of the meals furnished at the different Refuges, were made with all the exacting independence of members of a club, or passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. "Country born" ladies utterly innocent of Europe, declared that they would not live without European luxuries, and were bitter upon the fact, that such things were supplied to the families of rich civilians. Sergeants' wives did not see why they should not be entertained in precisely the same manner as the wives of commissioned officers. In most cases the complainants had never been so well off in their lives before, as far as material comforts were concerned; but they were now objects of public interest, and were determined to make the most of their position. That some persons were unnecessarily slighted is probable enough; but for the most part, I fancy the committees performed their task, a delicate and difficult one most assuredly, with fairness and impartiality. It was clearly impossible to give everybody everything that they asked, and the drawing of the line was necessarily an unpopular duty. When some of these unprotected females, for instance, complained of being subjected to indignity in having to wear gingham dresses, and petitioned for silk, it seemed harsh to refuse them, but what was to be done? And when others requested to have places taken for them at the opera, and suitable toilettes provided for their appearance there, it must have required no little stoicism on the part of the committee to throw cold water on so natural a desire! The responsibility must indeed have

been an unpleasant one ; and I am not at all surprised that one of the lady managers was heard to declare that she would rather command a regiment of mutinous sepoys, than have the direction of a house full of female refugees. It must not be supposed, however, that the humbler classes alone were the occasion of trouble. The upper ranks, in a different way, were now and then found as difficult to manage. I heard of the wife of an officer, for instance, who, at a time when all females were prohibited from trusting themselves on the road, took it into her head to join her husband somewhere up country ; and for this purpose she applied to one of the committee-men for the sum of a thousand rupees. The request was naturally refused, not on the ground of expense, for passages *home* were freely provided in all cases where they were urgently required, but on the ground that the contemplated journey could not be made. Upon this the fair applicant drew a revolver, and offered the unfortunate gentleman the well-known alternative which travellers used to hear from highway-men. Whether she frightened him out of the money or not, I cannot now say with certainty, but I am under the impression that she carried her point. It should not be supposed, however, that such little eccentricities as I have noticed were generally indulged in. The majority of the refugees, of all classes, conducted themselves like decent people who had not forgotten to be thankful for their escape from past peril, and their enjoyment of present comforts.

All this time the siege of Delhi was in progress, and the fall of the place was reported as frequently as that of Sebastopol before it actually came to pass. It was not until September that the Imperial City was at last captured ; but to the delight and honour of the troops



engaged, the work was accomplished before the arrival of the reinforcements from England, which, however, had enough to do in completing the re-conquest of the North-West Provinces.

The relief of the garrison of Lucknow followed at the beginning of the succeeding year, although the city was not finally taken until March. The heroic band of both sexes which had held out for so long and against such odds, were brought down to Calcutta by steam from Allahabad. They were received with a burst of joy, and every provision at once made for their accommodation and comfort. In one respect the Calcutta people were not a little surprised at the new comers. Instead of the drooping, spiritless, beings to which it was expected the long confinement would have reduced them, they were found to be cheerful and hearty in no ordinary degree. The ladies in particular were for the most part in excellent health and spirits, and laughed and talked during the landing as if returning from a fête. Moreover they were generally arrayed in a manner far from consistent with the reports which had reached us of the reduced state of their toilettes during the siege. How they had managed to supply themselves in so short a time I do not pretend to know; but ladies have a wonderful aptitude for making the best appearance under difficulties, and even when relieved, it is said, they were so desirous to appear to advantage as sadly to tax the patience of Sir Colin, who then learned for the first time that the sex does not approve of being rescued *en déshabille* even from the greatest danger. Much of the gaiety which so astonished the bystanders upon the occasion was doubtless assumed, or was the effect of the sudden change, and that reaction followed in many cases may be easily supposed; but the members of the "illustrious garrison"

bore up wonderfully well while in Calcutta at any rate, and from their appearance would have led one to suppose that a state of siege is by no means incompatible with a state of health, and that to be threatened daily with death for the greater part of a twelvemonth is a fine thing for the constitution.

It was immediately after the final capture of Lucknow—at the beginning of April—that I proceeded on a visit to the North-West Provinces. The road was not safe; but we had all become so accustomed to the idea of danger that its reality had ceased to make much impression, and I suppose there were few among us who would not have been prepared to make a journey in any direction dictated either by affairs or curiosity, with that reliance upon Providence which is usually called “taking our chance.” Fortunately, however, the rebels who were driven out of Lucknow mostly fled into Rohilkund, and left the Grand Trunk Road more free than might have been expected, though still far from secure.

At the period in question I believed that I should be the only traveller starting from Raneegunj, where the railway then ended, one hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta. But when the train stopped at Serampore a gentleman with whom I had some acquaintance in Calcutta, came to the carriage door and asked me if I had any objection to escort a lady who was going on by the same train on her way to Benares. I expressed my willingness to be of any service in my power, but remarked that ladies were not yet allowed to journey upwards, and that my friend’s friend stood a chance of being stopped and sent back. That did not matter, I was informed: the lady was determined to proceed at any hazard to Benares, where she was to meet her husband, who was to take care of her

the rest of the way to the place where he was stationed. Under these circumstances I did not think it necessary to urge the government regulation, but placed myself at the lady's disposal. At Raneegunj, where I arrived at sunset I found two dâk gharries in waiting. One was intended for me, another for Mrs. —, whom I soon saw superintending the packing of the vehicle, and to whom I was now introduced by her father, who had accompanied her thus far on her journey—that gentleman having, as a necessary preliminary, first introduced himself to me.

Dinner having been hastily despatched we prepared to start. My travelling companion was much elated at the prospect of the journey, and declared that she had no fear of interruption on the road. She was pleased however to accept my offer of a revolver (I was fortunately provided with two) and of a kind of dirk, of a pattern then much sold in Calcutta, and intended to wear on the same belt with the pistol. Into the mechanism of the revolver she was soon initiated, and showed such discretion in disposing of it in the gharree that I had no fear of her shooting herself with it during the night. She declared that if attacked she would sell her life very dearly, and also protect her child, a little boy of some three years old who accompanied her, to the best of her ability. I am bound to add that I think she would have kept her word.

Fortunately there was no call for any display of heroism, on the part of either Mrs. — or myself. I took the lead in the first instance as the most appropriate person of the two to bear the brunt of any possible danger; but as one's own inclination in dâk travelling mainly depends upon the horses, some of which will go and some of which won't, and as the respective horses

were not always of the same mind at the same time, the vehicles naturally got separated occasionally for a stage or so. My companion, however, was not at all timid, and I believe would have proceeded alone quite contentedly, had it been necessary to do so. The country between Raneegunj and Benares is the most picturesque on the Grand Trunk Road, but the journey through it is the most dangerous and the most fatiguing. The Parisnauth Hills are beautiful considered as scenery ; but they are wild, and not unknown to bears and tigers, and are cruelly trying to the horses, who seldom fail in this locality to overturn the gharry if they can possibly bring about the arrangement. Fortunately we did not meet with any difficulties, either through tame or wild beasts, or worse enemies in the shape of men. I was always relieved, upon meeting the companion gharree at a fresh stage or a dāk bungalow, to find that my original confidence had been justified, and that the revolver had not gone off ; and altogether the journey was as pleasant and prosperous as could well be. It was on the morning of the fourth day after leaving Raneegunj that we reached Benares ; and here I took my leave of Mrs. — who was the first lady who had penetrated to the North-West since the outbreak. "It was not desirable, however, to proclaim this fact from the housetops, on account of the government order before mentioned, her husband, moreover, being a government servant ; and as I had taken the precaution to write anybody's name in the bungalow books rather than her own, I am afraid that history will not award to my fair fellow traveller the distinction to which she is entitled.

On the road thus far I noticed but little sign of the disturbed state of the country. The people I thought looked sullen, and even scowling when they met the

eye of the Feringhee ; but this might be fancy. The degree of safety attained on the trunk road was by means of a detachment of troops which scoured it at intervals ; but it is only fair to remark, that the insurgents consisted principally of *budmashes*, who would have been ready for plunder in the most peaceful times. At Benares everything was quiet, and Charles's hotel still stood as of old. This was not at the time of which I write a very brilliant hostelry ; but it was fair enough for the North-West, and the landlord, although a European, was not too proud to attend to his guests. Here I found the latest North-West papers, and learned from personal inquiry the state and prospects of affairs on the road above. A party of rebels were said to be committing devastations a few miles a head ; but as a detachment of the Queen's Bays had proceeded up the night before, in waggons, it seemed to me that they must have borne the brunt of the battle, in case of such an event, and that the road was likely to be more clear than usual. There were only one or two travellers at the hotel, and the only one with whom I had any acquaintance was M. Beato, the distinguished photographer, who showed me the views which he had taken in Lucknow and elsewhere, since well known to the public. I pushed on the same night, and on the following evening arrived at Allahabad.

Allahabad at this time was a camp in the midst of ruins. On all sides were seen the remains of bungalows which had been burnt by the rebels. Scarcely a single one had escaped uninjured. The Governor-general was there in tents ; and the station outside of the fort was generally represented in a similar manner. The best accommodation for travellers in the place was in a large tent flanked by straw huts, which I found was the

hotel. It had been just started by an enterprising Briton, who, I should think from the prices which he charged, must have been making a rapid fortune. The tent, which was a larged double poled affair, served for the coffee room, and general rendezvous of the visitors. The straw huts were the sleeping apartments. The latter were less inconvenient than they would have been, on account of the heat of the weather, which was increasing every day; but the partitions were so slight as to preclude all idea of privacy, and the most confidential communications made in any one of them were the common property of the whole range. The effect of this publicity, after everybody had retired to rest, was not a little distressing. As some went to bed unusually late, and some got up unusually early, and others would not or could not sleep in the middle of the night, there was a perpetual stir and movement, and conversation seemed to be carried on round one's bed, so near indeed did the sound appear, that it was impossible not to be thrown off one's guard occasionally, and to ask who was there, an inquiry usually treated with silent contempt. For the rest there was little to apprehend except robbery, and this perhaps was sufficiently guarded against by light slumbers, a loaded revolver, and a servant sleeping across the doorway. I believe I was one of the latest to seek this hospitable accommodation; for there was a sufficient assembly in the *tente à manger* to prevent the time from hanging heavy. First there were the officers in charge of the detachment of the Bays which had preceded me on the road, one of whom (a lieutenant) had broken his arm on the way, through falling out of one of the waggons. Fortunately he was of a very easy temperament, with spirits of the gossamer order, and as he seemed to consider his acci-

dent a capital joke, there was no reason why it should not be accepted in that light by the rest of us. He certainly on that occasion did not wear his heart in a sling as well as his arm. There also arrived in the course of the evening a distinguished general, whose flying column had driven all before it for the last few months. This officer I only knew by fame; but his Aide-de-Camp was an old friend, whom I was delighted to meet once more. There is great pleasure in these chance meetings in a place like India. Where time is short and memory long there is much to say, and you must be quick about saying it. Conventional affectation is therefore set aside; you both say what you mean without fear of saying too much, and all is confidence and cordiality. I have heard it declared, that our countrymen in India, and military men elsewhere, are so accustomed to rapid intercourse with the world, strangers as well as friends, that their apparent good feeling is a mere matter of form. I am not of this opinion, and will back the warmth of the traveller, for sincerity, against all the civic politeness in the world.

I do not profess, here, to give any idea of political events, but merely to note the passing impressions of a traveller through districts only just cooling down from one of the hottest insurrections ever known. On all sides were signs of the strife that had been; on all sides were men who had been in its midst. Wherever there was a gathering, as upon the occasion in question, old battles were sure to be fought over again, and their actors lauded or censured in liberal terms. There is many an exploit which looks very well in despatches, but will not bear the test of discussion by men who "happen to know all about it." During my journey, and long afterwards indeed, I was considerably enlightened by

hearing of great deeds that had never seen the light, and little deeds made great by men who had influence with the powers that be, or opportunities for magnifying their merits or shielding their mistakes, in the public journals. Of course the Governor-General did not escape; and even the Commander-in-Chief, though always spoken of with respect, was considered by many officers of high rank (on the list of Lieutenants) to have been wanting in many of the requirements of a faultless man, and an impossibly perfect General.

The next morning at breakfast there appeared several new faces among the company, some of them belonging to old acquaintances. One of these was a great man at Agra during the crisis, who was staying at the hotel with his amiable better half; so of course there was a great discussion among three or four of us after the meal, as to who had lost their heads during that eventful time, and who would have been equal to the occasion had not their authority been overruled, &c., &c. It was very interesting considered as gossip, but I am afraid led to no practical result; for it was impossible that the command could have been given to any of the ladies, however well qualified to exercise it, and from what I heard upon this occasion, it appeared that there were some of the gentle sex who, either upon their own responsibility, or through the influence which they exercised over their husbands, would have been quite competent to have taken the direction of affairs, and to have saved the station.

The night before I had met with a friend, or rather a friend of friends of mine, whose acquaintance I was glad to make, who was then on his way to Cawnpore, whither I also was bound, and who made me promise to put up at his bungalow in that station,



where I was assured that I should meet with several old allies. I promised with much pleasure, and we agreed to set off in the morning together. But travellers propose and the authorities dispose. My friend was the bearer of despatches from the Commander-in-Chief, then at Cawnpore, to the Governor-General, then at Allahabad, and he had to await the pleasure of the latter; and as the latter gave him a command to dine with the Vice-Regal party, he was taken from us for a few hours, with the understanding that the despatches which he was to take back to the Commander-in-Chief should be ready early in the morning. But when early in the morning came it was found that the despatches were not ready; so he had to wait, and I had to move on; and so we had to part company, but not until he had procured me a pass "on service" by the railway, which was not then open to the public. The rail took us as far as Futtehpore only; and thence I got on as well as I could to Cawnpore, where I put up at the house of my friend the bearer of the despatches, in the expectation that he would follow. There, although my proper host was not present, I met with a most hospitable reception, and had a pleasant rest for three or four days. It was a military party entirely, and you may be sure that the old battles were fought again to our hearts' content. They were all Oudeans this time, and had been through the siege of Lucknow, the details of which were then fresh to me and possessed an absorbing interest. We must have appeared a very strange assembly to any person suddenly transported among us, fresh from the western world. The bungalow was a ruin, hastily roofed and made habitable, but with very few of the elegancies of civilization. There was no carpet or matting upon the floor—nothing but the bare *chunam*, or

hardened plaster, which forms the *planché* of houses in the mofussil. The doors, which constituted the windows, had been restored with glass, and with the assistance of the new thatched roof, kept out the heat in a very satisfactory manner. Thus far our main comfort was secured. For the rest there was but little sacrificed to the graces in the arrangements of the place. Camp tables, and charpoys and chairs hastily procured from the bazaars, constituted the sum total of the upholstery. Every man was supposed to bring the little bedding that he required, and also the "camp fashion" requirements of the table. But a merrier party than sat down to the latter could scarcely be found in the Upper Provinces. The inhabitants of the house being fresh from the campaign, there was little ceremony observed. Nobody was troubled about such matters as costume. So far from dressing for dinner, the banquet was usually the signal for an abridgement of the toilette; and that stage of it usually described as the "shirt-sleeves" was most popular at that period of the day. Even then, it must not be understood that linen was at all the rule, that luxury having been long since superseded by flannel in the case of most of the company. To add to the grotesque appearance of the party, the "Lucknow crop" or Jack Sheppard *coiffure*, was the popular arrangement as to hair. It had been found to save trouble under circumstances in which seissors were more plentiful than brushes, and was indulged in now as a tribute to old associations. Thus everybody was thoroughly at his ease, and enjoyed a state of existence comparable to few things in this world, unless it be a continual cricket match where one has not the trouble to play.

Cawnpore at that time presented a melancholy aspect. The only cheerful part of it was the fort, which had just

been strengthened upon approved principles, and was now in an almost perfect state of defence. For the rest the place was worse than Allahabad, and full of even more gloomy associations. A visit to Wheeler's entrenchment was part of the work of a very sad morning. But I must confess that, almost above sympathy rose the thought—how could any man, military or civilian, have chosen such a spot for holding out against the enemy—a spot where there was not even water, that first requirement of a garrison in a hot climate, to be had, except from a well which could be reached only under fire? How many of those who could least be spared fell while heroically devoting themselves to the task of obtaining this necessary is now well known! Still more mournful were the feelings induced by a visit to that other well—then covered only by a rough mound—in which were the remains of the ladies and children who were the victims of the massacre. I believe that we know now all that we ever shall know of that horrible event. We know or at least have every reason to believe, that the moral degradation supposed to have been incurred by the unfortunate victims, was escaped; but the mental and physical agony which they underwent realized the worst fears. Can any death be imagined more horrible than that of being hacked to pieces by butchers, and cast still warm, and in some cases still living, into a well! I have heard of men who, contemplating these horrors, have moralized upon the crimes of our countrymen in India, with the suggestion that the Cawnpore massacre may have been a retribution ordained by Providence. But whatever reproaches may attach to our rule it is not by the well of Cawnpore that they should be breathed. No amount of misgovernment and oppression could justify the deed

that there stands recorded, and to admit the possibility of justification is treason against humanity, if not worse.

I am no apologist for the unfortunate excesses, which beyond denial or doubt, were committed by the British troops when they first cut their way into the North-West. But it was at best bloody work that they had to do, and soldiers never have been and never will be taught to discriminate at such times. And I do not think that the ruthless course of the "avenging columns," either then or subsequently, produced so ill an effect upon the people as some of us supposed. The natives of India have never been accustomed to see war waged upon peace principles, except perhaps by the English. They do not understand forbearance, which they ascribe to fear. They laugh at a giant's strength if they find it used like a dwarf. They expected our troops to be furious after the injuries that we had received, and the fury had certainly a salutary effect at the time. Far better would it have been that we showed more mercy, even though the virtue were ascribed to fear, and brought down upon us contempt. We could well have afforded to pay that penalty. But the excesses of the troops were not productive of half the amount of bad feeling that was produced by the executions ordered by law. The people excused the one, taking them almost as a matter of course, but they did not excuse the other, and it will be long ere the effect of those terrible lessons are effaced. The mistake that was made, was in trying the policy of clemency and conciliation in the first instance, and so allowing the rebellion to spread until the most severe measures became necessary to repress it. A comparatively small amount of severity, exercised at the proper time, would have been a policy of real humanity; it would have saved the greater part of the

subsequent slaughter, scandal, and reproach. A great deal has been said about "a cry for indiscriminate vengeance," &c., raised in Calcutta; but there was never anything of the kind. It was a fictitious interpretation placed upon the remonstrances of those who gave unpleasant warnings and told unwelcome truths. Time has justified those warnings and established those truths. Moreover, the opinions then expressed in opposition to the Calcutta government, were not only those of a few writers and panic-stricken merchants. They were the sentiments of some of the highest military and civil authorities in the country. But enough of a not very savory subject.

I have known Cawnpore in its "palmy days," when it was a large brigade station famous for its gaiety, and coveted for quarters as much as even Meerut. Indians who are not too old to have lost their taste for such enjoyments, still talk with a sigh of the past glories of the place, when festivity was carried to a pitch of elegant frenzy, and the Nana Sahib was a member of its fashionable society! But to my mind Cawnpore was always, in itself, a gloomy spot, where gaiety appeared under a cloud, and dissipation was almost smothered in dust. It is not because I attach any importance to the story, but somehow it occurs to me here—the story of the Cawnpore ghost. A certain house, since destroyed, but used at one time as a dāk bungalow, is said to have been haunted by the figure of a tall man in a Lancer's uniform, and holding his lance in his hand, who one night, a few years before the outbreak, stood by the beds of several members of a family who were sleeping at the place, regarding them with a stern though sorrowful expression, and addressing to one of the family, at least, certain words which are not revealed. The

remarkable feature in this story is, that several persons should declare, without any previous communication, that the same appearance was manifest to them on the same night. I do not pretend to associate this circumstance with subsequent events which occurred in the station; but mention it here because it seems in place. It was declared by the native servants at the time, that an officer who formerly inhabited the bungalow had there died a violent death.

On the opposite shore of the Ganges, crossed from Cawnpore by a bridge of boats, is the province—only a few years since the kingdom—of Oude. With the exception of Lucknow the country was at the time of which I write still in the hands of the rebels, who were not dislodged until the subsequent cold weather campaign. I did not revisit Lucknow upon this occasion, but my memory pictured to me vividly the place as it was before the annexation, and during the brief period of tranquillity which was enjoyed afterwards. Oude has been well called the Garden of India, and Lucknow was the most beautiful city that I had ever beheld. It was while partaking of the hospitalities of the residency, in 1855, that Sir James Outram—"the gallant and the good," whose name has since been so indissolubly associated with the glorious deeds which restored the place to our sway, and who then held the diplomatic post of Resident at the court—showed me the view of the city from the roof. That celebrated picture of palaces and gilded domes and spires, has been so often described since, that I need not dwell upon its beauties—merely declaring that from this point of view they presented a spectacle such as could be matched by no city in the world. I am glad to hear, too, that notwithstanding the havoc made by the siege the old characteristics are not entirely destroyed, while

the city in all important respects is immensely improved. At the house of Captain Fletcher Hayes, who was first Assistant Resident, and afterwards military secretary under our administration, I passed at different times many pleasant weeks. Hayes was a genial host and a charming companion, besides being one of the most accomplished men in India. An admirable oriental scholar, he was profoundly acquainted with the native character, and upon all matters relating to Indian politics his authority was undisputed. In European literature, too, he was well read; and it is no slight testimony to the ardent industry of his character—the fact that he spent his furlough in study at Oxford, where he took his M.A. before returning to India. The exploit was unexampled in the case of an affair of the army, and he gave point to the distinction which it conferred upon him by going up to receive the degree in full uniform. Poor Hayes was killed soon after the outbreak, in the early days of the administration of Sir Henry Lawrence. With the active military enthusiasm which characterized him equally with his civil talents and attainments, he volunteered to accompany an expedition sent out to explore the road toward Mynpoorie. When near that station he was cruelly murdered by his own sowars. Of two officers who accompanied him, one shared his fate: the other upon whom the attack was not so sudden, saved himself by hard riding. Fletcher Hayes was of the best stamp of “Indian officers,” which has now very few representatives. Had he lived he would probably have risen to the highest rank among Indian statesmen. For his personal qualities he is sincerely lamented by all who knew his worth as a true friend.

Among those who used to assemble at the residency in 1855, or in the following year, the greater proportion

have since passed away. Of those who have survived, what perils and privations have they since gone through, what changes have they lived to witness! Mr. Coverley Jackson, who officiated as Chief Commissioner during Sir James Outram's absence in England, until he too had to seek a change of climate and Sir Henry Lawrence supplied his place, fell a victim to his anxious determination to recover his nieces, who were in captivity, and of whom the elder was beyond all aid. He was lying dangerously ill with a shattered leg in a house near that in which I stayed at Cawnpore, and his death was announced not many days after. Sir Mountstuart Jackson, his nephew, was murdered with his sister. Captain Stuart Beatson, a gallant officer and man of brilliant talents and accomplishments, fell a victim while serving under Havelock as Adjutant-General, in the first advance upon Cawnpore. He had just come round from Persia, where he had held a command under Outram, during the short campaign in that country in the beginning of 1857. He had obtained sick leave to England, which no man ever needed more, but hearing at Bombay of the outbreak in the North-West, he came round to Calcutta at once, and placed his services at the disposal of Government. Beatson, like Hayes, of whom he was a devoted friend, was a man of great literary taste and talent. His polished, and pointed pen was well known in India, and might have been in England, but that his contributions to home literature were made anonymously.

Even so far back as the middle of 1856—during one of my last visits to Lucknow—it was perceptible that there was a bad spirit amongst the natives, who by no means appreciated “the blessings” of British rule at the value set upon them by our national self-esteem. I remember now noticing similar signs at Delhi,



where towards the close of the same year I happened to be sojourning with a friend. Once indeed we were treated with positive insult, in being rudely prohibited from passing along a public thoroughfare, because it was within the precincts of the palace where the King then held his puppet court. We were told that the road was free for natives, but that no European was allowed to pass that way. Our first impulse was of course to contest the point; but my companion, a military man, thought it more prudent not to risk the responsibility, which might have got him into trouble, so there was nothing for it but to pocket the affront. I remember, too, at Agra, in February, 1857, having a long conversation with the late Sir Henry Lawrence, who was then on his way to Lucknow. Sir Henry was at that time very uneasy about the feeling of the country, although as yet there had been no distinct signs of the coming storm; and his remarks made a great impression upon me. I was told afterwards, by a high authority in the station, that Sir Henry, talking to him upon the same subject, went so far as to say that they—the Agra people—would soon be shut up in the fort. This was looked upon as a piece of pleasantry at the time, but it proved terribly true. About the same time many persons observed indications of an independent feeling among natives of the better classes, which by the light of subsequent events is quite comprehensible. The villagers, however, I am sure were not aware of the storm that was brewing, notwithstanding the affair of the *chupatties*, which has been supposed to have been the machinery adopted for the announcement of an intended rising. The “*chupattie movement*” I now believe to have been intended only as a warning to avert some disease which was supposed to be threatening the population.

"The Well at Cawnpore" is now marked by a monument, which records the fate of the victims buried beneath. When I was on the spot it was distinguishable only by a mound of earth. Close by, the grave of the soldiers of the 32nd who had fallen in the struggle, was marked by a stone cross, erected by their surviving comrades in the regiment. I have preserved as a sad relic, a model of this simple monument, executed in a portion of the woodwork of the demolished "slaughter house," given me by the worthy chaplain of the station, the Rev. Mr. Moore, at the time of my last visit; also a model of a barrack made from a portion of that in which Wheeler and the devoted garrison held out so bravely. Both were made in Mr. Moore's compound, under his superintendence, and there can be no doubt of the material being taken from those places.

At Cawnpore at this time I met several men who had come up from Calcutta in order to purchase *loot* at Lucknow. One or two of them, I afterwards heard, made some advantageous purchases, but others were sadly "sold." I was quite prepared to hear of the latter state of things; for a friend of mine who was in the city immediately after the siege, showed me several shawls, sold to him for real Cashmere, which turned out to be nothing but the English imitation of that manufacture, and also some rows of pearls of immense size, which proved to be worth about threepence a row in the Burlington Arcade. Considering his purchases as genuine he had paid little enough for them; considering them as spurious he had given a preposterous price. It was an ingenious native who practised thus upon his credulity.

After a few days stay in Cawnpore, which impressed me more than ever as the most melancholy station I

know in India, I proceeded by dâk to Agra. Here there was a picture of desolation almost as great, but having the advantage of being connected with less melancholy associations. There had been much loss of property in Agra, and some loss of life, but there had been no murders or peculiar atrocities. The inhabitants of the station had sought timely shelter in the fort; and their bungalows, being abandoned, had all been punctually burnt down—at any rate as far as the roofs and the other combustible portions of them were concerned. These had now been in some cases restored and made habitable; but the majority were still but burnt shells, and large numbers of the residents had not left their quarters in the fort. Here you may be sure there was great fighting of old battles whenever people gathered together at *chota hazree*, or the more ceremonious evening banquet. It was interesting at first, but rapidly developed into a nuisance—the oft-told tale how one man in authority lost his head, how another man in authority never had any head to lose; how a third whose duties lay at his desk could not be kept from fighting, and how a fourth whose profession was the sword placed his principal reliance on the pen; how the cart was put before the horse and the horse put behind the cart; and the vehicle of the state somehow got stuck in the mud, and was only set moving by resolute men who had no right to the reins but who put their shoulders to the wheel. Well, well, it was a sad story, but cheerful after all in its result, and I must declare my belief that every man did the best that in him lie. There was some weakness, some incapacity even, but every man is not born to breast extraordinary difficulties, and the Agra people had to endure such as would have puzzled the wisest heads. Among all the stories that I heard there were

none that impugned the honour or courage of any man ; and I am certain that all desired to do their duty whatever differences of opinion may have arisen as to how it should be done. When once in the fort, to which it was only an act of common prudence to retire, everybody took a manly share in the work that was for the general good, and nothing could have been better and more complete than the organization which endured for months after the first few days of confusion. The garrison, too, besides being constant behind walls, showed determined courage in the open, upon the only occasion when it was found necessary to send out a force ; and the battle of Sussia, though not attended with the most perfect success, brought out some of the best qualities of our countrymen who were engaged in it—the Volunteers being in no wise behind the Regulars in the race for the honours of the day.

Agra in 1858 was certainly not the pleasantest place that could be selected for a residence. I was fortunate enough to have a house with a roof to it, a new roof which had been added to the stubborn walls which would not burn ; but the comforts inside were rude and scarce. The original furniture had been last seen in the middle of the road, in company with the windows and doors, it which society it had been smashed beyond all redemption. Its place had been supplied with a few articles purchased in the bazaar, of a camp character both as to quality and quantity. The few tumble down articles which could be procured, however, cost as much as elegant furniture in ordinary times ; and not a few officers and others who were obliged to support domestic establishments, contented themselves with upholstery ingeniously constructed of straw, which gave a rustic appearance to their dwellings strongly suggestive of Robinson Crusoe.

The greater portion of the furniture belonging to the station had been destroyed, as I have said; but the smashing even of an enemy's property involves some degree of trouble, and the *budmashes* appear to have got tired of their work after a time. Thus it was that a considerable number of articles were afterwards found lying about the roads, and were reclaimed by their right or their wrong owners, that is to say, by those to whom they did belong, and those to whom they did not, as the case might be. The latter assertion may seem scandalous, but there is no doubt about the fact, that among the first hardy spirits who ventured out of the fort, were a few persons who, though poor, were not particularly honest, and who made excursions with a view of picking up such unconsidered trifles as the *budmashes* might have neglected to destroy. These enterprising bands were composed, I was told, principally of Eurasians, but a few Britishers who cultivated "cuteness" *avant tout*, did not disdain to be included in the number. Facts of this kind are sad no doubt; but, even members of "illustrious garrisons," have been known to prey upon one another while under the enemy's fire. At Lucknow, for instance, I was told by one of the ladies who escaped, that some rascals, with white faces and red jackets, extorted from her and her friends, from time to time, a large proportion of their jewellery, not it must be said, for the sake of the ornaments themselves, but because they represented rum. The British soldier was at that time at so high a premium in the defence market, that ladies did not dare to refuse him little attentions of the kind. I am glad to be able to add, however, that the black sheep who so disgraced themselves were few in number, and by no means represented the general conduct of their comrades.

At Agra, at the time of which I write, English supplies were at preposterous prices, and every article of consumption among Europeans had risen to an immense extent in the market. Ordinary household expenses were doubled and trebled; while such things as wine, beer, &c., fetched whatever the dealers liked to ask for them, when they could be had at all. At the hotel at Allahabad, a bottle of bad sherry cost twelve shillings, and a bottle of by no means the best beer half that amount. In Agra the prices, by the dozen, were something less, but not very much, and these endured until by degrees supplies were received from Calcutta or Bombay. The majority of persons, who could get at them, usually addicted themselves to the commissariat stores of rum and beer; but both of these articles require a considerable training on the part of the general drinker before they are found palatable. The beer in particular can seldom be faced except in the disguised form of "cup."

On revisiting the fort, I was much surprised to find the complete state of defence in which it had been placed, a state most satisfactory for any probable requirements, though the place would still have no chance against a regular siege. As may be supposed, the regulations were very stringent as regards ingress or egress after nightfall, and like a great many others, I found myself in a dilemma now and then through having forgotten, or neglected to inquire the *parole*. One night I owed my arrival home, after dining with some friends in the garrison, entirely to the ready wit of a private soldier, who by the way was *not* an Irishman, as ready witted soldiers are usually supposed to be. On walking leisurely towards the gate I was stopped by the sentry, with the customary question, "Who goes there?" "A

friend," was of course the answer. "Advance friend, and give the parole." This was just what I was unable to do; and after a long parley, which did not seem likely to effect the object, a soldier who was lying on a charpoy close at hand came to my relief. "It's a very bad word to-night, sir," he said. "I am very sorry to hear it, my man," I answered, "but I should still like to know how bad it is." "It's wosser nor bad, sir, this time," he rejoined with great gravity. I was aware that the "run" of the pass-words for the last ten days had been upon the names of Indian stations, so I had no difficulty in arriving at a conclusion. "Wusseerabad," I answered promptly, and passed on, to the great relief of the sentry as well as myself.

The "run" upon pass-words, by the way, is sometimes carried on to an amusing extent. In the same year of disorganization, 1858, there was a brigadier at one of the north-west stations, who was supposed to have been blighted in his affections, and who invariably fixed upon *female* names for the *parole*. After going the whole round of proper names denoting the female kind, even to the Clementinas and Wilhelminas, and such tortuous varieties, he would begin over again at compounds, as "Mary-Anne," "Amelia-Jane," "Anna-Maria," and so forth. In this manner he always kept himself and the garrison under the softening influence of feminine associations.

I heard a story *apropos* of pass-words, about the same time, which I think has not found its way into print. A certain noble lord and distinguished cavalry officer, was proceeding on the "grand round" one night, having the pass-words for the different posts all ready written on a slip of paper in his pocket. On being required by a sentry to give the parole, he referred to his memo-

random, and gave the wrong one. "Exeter" would not do; he was equally unsuccessful with "Plymouth;" at last, after reading another name or two, he growled with characteristic impatience: "Devenport, and be —— to you." "Pass Devenport, and be —— to you," replied the sentry, happy in the glory of having sworn at the great man without the possibility of reproof.

One hot morning, shortly after my arrival at Agra, we were all startled by the sudden irruption of the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, with his prime minister Dunkur Rao, and a small escort. The Maharajah had been attacked by the rebels and forced to fly. I believe he was very sulky as it was his wont to be, and not disposed to be content under the sacrifice which he had made for his adherence to British rule; but Dunkur Rao, a sagacious and loyal man, exerted himself to calm his master's mind, and give a right direction to his ideas. Of course it was the business of the authorities to set the Rajah up again as soon as possible; so all the available troops were despatched at once from Agra, and the object was accomplished in a very short time. Gwalior is not much more than seventy miles from Agra, so that we had continual accounts of the progress of operations, and were not a little relieved on hearing of the retaking of the place.

It was shortly before the outbreak at Gwalior that I paid a visit to Bhurtpore, some five and thirty miles from Agra. Captain (now Major) Nixon, of the Bombay Army, was then officiating as Political Agent there. It was a difficult position; but, after having been once routed out of the place by the rebellious spirit of the troops, he returned with great gallantry to his post, where he re-established himself by the exercise of rare sagacity and firmness, and at the time to which I refer was the



practical ruler of the country, the Maharajah, who was only eight or ten years of age, being of course unfit to take the direction of affairs. The young Maharajah, however, was a very intelligent boy, and was being very judiciously educated under the advice of the Political Agent, and promises to make a very enlightened governor. He held a durbar for my reception, an honour which I, being a private individual, must consider as to my host, rather than to myself. It was followed by a similar reception, which "we," as in duty bound, returned to His Highness. Captain Nixon at this time lived in one of the palaces, where I also took up my quarters. It was a right regal residence, furnished in that mixture of Oriental and French taste such as may be seen all over the East—beginning at the Pacha's palace at Alexandria. Captain Nixon appeared to be wonderfully popular, so much so that it was found difficult, when we drove out in the evenings, to get away from the populace, who insisted on surrounding the carriage and following it far out of the city with loud eries of "Salaam, Sahib!" and various expressions of homage and devotion.

A slight difficulty arose upon the occasion of my first visit, as to the possibility of getting back again. The rebels from Jhansce were scouring about, and it was difficult to say which way they would go. They were as likely to make a dash upon Bhurtpore as not, and as I was only a looker on there, it was not considered desirable that I should wait to receive them. Bhurtpore being a native state there was of course no *dâk* laid for travellers by our companies. All the arrangements for my proceeding thither had been made by my hospitable friend the Political Agent, who sent an open carriage and four, with an escort of sowars into Agra, for my accommodation. It

was by the same conveyance that I now returned, the escort being doubled to guard against contingencies. I thus made the journey in royal state, but could not refrain, every time we stopped to change horses, counting the chances for and against my escort cutting my throat. That they did not do so I consider a high tribute to the character of the Political Agent, and the potency of the British power. The rebels, it was afterwards found, went to Calpee, and treated Bhurtpore and myself with silent contempt.

Later in the season, when things were quieter, I went once more to Bhurtpore, with a friend; and this time we had some shikaring in true native style—beating up the deer, and hunting them with cheeturs, a sport which is well worth seeing, if only for once. We also went to Deeg, and passed a couple of days in the palace there, taking leave at last of our hospitable friend Captain Nixon, whose diplomatic abilities, I am glad to see, have since procured for him a higher post.

In this hurried sketch I have no time to give an account of the many objects of interest in this portion of Rajpootana; but before taking leave of the youthful Maharajah, I may notice the fact that he was married in the following year (1859) to the daughter of the Maharajah of Puttiala, one of the most devoted of our allies. I received an invitation to be present at the festivities, which were held at Puttiala—a wonderful document, written in Persian, the paper being sprinkled with gold stars. It was contained in a paper wrapper, over which was a white muslin bag, and the whole was enclosed in a bag of red and yellow *kimkhab*, or brocade, to which was appended, by the string which tied up the end, the Maharajah's seal, the impression of which upon the wax, was somewhat smaller than an Abernethy biscuit. This

illustrious looking document was forwarded by Major Bouverie, who had just succeeded Captain Nixon as Political Agent. It was a great matter of regret to me that I was unable to avail myself of this opportunity to behold a scene seldom witnessed by Europeans. The bride was two or three years younger than the youthful Maharajah; the marriage was therefore merely nominal, and will remain so for some years longer; but this circumstance did not prevent the festivities from being conducted upon a very magnificent scale.

A trip to the Mussoorie, in the Himalayas, was my next change from dear dull Agra. It was a very welcome one, for Agra in August is apt to be hot, hot, hot. The declining sun one evening saw a dâk gharree getting out of the station as fast as the horse could take it, and with all the air of defiance that could be conveyed by the coachman's horn, which that functionary blew with an energy worthy of a better cause. The occupants of the vehicle were myself and military friend who was just ill enough to get sick leave, and just well enough to be able to enjoy it. We were both in high spirits, and determined to make the most of the glorious prospect before us—of getting nearer and nearer to cold weather at every stage.

We made our progress to the hills without any adventure; but I noticed in travelling by dâk, above as well as below Agra, that a sowar or two always rode near the carriage by way of escort. These men are mounted police, detachments of whom are kept at the thannahs to keep the road clear, and for the protection of travellers. After the road became impracticable for wheels and we had to take to dhoolies, this precaution was dispensed with, just when it was more necessary than ever, as it appeared to me.

The season at Mussoorie was a most auspicious one as regards society. It was made doubly pleasant to me by the cordial hospitality of Mr. Keene, the superintendent and magistrate of Dehra Doon, a distinguished ornament of the Civil Service, and well known for his literary tastes and abilities. Life in the hills is now tolerably familiar to the English readers, so I will not attempt a detail of the proceedings of the few weeks that I enjoyed at Mussoorie among scenery scarcely surpassed in beauty by any in the world, and in a climate which is as healthy as that of England, for Englishmen, and ten times more agreeable. All things must have an end, and in October I again took a downward course, resting at several stations on my way, with friends with whom I had made engagements to spend a few days.

Soon after my arrival at Agra a great event occurred—the proclamation of Her Majesty's accession to the direct government of the empire, *vice* the East India Company. The change had been anticipated for some time past, and was looked forward to with feelings of doubt and dread, hope and exultation, according to prejudice or opinion. That it was generally received with satisfaction by the natives there can be no doubt, they believed then as they believe now, that it was a measure intended for their welfare—a kind of Magna Charta to which they can always appeal against local injustice. That the change was a natural consequence of the mutiny is now generally admitted; and that the reforms which have followed are natural consequences of the change, is equally certain. The reading of the proclamation at Agra was not a very imposing sight—that is to say, in comparison with any field day when the troops were all out. Mr. Reade, the senior civil

officer of the station, read the document from his saddle in a feeling and impressive manner; but very few, naturally, could hear; and a native official read the same in Hindustanee for the benefit of the native troops. There was great cheering of course, and the firing of a salute added to the general excitement; after which there was something like an illumination in the evening. In this manner Her Majesty took possession of her own in Agra.

It was in the following month that I left the station once more, and proceeded downwards on my way to Allahabad. The journey this time was not destined to be accomplished without an adventure, which I will briefly narrate.

I had left Agra in the evening, as most travellers do, and had passed through Mynpoorie early in the morning. I had made a very short stay at a bungalow for breakfast, and intended to go straight through until I arrived at Cawnpore. I have always thought that in the cold weather, with tolerably good horses, and nothing particular on one's mind, there is a great deal of enjoyment to be derived from a dāk journey. I do not pretend to have any experience of the "old coaching days" in England, and the pleasure of riding behind "four spanking tits," but I can fancy, that whether outside or inside, the constrained position must have been very irksome, and that it could be accompanied by rest only in the latter case; when close confinement, with five other passengers, could not have been very pleasant. As for railway travelling, one is at one's ease certainly and has plenty of room; but the discipline is very hard to endure; you are not a free agent: you must make yourself part and parcel of the conveyance at the risk of inconvenience almost incalculable. Now dāk travelling is open to neither of

these objections. You have the carriage all to yourself, or may share it with a friend if you like. You may stop when you please and go on when you please, and when you are in progress you are stretched at your ease, without any necessary regard to conventionalities of costume, and with all your little world of conveniences about you—your books to read, your cheroots to smoke; any refreshments, liquid or solid, that you like to bring with you; your arms for your defence if need be, or for sport if it so please you, and an opportunity presents itself; the driver devoted to you, everybody at the staying places your most obedient servants; no general convenience to consider, nothing to consider, in fact, except your own pleasure and comfort. A dâk journey has all these recommendations; and if there be not a great demand for horses on the road, so that they have proper rest, and your gharree be not too heavily loaded, very little annoyance need be apprehended to counterbalance them.

Upon the occasion in question I was journeying under all these favourable circumstances, and the month being December, the weather was as cool as need be. I had just partaken of a pleasing lunch, and was enjoying a book and a cheroot, while proceeding at a rapid rate towards Cawnpore, when on a sudden the gharree was pulled up with a jerk, and looking out from the doorway I saw a couple of natives holding the horse's head. I leapt out immediately, as you may suppose, having taken care that my revolver was safe at my waist, though not too ostentatiously displayed, and rushed into a torrent of remonstrances at being detained, giving orders to the coachman to proceed immediately. A very short explanation, however, was sufficient to convince me of the propriety of the summary stoppage

of my carriage. The men who had taken upon themselves to detain me I saw at once belonged to the police, and from them I learned that "the rebels" were only a mile or so ahead of me, in large force, at a ghât called Goorsaigunj. They were commanded by Feroze Shah, a Delhi chief of considerable renown, who had crossed the Ganges from Oude, at an unguarded place, on the previous night. They were advancing upwards, and unless I changed my course I should be in the midst of them before many minutes had elapsed. There were a party of travellers farther on, I learned, at a place called Meerun ka Serai, who had been shut up since early morning, not daring to show until the danger was past. There was no time to think twice; so I bade the coachman once more mount the box, and prepared for ignominious flight. It so happened that the horse that was in the shafts was the only one that had given any trouble during the day's journey; he had evinced a strong tendency to go no farther than he was made to go; but when once his head was turned he went like the wind. I have often heard the remark made, by the way, by fugitives, that their horses have generally felt the excitement of flight, and have been ready to go twice the distance at twice the speed that they could have been induced to achieve upon ordinary occasions. Whether riding or driving there is something in the earnestness of the rider or driver which is sure to communicate itself to the inferior animal.

It is certain that we made our way back again towards Mynpoorie a great deal quicker than we came, and it must have been a "flying column" indeed that could have overtaken us. One horse after another seemed to take the infection, and we had accomplished thirty miles—the larger half of the distance—in what

seemed to me an incredibly short space of time. Occasionally I looked out to the rear to see if there were any signs of a possible enemy, but all was clear in that direction. I had just settled myself down again to my book after one of these *reconnaissances*, when once more the gharree was pulled up with a jerk, and the coachman, in a voice of terror, called out that the enemy's Cavalry were coming upon us from the front.

You may be sure that I looked to the front with some anxiety, when on the road, sure enough, was plainly to be seen a native *ressaleh*, advancing at the trot. It really seemed this time as if my hour was come. Resistance to a force of the kind would be rather absurd; but we are none of us disposed to part with our lives upon easier terms than we can help; so I mechanically looked to my revolver, regretting I had but one (having been induced to part with my other at Agra, where those weapons were scarce) forgetting that *one* was all I could possibly have a chance of using. The six barrels were all loaded, the caps in their places, and the instrument of course cocked. I had besides the "kind of a dirk" which I had lent to Mrs. —, the intrepid lady whom I had escorted to Benares; and also a long native tulwar which had been taken from some of the *suspects* at Agra, and which was not likely to be of the slightest use to me if I had to come to close quarters in the gharree. A few minutes of breathless expectation passed, during which the regular trot of the troops ahead became painfully monotonous. At last they came quite close to the gharree, which was all the time drawn up at the side of the road. I did not hear the order, but they were on a sudden brought to a halt, and then looking out to face the worst, I had the indescribable satisfaction of seeing that the officers were *white*! The



force proved to be a detachment of Alexander's Horse, and the commanding officer (Captain Alexander himself) now informed me that they had left Mynpoorie early in the morning to look after the rebels, and would like to know where they were. I told him, and he was very glad to hear that they were so near. Our conference was brief, as there was no time to spare, and with hasty adieu we parted. I would willingly have retraced my route, and seen what followed: but my gharree would have been decidedly in the way, and my traps moreover were on the top of it, and these I had no desire to lose. Accordingly I made no apology for leaving those whose business it was to look after the enemy, and devoting my main care to looking after myself.

It was about sunset when I arrived at Mynpoorie. Here I was immediately surrounded by an anxious crowd of persons, civil and military, eager to hear the news, and to afford me every possible accommodation as a forlorn fugitive. I soon found myself in the hospitable quarters of Captain Dickson, second in command of the Levy, where several of us dined and passed the evening in that state of cheerful anxiety which is a common condition of military life on active service. I slept that night in his bungalow; but next day, finding an old Agra friend, Dr. Watson, who was civil surgeon of the station, I inflicted myself upon his hospitality for the rest of my stay. This was extended to ten days, during which time it was impossible to proceed with any rational idea of safety. Indeed the chances appeared to be that we should be shut up in the place, and transformed into an "illustrious garrison and a band of heroes," whether we liked it or not. The rebels abandoned the trunk road, it seems, upon the approach of Alexander's Horse, and Colonel Percy Herbert made a

successful onslaught upon them from Cawnpore. That they would pay us a visit seemed a matter of certainty ; and the little fort was, with timely forethought, provisioned to stand a siege. But the rebels went to Etawah instead, a place about thirty miles off, where we heard to our great joy, that they had been beaten by Mr. Allan Hume, the magistrate of the place, and a band of Volunteers. It was an admirably conducted repulse, and *one* of the several acts of good service for which Hume gained his well deserved C. B.-ship. After this we had nothing to do but to send medical assistance to the wounded at Etawah, and an enthusiastic Irishman was accordingly despatched, very late one night, but as soon as possible after the demand had been made, to do his professional all on their behalf. I have no doubt of the doctor being a very skilful man ; but I must confess that I had some doubts of his being able to render much assistance to the wounded when I saw him go off on his journey. It was the dead of night. He was just out from England, and could not speak a word of the native language. He refused to take any change of dress with him, but went off on the top of a camel, with his case of instruments under his arm, declaring that "he was an Irishman, and would die for his country." As the great object of his country, represented just then by Etawah, was to get him to live for it, the offer, handsome though it was, could scarcely be said to meet the requirements of the case. However, he did arrive safely, as I was afterwards rejoiced to hear, and according to all accounts the wounded were very glad to see him.

It was a strange time, the ten days that we passed waiting to know what were the "intentions" of Feroze Shah. A portion of Her Majesty's 64th regiment were quartered at the place, and these were all the European

troops upon whom we had, and *all* the troops probably upon whom we could rely. The native Levy was considered decidedly doubtful. The officers of the 64th messed with the civilians and station staff; and there being a tolerably large party, you may be sure that no gloomy anticipations interfered with the general enjoyment. Dinner was usually the occasion of a general gathering; and after dinner there were sometimes cards, and even such pastimes as comic songs were not unknown. There is one cheerful composition of this kind called "The Nobby Head of Hain," which was particularly popular during that anxious period. It has long since passed away from the fashions of vocal facetiousness in London; so I may mention for the benefit of some of my readers, that it turns upon the miseries which may befall a gentleman through being endowed with hirsute adornments of too attractive a kind. It is a simple song, with a chorus, and is principally intended to excite the risible emotions; but were I to live a hundred years I should never cease to associate that song with the idea of a rebel force being on the march against Mynpoorie, and the not improbable contingency of our throats all being cut before morning.

At last the roads were declared safe, and I declared for departure; so taking a warm farewell of my friend the doctor, and the rest of the "good men and true" by whom my stay had been enlivened in no ordinary degree, I once more had the horse put to (the same horse, who had enjoyed a holiday all the time) and made the best of my way to Cawnpore, proceeding thence to my destination at Allahabad.

Before concluding these rough notes of my impressions of the Upper Provinces immediately after the breaking of what was familiarly called "the neck of the

revolt," it may not be out of place to refer briefly to the causes by which that revolt was brought about. I believe the man to whom, of all others, we owe the disasters of 1857-58, was the Nana Sahib. Whether he be alive or dead is still a doubtful question; but in either case that man may be considered the immediate agent in the mutinies, and the perpetrator of the greatest of all the atrocities that marked the reign of terror of 1857. It is as the murderer of Cawnpore that he is best known to the public at home. Yet the part that he took in the outbreak is no less clearly ascertained. Most of our metropolitan readers remember a certain "Indian Prince" who was the lion of the London season of 1856. In conspicuous public places, in exclusive private society, the magnificence of his appearance and the "peculiar charm of his manner" attracted all eyes, and it is whispered not a few hearts. This man was one Azimoolah Khan, the agent of the Nana, despatched to London to prosecute a claim made by his master upon the British government, as the adopted heir of the Peishwa of the Maharattas, which claim had been refused by the Indian authorities. He was not a prince at all, only a menial servant originally; but London society is not always discriminating where "distinguished foreigners" are concerned, and Azimoolah carried everything his own way. Not quite, however, for he did not carry back with him the admission, by the home authorities, of the Nana's claim. The Nana, upon receiving a refusal, became a bitter enemy of the power which he had formerly flattered, of the people whose representatives he had been for years proud to entertain, in intimate social relations, at his palace in Bithoor. Opportunity was not long wanting for vengeance. Oude was then in a

state of disaffection, caused by annexation, in which there was some want of good faith, and a succeeding state of things in which there was a great want of popular government. Our administration of the province, though conducted by able men, actuated by the best motives, had made itself disliked. The lower class, though better off than before, did not appreciate what we are accustomed to call the blessings of British rule; everybody else was sadly interfered with, and missed the glorious laxity and congenial corruption of an Oriental court. We had so few European troops in the province that it seems now something like insanity to have attempted the annexation at the time. Throughout India there had been a drain of the same defence, caused by the Crimean war. That war had so weakened us at home, Azimoolah told his master, that we could not spare another man whatever might happen. Could there ever be a better opportunity, the Nana said to his friends, for overthrowing the British power? The native princes of India were thoroughly scared by the successive annexations of Lord Dalhousie, and the crowning appropriation of Oude was more than the common safety could endure. Then came the affair of the greased cartridges. The objection to this ammunition, introduced for the Enfield rifle, was doubtless unprompted in the first place. Still it would have blown over but for the intrigues of the Nana and his friends, who worked upon the susceptibilities of the Hindoo sepoys, and inspired them with the idea of a conspiracy to destroy their caste. The mock court of Delhi was of course ready with every aid; the followers of the deposed King of Oude did not scruple to lend secret support. An understanding was established between the disaffected everywhere, and, mainly by Mahomedan in-

trigues, corruption was sown among the Hindoo soldiery in nearly all the regiments of the native army. As for the Mahomedan soldiery, the political object, already not unfamiliar to them, and the prospect of plunder, were quite sufficient inducements to join in the revolt. So well planned were all the arrangements that our overthrow must have been the result but for the affair of the 3rd Cavalry, which occasioned the premature outbreak at Meerut on that terrible Sunday night in May. The colonel of the 3rd has been blamed for the strong measure which he resorted to by placing some eighty mutineers of that regiment in irons, and so provoking the rising of the rest; but a milder policy would probably have been productive of worse consequences, and the act was certainly justifiable by military law. But for the rising of the 3rd, in fact, the plans of the conspirators would have had time to ripen, and it is highly improbable that we should at the present moment be forming new Councils and new Courts, selling land in fee simple, and preparing for the extension of Perpetual Settlements in our Indian empire.

For what did happen as well as for what might have happened, we have equally to thank the Nana, whose guilt is so certain that his trial, should he ever be captured, will be little more than a formality. His agent, Azimoolah, has already perished; and some of his admirers in London may be interested in the alleged fact that he has left behind him some records of his success in the fashionable world in the shape of a packet of correspondence, which was captured as spoil by a private soldier, in whose possession it remained not very long ago, when he refused to give it up.

### III.

#### AN INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER AT THE ANDAMANS.

THERE is a current conventionalism which always describes a foreigner as intelligent. He may be a fool at home, and probably is, but directly he finds himself or loses himself in another country, the character assigned to him is that of a shrewd observer, from whom people have to learn home-truths.

An intelligent foreigner has been to the Andaman Islands, and has told us more about that country than we ever knew before. His name is Doodnath Tewarry, of whom it may be said, in the accepted biographical style, that he commenced his career in the military service of the Hon. the East India Company, and after the struggle for independence in 1857, was sent at the expense of government to Port Blair. Shortly after the date of his arrival at that settlement, we find the subject of this memoir running away; and it was when he came back again, of his own accord, after a year and twenty-four days' absence in the Andaman Jungle, that he communicated the interesting results of his experience, which have been arranged for publication by that most obliging of men, Dr. Walker, before he had enough of it in the proud position which he would not keep at

any price—and have been published to the world by a paternal government.

Doodnath Tewarry's statement is in a literary point of view, well worthy of a protégé of so accomplished an amateur of elegant English as Lord Canning. In other respects it is both useful and entertaining, and clearly stamps the author as being of the "intelligent class." He tells us that he escaped, with twenty others, to the main land of the Andamans, in hopes of obtaining military service with the Raja of Burmah. Upon arriving they were joined by another party of congenial convicts, and their force thus became increased in number to one hundred and thirty. Instead of obtaining service they were nearly starved, and after fourteen days of wandering, were "surrounded," a hundred and thirty of them, by a hundred of the aborigines, whom they tried to "conciliate" (a policy learned in Calcutta) but who did not spare them, (a policy learned probably in the North West.) Some of the convicts were killed, others fled, and others seemed to have been reduced to both extremities. Doodnath got arrows through his body, and all sorts of unpleasantness, and was ultimately dragged out of some bushes in which he had attempted to hide himself, by the leg. The aborigines after this "took a kindly interest" in him, and took him besides to an adjacent island—that of Thurnooglee, about eight miles distant from the south-west coast of the great Andaman Island. Since that time he had been wandering about with his captors from island to island, and to the main land. He lived with the aborigines, and "comforted himself with them after their fashion." The principal characteristics of this comforting were wearing no clothes, keeping his head shaved, subsisting upon his captors' fare, &c., which last especially



must have somewhat scandalized his caste—that of a Brahmin. They did not, however, expect service of him, though they long regarded him with suspicion, and would not trust him with arms—not even with a bow and arrows, which he sometimes wished to assume upon sportive pretexts. Wives, however, were less dangerous, so they gave him two. One of them was aged twenty, and was named Leepa, and the other, about sixteen, rejoiced in the cognomen of Jigra. The former, he tells us gravely, was about to produce him a pledge of their mutual affection, when he deserted her and her tribe in order to give information of an intended attack upon the convict station of Aberdeen, which loyal impulse it was—mingled perhaps with a slight desire to get away from his wife—which occasioned his giving to the authorities the renewed pleasure of his society.

Our intelligent foreigner's description of the country and the people is very minutely given, and with that patronizing air usually assumed by the literary traveller. He considers that there were plenty of inhabitants, as he could not have seen less than fifteen thousand of them, men, women, and children. The whole population, he says, is migratory, rarely residing many days in one locality. They are particularly partial to the sea coast for the sake of the fish, but occasionally migrate to the interior for pigs and fruit, the former of which they hunt. They are usually divided into groups, varying in strength from two to three hundred individuals. They all seem to belong to the same tribe. There appeared to be about the same proportion between the sexes as in Hindustan. He saw no signs of infanticide being practised; the deaths seemed to be less numerous than the births, and he is therefore of opinion that the population is increasing. He has no reason to suppose

that the aborigines emigrate to distant places. He considers the aborigines uncivilized, does our intelligent friend ; but they are certainly not cannibals in any way, for they neither devour human bodies nor raw meat in any form. He considers them "wild," and savage generally to strangers (with one complimentary exception, it appears) and particularly kind to one another. "They do not seem to have any idea of a Supreme Being, go about naked, have little or no shame, and hardly know what fear is ; they have very few wants, and these are generally obtained [the wants?] on the spot ; they know nothing whatever of cultivation, subsisting by hunting and fishing, aided by wild fruits and roots, which are cooked in the simplest manner."

A man, we are further informed, has with rare exceptions, only one wife or mate—a fact which shows that giving him two was a delicate attention of no ordinary kind. But, he adds, he does not see why they should so restrict themselves, as neither married men nor unmarried women are at all particular in their amatory arrangements. The only persons subject to restrictions, in fact, are the widows, and they never re-marry, and are always models of propriety. The marriage ceremony is very simple. "The parties" are brought together without, it is believed, the lady being in any way consulted. There is only one other person, an "elder," present at the ceremony, not that others are forbidden, but nobody else seems to care about the proceeding. "Towards evening the bride, having painted her body in stripes, with her fingers, smeared with red earth moistened with turtle oil, sits on leaves spread over the ground, by way of carpet or bed ; the bridegroom who is similarly painted, squats on his carpet of leaves at a distance of ten or twelve paces off. They thus sit in

silence for about an hour, after which the individual who has to join them comes from his hut, takes the bridegroom by the hand, and leads him to where the bride is, and having seated him, without saying a word, presents him with five or six headed arrows, and returns to his hut, leaving the married couple alone; and they sit alongside of each other in perfect silence for several hours, that is, until it be quite dark. Next day they converse with one another as usual." In the case of our intelligent friend there was but little ceremony observed, he tells us. He was led up to the ladies and told to seat himself between them, the "elder" [i.e. the elderly gentleman] merely pronouncing the mystic, but apparently encouraging words, "*jiree joy*," which completed the formalities.

The women, according to this account, take upon themselves much the same duties that belong to women in most parts of the world. They do not share in the pig-sticking and other boisterous propensities of their husbands, but incline themselves to cooking and household concerns, though they will catch shell-fish on the rocks, and make themselves otherwise agreeable. "The aborigines," our friend further informs us, "do not allow a particle of hair to remain on their bodies, and it is the women who act as barbers, to the men, women, and children, and shave them quickly and cleanly with small chips of bottle glass of the size of a small bean, but not thicker than the blade of a pen-knife. To make suitable chips some art is required: the piece of glass is struck sharply on the very edge, with a hard stone found on the beach." The women also transact surgical operations with the same pieces of glass—the great remedy for all hurts being applications

of red earth and turtle oil, with local bleeding. All the aborigines are tattooed, all over the body with the exception of the neck, the head also being spared. On the march the women carry the children, and build the huts, when they encamp, of boughs and leaves. The women are described as "strongly built, stout, and hardworking," and generally somewhat less in stature than the men, who seem to be short, for our intelligent friend says that he never met with anybody so tall as himself, and he is five feet nine and a half. With regard to beauty, he tells us that both men and women would be considered ugly in Hindustan, but perhaps he is difficult to please, and had his taste somewhat severely tried by his two wives.

Our traveller tells it, as a remarkable circumstance, that "Andamanec parents manifest the same fondness for their offspring as is manifested by parents in Hindustan, and children exhibit the usual affection and respect for their parents." This is a very gratifying fact, which seems to have made an impression upon the mutineer mind. Moreover, he tells us, "children play among themselves much in the same way that they do in Hindustan; the girls are very fond of playing with the sand on the beach, raising it in a circle or square around them, and calling the interior their house (bood,) and imitating the manners and customs of grown up people." This playing with sand is a very near approach to the mud pie of British childhood, the manufacture of which seems to be one of those touches of nature which make the whole world kin, though our traveller does not exactly say so.

Upon the whole our intelligent foreigner has acquitted himself most creditably. His statement, of

which I have presented the pith to the reader, would be pronounced by any impartial critic who was not sensitive about jog-trot phraseology, "a valuable contribution to geographical literature;" and if the author could only manage to get a ticket of leave, he might become the lion of next season in London, and Chapman and Hall would be certain to offer him handsome terms for a book.

## IV.

### MEN AND THEIR MONKEYS.

ONE of the Bombay papers not long ago complained of a piece of unequal justice which has been enacted on board a ship in the harbour. A Midshipman, while bathing, was nearly being carried away by a dangerous current, and must have been drowned had not two men jumped overboard and saved him. The recompense which they received for their gallantry was having their grog stopped for a week. A few days previously the Captain's monkey fell overboard, and one of the men knowing him to be a favourite, jumped after him, and brought him safely on board. This sailor was not only not deprived of his rum for taking to the water, but was for this important service, promoted to the rank of signal quartermaster.

I mention this story not because it is likely to occasion the slightest surprise, or to prevent other Captains from making similar distinctions between Midshipmen and monkeys whenever they feel inclined; but because it points a moral which may be of practical use to many of my readers.

The two men who rescued the Midshipman should have remembered, before taking the leap which I fear

will be fatal to their prospects in the service, that Talleyrand advises all persons in public employment never to display zeal ; or if they never read the sayings of that benevolent man, some philanthropist should have quoted it to them. Professionally a Midshipman cannot be of much importance, and if they merely acted on the ground of common humanity, they were acting upon a principle, which, if consistently carried out, would be incompatible with discipline and the interests of the service. Moreover they should have perceived that the Captain in drawing any distinction between a Midshipman and a monkey, paid the former a delicate compliment, not always accorded by society, which is too apt to confound the two, and even to call one by the name of the other. It would clearly therefore have been more prudent and considerate on their part, had they contented themselves with watching the struggles of the young officer, whose fate they might afterwards have lamented comfortably over their grog.

A far more wise policy was that of the seaman who saved the monkey. By so doing he rendered a personal service which was not likely to be without its reward. The loss of the monkey would probably have deprived the captain of his most congenial associate, whose place it would have been difficult to supply, whereas another Midshipman could be had for the asking, and his loss be felt by nobody except perhaps by a stray mother and sister, or a chance schoolfellow whom he might have once saved from a licking. The amount of gratitude in the two cases could not of course be the same, and the result is nothing more than might have been expected.

The signal quartermaster *with* his allowance of grog, has probably learnt a lesson for life ; and if he properly appreciates it his professional fortune is made. He is,

we will lay any wager, in his own sphere, one of the most rising men of the day. But the lesson is one by which not only he may profit. It is applicable to all men who have anything to gain in the way of promotion from superior authority. Every great man has his monkey. It may not be a leaping, skipping, chattering creature, with a ring tail and engaging manners, but it is a monkey of some kind. One man's monkey is his monkey in the literal sense of that of the Captain. Another man's monkey may be his horses. A third man's monkey may be his wife. A fourth man's monkey may be his good looks. Musical abilities, and powers of conversation, are also favorite monkeys with many men, and some have professional vanity for a monkey—especially when they happen to have nothing to be vain about on that score. The great object of the aspirant for favour should therefore be to discover what is the *particular* monkey of his superior, and then to save it as often as it gets into danger. Whether it be a veritable baboon, or his patron's horses, wife, good looks, musical abilities, powers of conversation, professional abilities—that monkey must always be praised and paid every attention to, and promptly leapt after should it ever fall overboard in the estimation of society. It is of no use to mind a little wetting now and then, or even dry remarks which the subject will suggest. The aspirant must be above all such influences; he must stand by his man, and in the end he is certain to get his reward. I should like to have a hundredth part of the rewards that have been conferred upon this heroic principle.